

A  
PORTION OF THE JOURNAL

KEPT BY

THOMAS RAIKES, ESQ.

FROM 1831 TO 1847.

COMPRISING

REMINISCENCES OF

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL LIFE IN LONDON AND PARIS  
DURING THAT PERIOD.

NEW EDITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, LONGMANS, AND ROBERTS.

1858.

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NEW-STREET SQUARE.





*Thomas Raikes, Esq.*



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TO  
H. I. M. N A P O L E O N III.

*These Memoirs*

ARE, BY PERMISSION,

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.



## P R E F A C E.

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THE Author of this Journal was the eldest son of Mr. Thomas Raikes, a rich and respected merchant in the city of London, who was descended from an ancient family in Yorkshire, and himself a personal friend of Mr. Pitt and of Mr. Wilberforce. His son was educated at Eton, where he became a fair classical scholar. In his nineteenth year he was sent abroad with a private tutor. In the course of his travels he visited most of the German courts, and made himself extensively acquainted with modern languages. On his return to England, he became a partner in his father's house; but having little inclination for mercantile affairs, and a marked preference for social and literary pursuits, he very soon established himself in the west end of the town, became a member of the fashionable clubs, and mixed largely in what is, by a somewhat questionable courtesy, denominated the *best* society. He married Miss Sophia Bayly, a daughter of Nathaniel Bayly, Esq., the proprietor of large estates in the West Indies. The entries in this Journal will show in what sort of society Mr. Raikes's life was passed, and the intimacies he formed. In the year 1832 (the year in which this Journal commences), embarrassments of the house with which he was connected compelled him to break up his establishment

in London, and to settle in Paris, where he remained till 1846. He then returned to England; but by this time most of his early friends and associates were either dead, or dispersed in various directions; and not long after his own health began to decline. He passed some months in Ireland with his friend Lord Glengall, and then went to Bath, to be near a still older friend, the late Lord Alvanley, who was confined there by illness; after which he took up his abode at Brighton, where he died on the 3rd of July, 1848, in the 70th year of his age. Mr. Raikes visited St. Petersburg in the year 1831, and a few years afterwards he published the result of his observations on Russia in the shape of "Letters from St. Petersburg." In the course of his residence at Paris he likewise published a work entitled "Paris since 1830."

# JOURNAL,

§c.

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1832.

*LONDON, Friday, January 6th.*—I had to-day a curious conversation with Matuscewitz\* ; he was just returned from the Conference †, which had sat very late, and I could see that things were not going on smoothly, which indeed he allowed very frankly. “Still,” said he, “there is a way by which everything now might be arranged finally, and the peace of Europe rendered certain ; though one individual seems anxious to do everything which would prevent it, and embroil the question more and more.” I at first thought he meant Talleyrand, with whom I knew he had had some difference of opinion on the Conference. “No,” said he, “I mean the King of Holland, who is obstinate, and perverse beyond conception, and if anything will produce war, it will be his headstrong conduct.” I was rather surprised at this observation, because there seems a general feeling abroad that Russia is secretly abetting Holland not to accede to the treaty, as it could hardly be supposed that so small a state would

\* Count Matuscewitz, who had been employed in the chancellerie at St. Petersburg, was sent to London in 1830 to act as joint plenipotentiary with Prince Lieven at the Conference. He took root in this country, where he resided many years, speaking the language perfectly, and adopting all the habits and tastes of an Englishman. He left England on being appointed Russian minister at Naples.

† The Conference was opened in London in November, 1830, when the plenipotentiaries of Austria, Russia, Prussia, France, and England met for the purpose of settling by negotiation the affairs of Belgium and Holland. They succeeded in effecting the separation of the two kingdoms, and in averting the war with which Europe was threatened at that time.

set all the Five Powers at defiance without some underhand assurance of aid from a powerful quarter. I then remarked that, whatever might occur, one circumstance alone was sufficient, in my opinion, to prevent a war in Europe; that was, the want of money: such an event would produce bankruptcy to the different governments, and, moreover, would tend to throw England, ruled as she now is, into the arms of France. His answer was, "I pretend not to say that there will be war; but if a real cause arises for it, no dread of bankruptcy or pecuniary motives will stop it; and then, should your surmise be true, England will see how little she has to gain by clinging to France in her present state." These words are rather mysterious; but still I cannot help thinking that the Russians are trying what they can do by this semblance of menace. Lord Allen, with whom I dined *tête-à-tête, grognon chez lui, comme ailleurs*.

*Tuesday, 10th.*—The accounts from Paris alarming, and everything looks woeful.

*Wednesday, 11th.*—French funds fell 5 per cent.

*Thursday, 12th.*—The panic subsiding, a soothing protocol appeared from the Conference. The *feigned* delay of Russia to ratify the treaty seems to have had a good effect for Holland, and I think that some modifications will be made in her favour, as to the navigation of the canals and the settlement of Luxembourg; then a formal ratification may probably take place, at least *pro tempore*; for which purpose a delay of fifteen days longer is agreed to.

Notwithstanding his permission from the King to create peers, Lord Grey seems evidently unwilling to proceed to this unconstitutional extremity; the feeling to-day is that a compromise may take place between the Government and the Tories, in order to obviate this expedient; that a modification may still be made of the bill in the Commons, to which Lords Harrowby, Wharncliffe, Bristol, Haddington, and it is said the bishops, are not averse.

*Saturday, 14th.*—Périer's\* brother and another Frenchman, M. Glasson, arrived last night from Paris, with a *most private* dispatch to Talleyrand, to insist at the Conference that the two fortresses of Marienbourg and Philippeville shall not be in the number of those to be demolished. Périer threatens at once to resign if this is not conceded. The ratification was nearly accomplished, and now another stumbling-block to peace is come

\* Casimir Périer, who six months previously had succeeded M. Lafitte as president of the council in the ministry of King Louis-Philippe.



out. I had this information from a very particular quarter; and as Matuscewitz is at Melton, I immediately wrote to inform him of it.

*Sunday, 15th.* — Baron Neumann\*, the Austrian secretary, called on me this morning. He allowed that the news of yesterday was quite true, and said, "What is very odd is, that M. De-thillier, Talleyrand's secretary, crossed them on the road, being sent to Paris with the assurance that the Conference was decided not to yield on *this very point*. We can no longer listen to these threats of Périer's resigning; no sooner is one point granted than a fresh demand is made; *ça ne finira jamais*. Besides, things are altered, and his resignation does not seem now to depend *entirely* on himself." He added, that the Prussian ratification came last night. I afterwards met Benckhausen, the Russian consul, in the street, always anxious for news. He thought war would ultimately take place, and said, that even more time would be required by Russia after the expiration of the fifteen days just allowed. *Nous verrons*. The opposition in the French Chambers becoming stronger, the civil list of the Citizen-King reduced to twelve millions in money, with various other deductions of the royal property. A *bon mot* of Talleyrand's at the Conference the other day is cited. He has been much vexed at France not being permitted to have a voice in the fortress question; and being since taxed with creating unnecessary difficulties at the Conference, he replied, "*Oh! donnez-moi le traité, je le signerai.*"

*Monday, 16th.* — Received a letter from Greffulhe, who says, "It appears that poor Talleyrand is at his wit's end for some *mezzo termine* to extricate all parties from their present awkward scrape."

*Tuesday, 17th.* — The Parliament re-assembled. No announcement of peers. The Ministry appears much embarrassed how to act. One of them said, the other day, "The Tories must concede, as we cannot retract; the people would not let us." This speaks volumes as to the dilemma in which they have got, not only themselves, but the country. Greville told me this morning that Lady Charlotte had lately received a letter from Prince d'Areberg † at Brussels, which says that none of the old

\* Baron Neumann married Lady Augusta Somerset, daughter of the late Duke of Beaufort, and died in 1850, not long after his appointment as Austrian ambassador at Florence.

† Prince Auguste, second son of the Duc d'Areberg, was born at Brussels in 1753. His maternal grandfather, the Count de la Marck, of an illustrious German house, who possessed a regiment of infantry in the French service,

Flemish nobility had appeared at Leopold's court. One of them had even gone so far as to give a ball on the birthday of the Queen of Holland.

*Wednesday, 18th.* — Received a letter from Lord Hertford at Rome, with an account of the Lyons insurrection, which he had witnessed on his journey.

*Thursday, 19th.* — Talleyrand's *bons mots* always fly about. His friend Montrond has been subject of late to epileptic fits, one of which attacked him lately after dinner at Talleyrand's. While he lay on the floor in convulsions, scratching the carpet with his hands, his benign host remarked with a sneer, "*C'est qu'il me paraît, qu'il veut absolument descendre.*" No news from the Continent.

*Friday, 20th.* — Dined with Irby, and went with him to see Lord Francis Leveson's tragedy of "Catharine of Cleves" at Covent Garden. Sat in the box with Lady Francis and the two Grevilles. It is a translation of M. Dumas' "Henri III.," the story interesting, and Miss Kemble acted better than in any other character. The House of Commons went into committee on the Reform Bill; and their first division not so favourable to ministers. They had only a majority of fifty.

*Saturday, 21st.* — No political news. The Tories at White's in spirits, and begin to talk of throwing out the bill; *spes vana!* The cholera-morbus seems subsiding in the country. The attempt at making a commercial treaty with France, which George

which had been raised by his grandfather, and brought into France in the reign of Louis XIV., engaged the young prince to enter the French service; and at his death, in 1773, he bequeathed to him his regiment, with the title of La Marck. Soon afterwards the court of Spain conferred on him the grandeeship which his grandfather had possessed. From this time a brilliant career was opened to him at the court of France, where he was admitted into the intimate society of the Dauphiness, afterwards Queen Marie Antoinette. In 1789 he married Madlle. de Cernay, who brought him a considerable property. In the preceding year he had formed the acquaintance of Mirabeau, which soon ripened into an intimacy that only ceased with the death of the latter. His curious correspondence, which was published in 1851, shows the important part which the Count de la Marck played in the secret negotiation between Mirabeau and the court, which was still proceeding when the sudden death of Mirabeau, in April, 1791, extinguished the last hopes of succour and safety to the royal cause. In October, 1791, the Count quitted Paris, and his property was confiscated. He soon after took employment under the Austrian government; and, after passing some time in Italy and Switzerland, he established himself at Vienna in 1798, and remained there till 1814, when (having resumed the name of d'Aremberg and recovered part of his property) he returned to Brussels, where he continued to reside till his death, in September, 1833.

Villiers \* has been sent over to negotiate with that government, does not seem likely to succeed.

*Monday, 23rd.* — Received a letter from Greffulhe, who seems to think that Périer will remain in office, in spite of the fortress question. He says, “The king was observed to be extremely violent in his manner with Baron Werther, the Prussian minister, at the Tuileries the other night, but no very great importance is attached to his majesty’s words or manner; royalty, in fact, is at a dreadful and increasing discount. That is the great, the alarming evil, for which none but violent remedies, I fear, can be a cure. The funds keep up pretty well, though all our sores are sadly laid bare by the discussion of the budget.”

*Wednesday, 25th.* — Had some conversation this morning with Lord Wharnccliffe at White’s, which proves that there is no chance of any compromise now between his party and the Government. His language was most decided, that they were sacrificing everything to party spirit, and love of place; he could allow the propriety, as matters now stand, of some reform; but the present Ministry seemed placing themselves at the head of the people, to urge them on to fresh innovations.

*Thursday, 26th.* — Mr. Herries’ motion to bring the Government to account for paying the dividend on the Russian loan, after the separation of Belgium from Holland, contrary to the intentions of the treaty, was lost in the Commons only by the small majority of twenty; and the ministers are, as may be supposed, very sore on the subject. Ellice, Lord Grey’s secretary to the Treasury, said, that if they had been beat, they would have resigned the next day. But this the opposition does not want, till after the Reform question is settled, and then it seems hardly possible they can remain. Poor Mr. Greenwood † died at the Pavilion at Brighton, in his eighty-fifth year. He was taken ill when playing at whist, after dinner, with the King and Queen; was removed by Sir H. Taylor and Lord Erroll into an adjoining room; and expired, without any apparent suffering, in less than a quarter of an hour. He was a great friend of the late Duke of York, in whose society at Oatlands I used formerly to see much of him. A more amiable, kind-hearted man never lived. His loss will long be regretted, particularly by the army, to whose members he was a most liberal agent.

\* Now Earl of Clarendon.

† A partner in the firm of Messrs. Cox and Greenwood, the well-known army agents.

*Saturday, 28th.*—Matuscewitz to-day did not seem to think political matters looking well; from whence I infer that the Russian ratification will not come on the 31st., on which day he goes out of town. The division on Thursday night in the Commons has impressed the foreign ministers here, that the Government will not stand long.

*Monday, 30th.*—Sir H. Parnell dismissed from his post of secretary-at-war, because he did not vote on the Russian loan question in the Commons on Thursday night. It appears clear that the foreign ratifications will not arrive to-morrow.

*Tuesday, 31st.*—Sure enough no ratifications came from the Three Powers. England and France ratified last night, *tête-à-tête*, to the great exultation of Talleyrand, who has now got Palmerston in his *wily embrace*; the other powers do not refuse, but the P. P.'s\* await orders. Dedel† arrived last night from the Hague, with a further *strong protest*. Sir J. Cam Hobhouse appointed to succeed Parnell as secretary-at-war. A bold and inconsiderate measure in the Government to hazard a fresh Westminster election in these times.

*Wednesday, February 1st.*—The papers mention the murder of Archdeacon Whitty within a short distance of his own house, six miles from Tipperary, for enforcing payment of his tithes.

*From Count Matuscewitz.*

“ Melton, near Grantham, Jan. 31.

“ Dear R.

“ I have received here your very interesting letter of the 29th, and hasten to return you my sincere thanks. I am looking forward with great anxiety to the King's speech. Meantime I fancy no war will arise out of the Belgian question, or out of the storm which threatens the superannuated empire of Constantinople. In both cases some compromise, even temporary, will and must [*be*] devised and agreed upon, as all leading powers in Europe are determined to maintain peace. In this pacific policy Russia fully participates. You may depend upon it, therefore, however circumstances may appear menacing, my opinion is, that general war will be avoided. With the recent example of St. Domingo before one's eyes, it is difficult not to consider the immediate emancipation of the negroes as pregnant with danger and bloodshed, and very little calculated to allay the angry feelings or terminate the serious dis-

\* Sic in MS.; probably *the Prussian Plenipotentiaries*.

† M. Dedel, who had for many years represented the King of Holland at the court of St. James's, died in 1848.

cussions which have arisen in the West Indies between the respective administrations and legislatures. However, I sincerely wish I may be deceived in these forebodings. I am going tomorrow for two days to Willoughby's. After which, I shall return to Melton if it thaws, or go to town if it continues to freeze.

“Yours truly,  
“M.”

*Thursday, 2nd.*—At dinner at my brother's, H. R., the conversation turned chiefly on M——y's failure, who seems to have been very unpopular, and not to have excited much sympathy. I hear that the late coronation only cost 37,000*l.* The Queen was so anxious that no expense should be incurred on her account, that she would not permit either the purchase or hire of a crown from Rundell's for her; but ordered that it should be composed of her own jewels, and made up at her own expense. At the prior coronation of George IV. Rundell's charge for the loan of jewels only, was 16,000*l.*, as interest on their value.

*Saturday, 4th.*—The Nottingham rioters were executed on Tuesday last, as those at Bristol were the preceding week. The cholera has got to Edinburgh, but its violence seems abating up to this time; there have been in all 3489 cases and 1091 deaths.

It is asserted that the Austrian troops have again entered the Italian States, in order to assist the Papal troops in putting down the insurrections; and the French Government not only makes no remonstrance, but affects to approve it, such is the time-serving policy of M. C. Périer.

*Sunday, 5th.*—The Speaker told me this morning at White's, that Ellice had assured him the night before, that the Government never was so strong as at present. This is *un peu fort*.

*Monday, 6th.*—Joke of Holmes in the House of Commons. When Mr. Morrison, the member for Leicester, who, being a haberdasher, had made himself conspicuous by a speech on the foreign glove question, came up to him, and asked him if he could get him a *pair* for the evening: “Of what,” said Holmes, “gloves or stockings?”

*Wednesday, 8th.*—Went from Lord Worcester's, where I had dined with Allen, to the Olympic. It appears that Lord Grey appears determined to enforce the Tithe question in Ireland, which will alienate the Irish members. It is too late now, the mischief is done.

*Saturday, 11th.*—Glengall arrived from Ireland. He says that Lord Anglesey has made a fearful mistake in his view of pacifying

Ireland; he called in Dr. Doyle, Lord Cloncurry, Blake, and some other Catholics, whom he attempted by kindness and attentions to bring round to the Government. He thus displeased and alienated the Protestants, who were his real friends, without attacking the other party; he is therefore unpopular with all. Arms must be used to enforce the tithe system, and then the rising will become general.

*Wednesday, 15th.*—Lords Althorp and Stanley, for the ministers, recanted in the Commons Earl Grey's high language in the Lords about enforcing the payment of tithes in Ireland, and O'Connell publicly boasts that he has beat the Government. Matuszewitz agrees with me about the pitiful policy of Périer, who is sending 5000 French to assist Austria in quelling the insurrections in the Papal States. He crouches to the Holy Alliance, but can never gain their confidence, while he sacrifices the principles of the Revolution and must become odious in France. The only consistent powers are Russia, Austria, Prussia, and Holland, who make head against the revolutionary system without flinching; while England and France, who profess to advocate it, are daily shuffling and shifting about like *girouettes*. A letter from Lord Hertford at Naples tells me an American minister is come there as resident for the first time; his real object is to get an island as a  *pied à terre* in the Mediterranean.

*Friday, 17th.*—A letter from Greffulhe says, "The Périer ministry seems to gain strength. A foolish expedition is preparing at Toulon, for the avowed purpose of intermeddling with the Papal States and the Austrian proceedings there; which will, I hope, be prevented by an opportune account of the latter having again retired. It is meant as a sort of *os à ronger* to the opposition, and therefore still more objectionable on that account. But the most striking and serious subject on the *tapis* is Don Pedro's expedition, which the Court of Madrid is determined to counteract and oppose, being therein strongly countenanced and supported by Russia, and perhaps Austria and Prussia. Diplomatic remonstrance from hence has proved quite ineffectual; and in this dilemma our Government are trying, I believe, to discourage Don Pedro, who will now scarcely be induced to desist, especially if backed and pushed on, as reported by your cabinet. This may breed a storm with Spain here, or is quite sure to breed a storm with the opposition, if Périer and Co. wisely determine to remain quiet."

Here, then, is Périer again blowing hot and cold. After all the support and assistance given to Don Pedro at Paris, he now wants

to desert him and truckle to Spain, as he already has to the northern powers.

*Saturday, 18th.*—A duel has taken place within these few days under rather peculiar circumstances, the particulars of which were related to-day by Sir Robert Peel at White's.

A Mr. Stapylton, of Richmond in Yorkshire, was staying last year at Florence, where he became acquainted with the family of General Moore, and soon afterwards proposed to his daughter, who declined his addresses. Piqued by this refusal, it appears that he not only traduced her character, but lampooned her in some scurrilous verses, which he caused to be printed and circulated. The general has in consequence called him to account, shot him, and he now lies in great danger. There are some odd and contradictory reports of what passed on the ground; but as the general is in custody, if death ensues they will be investigated in a court of justice. The cholera seems to make no progress.

*Sunday, 19th.*—Strong reports at White's that twelve new peers will be created this week, which I cannot credit. Bad news from Jamaica; a serious insurrection of the slaves, which have been repressed by the troops; but it is said that fifty estates have been destroyed. This alone was wanting to complete the misery of the West India interest. At dinner at Lord Foley's we had a long discussion on Mr. Baring's intended motion for rendering M.P.'s liable to arrest. The reformers do not like liberty when it trenches on their privileges.

*Friday, 24th.*—The news of the cholera being in London has been received abroad. According to the feelings of the different nations towards England, France, who wishes to court us, has ordered a quarantine in her ports of three days; Holland, who feels aggrieved by our conduct at the Conference, one of forty days. The fog so thick in London, that the illuminations for the Queen's birthday were not visible.

*Tuesday, 28th.*—Last night, in the House of Lords, the Duke of W—— attacked Lord Grey violently on his whole system, foreign and domestic.

*Wednesday, 29th.*—Last Sunday died an old schoolfellow of mine, Emilius Delme Radcliffe, at his house in Conduit Street. He was sitting with Lord Albemarle and Sloane Stanley, who were paying a morning visit; without any previous affection, he laid back his head in his chair, and expired without even a groan. His disorder was ossification of the heart. He was gentleman of the horse to the late King, who was very partial to him, and had the superintendence of all the royal racing studs. In his youth

he was reckoned the best gentleman jockey-rider in England, for which his light weight was singularly adapted. He was a quiet, inoffensive character, and lived formerly much in the sporting society at Carlton House, but of late years had been more secluded from the world. He never changed his style of dress from the time he left Eton, his single-breasted coat, long breeches, and short white-topped boots.

*Monday, March 5th.*—A melancholy event indeed—my poor friend Henry B. destroyed himself this morning in his room at Limmer's Hotel, Conduit Street. Continued losses at play and other pecuniary embarrassments drove him to despair, and he cut his own throat, after shaving and dressing himself completely, while the breakfast was preparing by his servant. It was an infatuation of long standing; his father had twice paid his debts to a large amount, and they were unfortunately not on speaking terms for some time past. His poor mother was burnt to death not two months ago, and he never saw her in her last moments. This sad event, and the recollection of his intimate friend —, who last year drowned himself in the Serpentine from the same dreadful cause, most probably accelerated this catastrophe. He left no letter to any one, — merely the following words, scribbled on the back of a kind note which he had received the preceding evening from his friend the Duke of Dorset: "I cannot pray, and am determined to rush unbidden into the presence of my God!" What a sickening thought.

He was an amiable, gentlemanlike man, had many friends, and was one of the commissioners of the customs, which, with his original expectations, might have rendered his situation not only comfortable but affluent. The real object of commiseration now is the father, whose many domestic misfortunes will probably send him to the grave.

*Thursday, 8th.* — Walking with Matuscewitz, the conversation turned on the late French expedition to Ancona, one more of Périer's blunders; a *faux calcul*, which may recoil on himself, but cannot interest the powers of Europe. 5000 French could do nothing in Italy against 80,000 Austrians, supposing the worst, but at home it must damage his influence. This useless demonstration will alarm the friends of peace and order, while it is too contemptible to give any satisfaction to the *parti du mouvement*.

*Sunday, 11th.* — Mr. Stapylton having recovered from his wound, General Moore was released from confinement. A duel has taken place in Paris lately, which has terminated fatally.



The party who was killed, Captain Hesse, was my acquaintance. The dispute originated at play. Count Léon, a natural son of Bonaparte, lost to Hesse at *écarté* a sum of 17,000*l.*; and, some insinuations having been thrown out by the loser as to the dexterity of his adversary, satisfaction was required. They first repaired to a notary's, where security for the debt was given by Count Léon, and then to the field, where Hesse met his death. He was a Saxon by birth, had been in our service, and had been formerly notorious as a *protégé* of Queen Caroline.

*Monday, 12th.* — Precious news from Ireland this morning. At the assizes to try the murderers at Knocktophet, the jurors refused to be sworn and the witnesses to give evidence, from fear of their lives. The prisoners, therefore, could not be tried, and the sessions were adjourned. No law can now be said to exist in Ireland. The plea was that, as they were all sworn to oppose the tithes, they could not co-operate in bringing to justice the murderers of tax-gatherers who had been appointed to levy them.

*Tuesday, 20th.* — Charlton, who dined with me to-day, said, aptly enough, without some reform we should have a rebellion in the country; but, with the present extravagant plan, we shall have a revolution.

*Wednesday, 21st.* — The general fast-day for the cholera. The political unions tried to excite a tumult in the city, but failed. Upon the whole, the day was observed with much decency; the churches were well attended, the shops shut up, and the streets even more quiet than on a Sunday.

*Monday, 26th.* — This day the [Reform] Bill was brought for the second time into the House of Lords from the Commons. Lords Harrowby and Wharncliffe expressed their intention to vote for the second reading, reserving their comments for the committee. They might as well have said nothing. The Duke firm.

*Tuesday, 27th.* — The cholera seems increasing still. Count Orloff arrived this evening from the Hague; but, as the Dutch funds seem declining, it does not augur much for the success of his mission to the King of Holland: after all, it is still a question whether his master the Czar is really in earnest. I see there will be no Russian ratification.

*Saturday, 31st.* — Another suicide: Moseley cut his throat last night, without any cause. He never played, was economical in his expenses, and in easy circumstances. He had been ill of a bilious fever; and it is supposed that the calomel had affected his

head. What frail beings we are ! Our lives seem to hang by a thread indeed !

*Sunday, April 1st.* — The adjourned period for the ratifications is again expired, and none have been exchanged by the Three Powers. That of Austria is arrived, but not to be presented without that of Russia. Thus the Belgian affair has not advanced a step. The fact is now clear, that Orloff's mission to the Hague was merely a pretence to gain time. Holland will not concede a point, and her allies will not join in forcing her ; the fear of French interference will prevent absolute war between the Belgians and Dutch ; but all parties will await quietly, though watchfully, the march of events ; and should a change of ministry here, or any untoward act of France, create a coolness between her and this country (which may happen from day to day), then from that hour will the mask be thrown aside, and Talleyrand's thirty-six protocols become mere waste paper. Leopold will return to Claremont, and Belgium to Holland, and *gare à Louis-Philippe*.

*Tuesday, 3rd.* — The import and export trade of this country is in a dreadful state of torpor. There is no sale for goods or employment for money, which therefore keeps up the price of stocks, though the country is in such a falling state. Poor Lord Dudley, after committing various, but harmless, extravagancies, was this day ordered by Sir H. Halford to be under the superintendence of a keeper. Here is a man with high rank, character, very cultivated talents, and a colossal fortune, courted in society, surrounded with every means of receiving and conferring happiness, —the most enviable position perhaps in life that could be pictured, —and what is the result ? One single dispensation annihilates the whole ! Oh, *vanitas vanitatum* ! What a corrective to human wishes ! What an inducement to patience under all our disappointments ! Perfect happiness seems impossible ; but a system of compensation appears throughout to kindly and wisely equalise our lots. No prosperity without some alloy ; no adversity without some palliation. Our only course is gratitude and submission.

*Saturday, 7th.* — From the daily reports, cholera seems greatly subsiding ; up to last night the grand total of cases here, since the commencement, are 7435, and deaths 2489. It has broke out in Paris with greater violence than here ; in three days they have had 1050 cases and 394 deaths.

How consistent are the monarchical powers, how inconsistent the two liberal !

Civilisation still keeps on her march; even barbarous Egypt feels the impulse, — a stage coach and harness has been shipped from hence, to run between Cairo and Alexandria. As old Europe decays and runs to seed, she scatters the means of fertility to new regions destined to succeed to her prosperity. Bonaparte, when first consul, said to Mr. Livingston, at his levee. “Le vieux monde est corrompu, il n’y a plus que le nouveau monde.” It was meant as a compliment to the American minister, but it becomes daily more and more a truism. Livingston, who did not understand French, appeared rather embarrassed what to reply, when Bonaparte, looking round for an interpreter, fixed his eye on Cambacères, whose moral character was sufficiently notorious, and said to him, “Dites-lui en Anglois, que le vieux monde est corrompu; vous en savez quelque chose, vous.” A new Tory club\* has just been formed, for which Lord Kensington’s house, in Carlton Gardens, has been taken. Lord Clanwilliam and others having asked me to belong to it, though no party man or political character, I have agreed. The object is to have a counterbalancing meeting to Brooke’s, which is purely a Whig re-union; White’s, which was formerly devoted to the other side, being now of no colour, and frequented indiscriminately by all. The Duke takes a great interest in the new establishment.

*Monday, 9th.* — Second reading of the bill began in the Lords.

*Tuesday, 10th.* — I hear, by a letter from Greffulhe, Périer has been near dying from the cholera, which is making frightful progress in Paris. He says, “War seems equally dreaded by, and impracticable for, all parties, a belief strengthened by the wild Ancona prank, which shows that the pacific spirit at Vienna must be *fire-proof*, to resist such a provocation.”

*Friday, 13th.* — Last debate in the Lords, on the second reading of the Reform Bill, which, after a stormy debate through the night, on —

*Saturday, 14th.* — at 7 o’clock in the morning, was carried by a majority of nine. The meeting in committee is adjourned till after the Easter recess, and then will come the real contest. Went to Mr. Rennie’s wharf, to see the diving-bell, which we have provided for the Société de Commerce, at the Hague. It is to cost 860*l.*

*Sunday, 15th.* — It seems currently reported that no new peers will be created, and that now a serious modification of the bill will take place in the committee, with the consent of both

\* The Carlton.

parties. Lord Dudley's malady seems hopeless; he has just been removed into the country under proper care. On the examination of his affairs, it appears, by his banker's account, that very large sums have been drawn since he was in a state of derangement.

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*Monday, 16th.* — General Mackenzie writes, that he has quitted Paris, on account of the cholera, which is making dreadful havoc among all classes in that city; where alone, in three weeks, there have been 10,000 cases and near 5000 deaths.

*Tuesday, 17th.* — The tide of emigration is rolling fast towards our colonies in Canada and Van Diemen's Land; poverty and want of employment are daily driving thither hundreds of useful labourers, with their families, who will aid the great work of bringing a new world into cultivation. The parent hive is full, and sends out its swarms; but when I look at the tracts of land which remain uncultivated in Ireland, and even here, I fear that we must impute this desertion of home rather to the vicious organisation of our system and of our poor laws, than to an overcrowded population in the empire. There is still room enough for all, and useful employment likewise, were there but less avarice and encroachments among the higher and wealthier classes; everything works to the ordained point, and out of evil good may come.

*Wednesday, 18th.* — Accounts from Russia, that by an imperial ukase Poland has been annexed to the Russian empire as a punishment for her rebellion.

*Thursday, 19th.* — Prussia and Austria have last night exchanged their ratifications, with the stipulation that no coercion shall be used towards Holland; which leaves the matter as unsettled as ever. Upon the same terms I conclude that Russia will also adhere, though the orders are not yet come to Prince Lieven. The division in the Lords on the Reform Bill has probably carried this decision, under the idea that the Government here will be more likely to last, and therefore in appearance to be conciliated; but though prudence may dictate this step, there is and can be no real cordiality on the subject.

*Good Friday, 20th.* — The progress of the cholera at Paris still very frightful: the private letters mention that the government reports have been very much understated; that near 12,000 deaths have occurred, and many in the higher ranks. Among them is Prince Castelcicala, the Neapolitan ambassador, aged eighty years, who had long been known for his self-indulgent

mode of life: he was a friend of my father's forty years ago in England. Lord Granville, who is come over to vote for the bill, said many people in his society are dead, and there are sick in almost every house in Paris.

I see that there is a colony of emancipated slaves called Liberia, on the south-west coast of Guinea, extending upwards of 200 miles, where all the arts of civilised life are introduced, and will gradually spread over the whole of Africa.

*Sunday, 22nd.* — Yesterday, died of the cholera, in ten hours, Lady Ann Wyndham, sister to Lord Jersey. Her first husband was Mr. Lambton, by whom she was mother to Lord Durham, and Mrs. H. Cavendish, &c. After his death she married C. Wyndham, brother to Lord Egremont, and was separated from him on the following day by mutual consent. For many years her health had been much impaired, and she had lived in the completest retirement; her broken constitution could make no resistance to this fearful malady, which carried her off instantly; and she was buried this day to prevent the contagion. Mr. Cunliffe Offley, M. P. for Chester, is also dead, after an illness of twenty-four hours, of the same complaint. Hitherto no other cases have occurred in that rank of society, and the disorder, it is hoped, is now disappearing.

*Tuesday, May 1st.* — I have been reading the "Memoirs of Louis XVIII.," just published, and which M. de Talleyrand says, "*Ne peuvent être que de lui.*" There is one circumstance so extraordinary in the book that I must transcribe it. He says that, on returning home at night after the christening of the young Dauphin, son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, he found on his toilet a letter in a double envelope, addressed "à Monsieur seul." On opening these, he found a sheet of black paper, with the following lines, written in white ink:—

"Console-toi, je viens de tirer l'horoscope du nouveau-né; il ne t'enlèvera pas la couronne; il cessera de vivre lorsque son père cessera de régner. Un autre que toi, cependant, succédera à Louis XVI.; mais tu ne seras pas moins Roi de France un jour. Félicite-toi d'être sans postérité: l'existence de tes fils seroit menacée de trop grands maux, car ta famille boira jusqu'à la lie ce que la coupe du destin renferme de plus amer. Adieu! tremble pour ta vie si tu cherches à me connoître. Je suis —

"LA MORT."

His first impulse was to take a copy of the letter, that the original might be shown to the police in the morning; but, to

his great surprise, soon afterwards the white characters began to fluctuate on the black paper, and then completely disappeared; being evidently traced in some chemical composition which would only last a certain time, as a precaution for the writer. On the following morning the paper presented nothing but a mass of holes and corrosions. He adds, that he never mentioned the circumstance at the time to any one, but during the emigration he told it to his friend the Duc d'Avary. Unfortunately, *then*, two-thirds of the prophecy must have been fulfilled; and, as he then bore the title of Louis XVIII., it was nearly made out entirely. Yesterday my brother Henry went to settle at Chester, as chancellor of the diocese.

*Wednesday, 2nd.* — Montrond has come back from Paris. He says the Memoirs are not doubted at Paris by all who knew Louis XVIII.; and not the least proof of their authenticity is that, in wishing to demonstrate his sagacity, he cannot help showing what a rogue he was.

It appears that the Russian ratification is come in, also with restrictions. Holland remains immovable. The ruin of Mr. Watson Taylor declared, and executions put in his houses in town and country. At his outset in life he was a regular independent man, with about 1500*l.* a year, and happy. At forty-five years of age he inherits above 60,000*l.* a year, through the death of his wife's brother, Sir Simon Taylor; and in twelve years he is completely ruined. The state of West Indian property may have contributed to this catastrophe; but his wasteful expenditure was beyond all conception; — plate, pictures, houses, furniture, and curiosities of all sorts, and at double the price that others would give, without any order or consideration, and merely to engross public notice. Sir Robert Peel said, the other day at dinner, "No man ever bought ridicule at so high a price."

*Friday, 4th.* — De Ros said, that in society lately the conversation turned on the horrid scenes which a field of battle presented on the following day. Talleyrand, who was present, described that which he had himself seen after the battle of Austerlitz, which field he visited from Vienna in a carriage with Marmont, soon after the victory. He concluded with saying, "*Marmont pleuroit à chaudes larmes, quant à moi je vous assure que cela ne me fesoit aucun effet.*"

*Saturday, 5th.* — The King yesterday gave a grand dinner to all the East India directors and others any way connected with that government. In the number was the Duke of Wellington; and though the healths of the generals who had commanded on

that station were drunk individually, that of the *conqueror at Assaye* was omitted.

*Monday, 7th.* — This evening the House of Peers met in committee on the bill; and on the first division the Government were beat by a majority of thirty-five, to their own great astonishment. Lord Grey upon this immediately adjourned the House till Thursday. He said to Lord Wharnclyffe, with evident vexation, on going out of the House, "You may now take the bill, and do what you please with it." They must, it is supposed, now, either make peers, and not less than sixty, or resign.

*Tuesday, 8th.* — Much anxiety and gossiping at all the clubs during the day, but nothing known. Lords Grey and Brougham went down to the King at Windsor, and returned in the evening. A cabinet council was held on their return, which broke up at twelve o'clock; but nothing transpired. One circumstance alone struck me and others forcibly. Sefton was at the opera in the highest spirits possible; he came at half-past one into the supper-room at Crockford's, having most probably driven in the interim to Downing Street, and I never saw such an alteration. His face was the picture of despair and vexation.

*Wednesday, 9th.* — Sefton's face was a true barometer. The King has refused to make the peers, and this morning the ministers have given in their resignations, which have been accepted. Still they attended at the levee, and the King appeared cheerful. Brookes's Club is full of weeping and gnashing of teeth, so little was the party prepared for this sudden catastrophe. No one knows to whom the King will turn for his new advisers, and the aspect of affairs is cloudy enough; but the funds have not fallen much, the three per cents leaving off at eighty-four. Lord Grey in the House to-night announced the retreat of himself and colleagues, which had been graciously accepted by His Majesty. Very little passed, except some severe remarks from Lord Carnarvon on the *atrocious coup d'état* which had been meditated by Lord Grey against the privileges of that house. In the evening the King sent for Lord Lyndhurst, and some violent resolutions were passed at Brookes's, to be brought forward to-morrow in the Commons. Sefton told me that he knew the fact early this morning, and went instantly to communicate it to Talleyrand, who was thunderstruck at the news, and sent it off by express to Paris. It must make a great alteration in our foreign political relations, and be much to the satisfaction of Holland, Russia, &c.

*Thursday, 10th.* — Various rumours all the morning. At night it was pretty well understood that the Duke would undertake the

formation of a ministry, under certain conditions; but Sir R. Peel persists in his refusal to accept office. He says, that he underwent so much obloquy on account of his vote on the Catholic question, that he will not be induced by any motives of place to alter his opinion; which proves that the Duke means to make great concessions as to reform. The present Government loudly proclaim the impossibility of forming a Tory Ministry which can last three weeks under the present exciting circumstances, and exult in the certainty of their speedy return to power. Is not this as much as to say, that they have resigned on the first difficulty purposely to create tumult and confusion in the country, that they may then be brought back on the shoulders of the people in triumph? May they be disappointed! Lord Ebrington's motion in the Commons to approve the conduct of Lord Grey and his colleagues was carried by a majority of eighty, which is not surprising.

A curious circumstance occurred to-day in the conference on Greek affairs. Baron de Cetto, the Bavarian minister, has been for some time holding back from signing the treaty for Prince Otho's accession to the throne, with a view to get more money for him guaranteed by the Three Powers; but on Palmerston representing to him that his powers would cease in a few days, and Talleyrand showing that P erier, whose confidence he so entirely possessed, must soon be replaced by others, who might have very different views on the subject, he has suddenly made up his mind to submit to their proposal, which is a loan of 60,000,000 francs, and will sign the treaty to-morrow. This I know from undoubted authority.

*Friday, 11th.*—A great Tory meeting at Apsley House, when all party schisms were abjured by the ultra party, and a general reconciliation took place, with a determination to pull together for the common cause. A list was then formed by the Duke, which was carried down to Windsor by Lord Lyndhurst immediately. The result is not known to-night; but it is asserted that a strong measure of reform, as being absolutely necessary to the peace of the country, will form the basis of their policy. I have just seen Adolphus Fitz-Clarence, who told me that he had left the King at two o'clock, who was in excellent spirits, and said to him on parting, "I do not know who are my ministers; but I am determined to do that which I feel is right without consulting any one." The expresses from Manchester and Birmingham mention considerable excitement of course, and a disposition not to pay taxes. This feeling will probably be



increased when they hear the Tories are coming into power, and I fear much tumult may ensue in many places; but we must hope for the best.

*Saturday, 12th.*—The King came to town this morning at one o'clock, when he met the Duke at the palace, who, after a short interview, kissed hands as premier. None of the other appointments are known. The King, it appears, is in very good spirits. The first measure to which he has been advised by the Duke, is not to receive the delegates from the political union at Birmingham, as an association not authorised by the law.

*Sunday, 13th.*—There was a great Tory dinner of forty covers at the new club. The Duke in the chair. Many speeches after dinner, which concurred in admitting the necessity of reform. In the evening there was a most violent meeting of Whigs at Brookes's, where the virulence of the speeches, particularly that of Mr. Stanley\*, the Irish secretary, who got upon the table, showed the exasperated feelings of the party. Yesterday, when Lord Foley went to the palace, to give in his resignation as captain of the band of Gentlemen Pensioners, the King said to him, "I am an old man, and I do not think I shall ever live to see you in place again."

*Monday, 14th.*—Dined at Sir Robert Peel's, where there is a fine gallery of paintings by the old masters, and the best collection of Sir T. Lawrence's portraits,—particularly those of the Duke of Wellington and Canning. We saw a new picture by Haydon, being a back view of Napoleon on the Isle of St. Helena, contemplating the sea: the effect is not pleasing; and as the painter had never seen the original, can have no absolute value.

The list not being formed, the Duke did not go to the House, as was expected; indeed, there seems to be still much difficulty in effecting this object. Mr. Baring in the Commons declared, that he now saw reform must be carried; a prelude, it is supposed, to taking office. A meeting of Radicals at St. John's Wood, which ended in nothing. Late in the evening the debate took a most stormy turn, and such violent abuse was heaped on the Duke for changing his politics, that, though I firmly believe he is actuated only by worthy motives, to save the country from the grasp of democracy, yet it is to be feared this virulent excitement, on the part of his political opponents, will be greedily caught up by the public in general, who believe that statesmen can never be actuated by any other feeling than the love of place.

\* Now the Earl of Derby.

I say, I fear, that he will not be able to fight against the storm; that the dread of the world's harsh judgment will damp his energies, will not only prevent his persevering in the formation of a new Ministry, but will also deter many others from enlisting under his standard, and giving him that assistance which it is certain his own intentions deserve. Nobody doubts his dislike to the bill; all must see that he yields his opinion, and gives his aid to one evil in order to avoid a greater in perspective; but, nevertheless, the *protest*, so lately signed by him in the Lords, stares all in the face as an apparent inconsistency.

*Tuesday, 15th.* — This morning, as was anticipated, the Duke signified to the King that, owing to the excitement produced by the present crisis, he could not form an administration. The King wrote to Lord Grey, whose answer was very long, and it is said, couched in haughty terms, demanding *carte blanche* to make peers, which the King still positively refuses to do. We are therefore still without any government. The feeling at night was general, that the Tory Lords would no longer oppose the bill, but walk out without voting, and allow Lord Grey to carry the measure without a fresh creation; by which means they save the Peers from being swamped. This is the line they ought to have taken at the commencement; it would have been consistent, and given a weight to the party, which would probably have enabled them to oust the Whigs hereafter, upon the valid grounds of their insufficiency and ignorance. I fear, however, Lord Grey may still insist on making peers, though sure of carrying this bill, to obtain a support on other matters for the future.

*Wednesday, 16th.* — A day of various and conflicting reports. At one time it was conceived that all was settled, that Lord Grey had carried his point with the King; but at night Sefton's face, which is my barometer, augured that no settlement had as yet been accomplished. There was a levee in the morning, and a grand dinner given by the King to the Jockey Club. The cabinet council was still sitting, and no answer to the King's message decided upon.

The changes here have created much sensation in Paris, and will influence the appointment of a new minister there, in the room of Périer, who is dying.

*Thursday, 17th.* — Another stormy debate in the Lords, where the Duke made his statement. Nothing settled as to the Ministry, or any change in the King's decision concerning peers. An express arrived to-night with the news that Casimir Périer died yesterday morning at ten o'clock.

*Friday, 18th.*—At last this awful question is settled. Lord Grey announced in the House that he had received *assurances* which enabled him to congratulate the country on the success of the bill. He had the means of carrying it unimpaired in all its branches; but he did not say whether by creation of peers or secession of the opposition. Mr. Hume, the member for Middlesex, and most vapouring radical in the House, has shown that courage is not amongst his peculiar virtues. He in the most uncalled-for manner wrote to the constituents of Mr. Horatio Ross, member for the Scotch burgh, Arbroath, Aberdeen, &c., that he had deserted his duty to them, and was become lukewarm in the cause of reform: Mr. Ross instantly wrote to him, that he was a malicious liar, and demanded a recantation or satisfaction. The cautious demagogue submitted to the insult, and retracted his expressions, in a letter which Mr. Ross will be well justified in publishing.

*Saturday, 19th.*—A numerous meeting of Tories assembled at Apsley House to-day, when the Duke proposed that they should not secede jointly as a body, but each individually refrain from voting on the bill, which in most instances will be adopted, and thus the evil of a creation of peers be avoided. There is much alarm in some branches of the cabinet about the future; they begin to feel that they have raised a power which they can never put down, a power that will only go with them as long as they follow its impulse. The political unions have spoken too loudly now ever to be silenced again, and they will eventually overturn not only this government, but any other which may succeed. The Duke of R. has said to Lord W., “You may think yourselves defeated, but ours is the real defeat; we have created the monster, which will turn upon us as well as you. Attwood and O’Connell will turn the scale in the end.” It is plainly to be seen that they dread the Irish bill, as the most tremendous struggle of all, and they must take the consequences, come what will. The die is cast; to go back is impossible: the tide of innovation has set in, and who shall say where it will carry us? From this day dates a new era for England. Placards are streaming about the streets with “Glory and honour to the people.” And what is the people? what has the people always been? The most capricious, the most cruel, the most ungrateful and selfish class of society; but we must be governed by this same people which fifteen years ago was the worshipper of the Duke, which hailed him as the saviour of Europe, but now pursues his steps with curses deep and loud, and showers on him all the bitterness of malignant invective, nay,

more, which pants for his life! I have heard it frequently asserted by the Government party, that, if on this occasion he took office, before a week was out he would be assassinated. This is the real evil: it is not the disfranchising rotten boroughs, and the enfranchising other places, it is the reckless agitation of the whole country, caused by an unprincipled set of men, to keep themselves in place, which we have now to deplore. Périer's brother is appointed minister in France for the present; a man of no abilities, but merely put up to the foreign powers as a symbol that his brother's system will continue to be enforced.

*Sunday, 20th.*—Ross showed me the correspondence between him and Hume, which places the radical member in a most contemptible light. Lords Londonderry and Ellenborough seem still inclined to prolong the warfare in the Lords, but it will not have effect, the bill now must pass.

*Tuesday, 22nd.*—A division took place in the Lords on the metropolitan clause; the opposition only mustered 36 and the Government 91. This majority must show that a new creation of peers cannot be required. Previous to the late dinner which the King gave to the Jockey Club, Lord Sefton, who was indignant at the resignation of his friends the ministers, and most clamorous at what he called the duplicity of the King, in a fit of pique and vexation erased his name from the list of members, and sent an excuse to the dinner as no longer belonging to the Club. The King, who was not then aware of his motive, graciously requested that he would come as his friend. He never went. Circumstances soon took a different turn. Lord Grey resumed office, and Lord Sefton's animosity subsided. The Queen gave a ball on Friday night, where the whole Sefton family made their appearance, and His Majesty, who was then better informed, turned his back openly on his lordship. *Dans ces entrefaites* Lord Molyneux had attended a public meeting at Liverpool, where he made a speech, and, actuated by his father's feelings, alluded very bitterly to the conduct of both the King and Queen. He afterwards came to town, and appeared with his family at the ball. On the following day the King commanded Mr. W. Ashley, as vice-chamberlain to the Queen, to write to Lord Molyneux, and request he would not appear at court again. Nothing could be more just. The Duke of Sussex, having presumed to present an insolent address to the King from the Political Union at Birmingham, but which was not received, is also very justly in disgrace. These are only slight instances of Whig insolence and ingratitude. Sefton has been made a peer, and treated with the most marked courtesy and

attention by the present King; and who does not know all that he has done for his brother the Duke of Sussex?

*Wednesday, 23rd.*—Still some talk of peers being made; among others Methuen, who says, that he has a promise to be made Lord Corsham. Copley said, at White's, that if he was disappointed, he would be Lord Curse'm. Our fleet is to-morrow to sail for Portugal to see *fair play* between Miguel and Pedro; and, in case the Spaniards should assist the former, to act on the offensive, in consequence of our system of *non-intervention*. All parties now seem to agree that we are in a dreadful state, and even the Government people lower their tone, and hope that the common danger may ultimately unite Whigs and Tories to resist the common enemy. They have done the mischief, and feel too late their incapacity to remedy it.

*Thursday, 24th.*—The other morning Montrond, coming out of Sefton's house, met De Ros, and said to him, "*Ce pauvre Sefton, il est si méchant, si bossu aujourd'hui, ça fait pitié.*" Greffulhe writes from Paris, that the marriage between King Leopold and Mademoiselle d'Orléans, daughter of Louis-Philippe, has been announced, and is to be celebrated immediately; it is a prelude to the union, and perhaps hereafter the incorporation, of Belgium with France; and precludes all idea of Leopold's future adhesion to the interests and policy of England, in the event of differences between us and our rival, who now gains as great an influence in that quarter as if the Duc de Némours had been chosen King of the Belgians.

The bill is now passing rapidly, but in sullenness on the part of the Tories, through the Lords; few vote against it, but the debates are acrimonious, and marked by the most unseemly personalities. The unfortunate and ill-judged line which the party has taken precludes any chance of modifying the clauses. Thus the metropolitan clause was carried against the general feeling of the House; and there seems to be only one object in view, that of finishing the question. Ministers cannot object to forward their own work, and the opposition, in their pique, wish to saddle them with all the responsibility of its most odious defects. Their motto seems to be "*Vous l'avez voulu, donc vous l'aurez.*" Thus patriotism yields to party feeling. In the meantime the country, though apparently tranquil, does not seem satisfied; that general content which was predicted to follow the settlement of this question is not so evident. The adherents of the Tory party are numerous, wealthy, and influential; and the despondency assumed by such a class must naturally have its weight with the public

mind, and particularly with the monied interest, always more alive to alarm than others, and naturally suspicious of a Whig or popular ascendancy. The stockholder loves the Tory bolstering system, which puts the best face on existing circumstances, and strenuously maintained the doctrine of faith with the public creditor. He trembles at the former republican threats of Lord Althorp, with his pruning-knife and his sponge, though perhaps without much reason, as the maxims of a Whig out of place seldom regulate the practice of a Whig in office. The wand of power makes strange alterations in the feelings and policy of all men. Then the unlucky coincidence, that at this moment two such serious questions as the renewal of the Bank and the East Indian Companies' charters should come into discussion, gives fresh cause for apprehension. The committee of the former is already named, and all the secrets of that massive establishment will be laid open to public view; and from what I have *some reason* to know, certain sanguine anticipations of the accumulations of that company may be grievously disappointed. Glad would the Government now be if they could dissolve the political unions, but of this there is little chance; on the contrary, success seems only to have raised their tone, and Lord Grey will find that he has used a dangerous auxiliary, who will only serve under him as long as he will lead them on to further conquest. They have got their reform, what will be their next war cry? The repeal of the corn bill, which will reduce the income from land one-half, will that satisfy them? No! Then comes, &c. &c.,—annual parliaments, ballot.

*Monday, 28th.*—The King's birthday, and a very full drawing-room. It was remarked that the Duke and Lord Lyndhurst were received with particular attention, and much more noticed than the ministers. The usual state dinners were given; but the King did not dine with the Duke, as was at first intended.

*Tuesday, 29th.*—Reports that Lord Grey will resign as soon as the bill has passed through the Lords. The Paris letters mention, that no minister is appointed, and that Louis-Philippe imagines he can act as president of the council himself. The two foreigners most known here are,—

Montrond, who must be near sixty-five years old, a *protégé* of Talleyrand, and constant guest at his table. He has lived through the different scenes of the French Revolution, always keeping up a certain scale of expense, is received into all the best houses in London, and is witty and entertaining, though his *ton*





6<sup>th</sup> Montford,  
sketched by D. Orsay



is rather *tranchant*. He plays high, and generally wins; is full of anecdotes; tells them well; great epicure and connoisseur at the table: enters into all the gaieties and pursuits of the young English dandies, who look up to him and admire his sallies. He was notorious in Paris as a *roué*; *grand brétailleur*; and fought one duel with the elder Greffulhe, which did not end so fatally as some others. He married the Duchesse de Fleury; a beautiful woman with a fortune, which he spent. Old age has now mellowed the more riotous traits in his character; he feels less independent in a foreign country than in his own; and a life of quiet self-indulgence seems now his only ambition. The other is D'Orsay\*, very good looking, and gifted with great talents, the son of the General Count D'Orsay, whose mother married Mr. Crawford, well known for many years as a rich collector of pictures and articles of *vertù* at Paris. His sister, a beautiful person, married the Duc de Guiche, son of the Duc de Grammont, and is now, with her husband, following the fortunes of the exiled royal family, at Holyrood House.

*Wednesday, 30th.* — This day died Sir James Mackintosh, of a lingering disorder, originally caused by a piece of chicken sticking in his throat, when at dinner, which nearly produced strangulation, and affected his health afterwards. He was a man of great learning and abilities, and a staunch Whig, and he will be a great loss to this Government, under which he was President of the Board of Control. His Moral and Political Lectures, many years ago, in Lincoln's-Inn, will be long remembered by those who heard them. The Pitt dinner was attended to-day, at Merchant Tailors' Hall, by near 500 persons. The Duke in the chair. Though a complete Tory meeting, no discontent was observed in the mob without, and the Duke, on going away, was rather cheered than otherwise. Schedules A. and B. were carried in the Lords with not above five or six peers on the opposition benches.

*Thursday, 31st.* — Alvanley and Cooke, dining with me, were both very amusing and full of anecdote of former times. The former, who has lived much with Talleyrand in France, both at Paris and at Valençaye †, gave us some interesting recollections of the prince's Memoirs, which had been occasionally read to him

\* Count Alfred d'Orsay, who married the daughter of the Earl of Blessington, died at Paris in 1852.

† The château of the Prince Talleyrand, near Blois.

when he was staying in his house. From these it appears that there were two points on which Talleyrand's counsel had been uniformly, but unsuccessfully opposed to the views of Napoleon, — the invasion of Spain, and the elevation of his brothers to the sceptre over foreign states. As far as my memory goes, these were the arguments which he adduced. The error of the first was, that, having already unlimited power in that country, having fascinated the King Charles IV., and bribed the Prince of Peace, who governed the weak mind of the Queen, all the resources, military, naval, and financial, of Spain, were entirely at his disposal. Why then attack by a military invasion the *amour-propre* of a country, which, though dead to the degradation of its sovereign, would, and must still be alive to the humiliating occupation of a foreign invader? Why draw upon himself the rancour of a priesthood, all powerful in the country, who must be stimulated to oppose his progress by the apprehension of losing, not only their immense property, but also their moral influence over the minds of the people, by the incursion of his armies, and the dissemination of his principles:— a nation, too, degraded, but loyal, attached to its king, its religion, and its peculiar prejudices, no longer perhaps formidable in the field, but united and desperate in a partisan warfare, to which its native thickets, mountains, and fastnesses gave advantages unknown and unexpected in modern warfare.

Upon the second point of opposition, that is, with respect to the enthronement of his brothers, the language of Talleyrand to Napoleon was equally strong and cogent. Alvanley proceeded to say, as far as I can accurately recollect of the conversation, "You have," said he, "created a great empire by your own transcendent talents and master mind; but look at your brothers, and observe how little they are gifted with those qualities; make them princes, constables of the empire, or what you will at home; load them with honours, riches, titles; but place them not on an elevated pinnacle abroad, where their weakness may only tend to undermine the *prestige* of your greatness. Send thither ambassadors, whom you may select for those qualities and merits, which may *more effectually* promote your purposes and objects, than can be done by crowning weak members of your family, and thereby exciting the jealousy and ill-will of your neighbours."

Talleyrand renders every justice to this great and extraordinary man, as a sovereign and a general: his chief mistake was, to have underrated the credit and resources of England; and as he was tormented by the *ver rongeur* of ambition, which offered to

him no excitement but military conquest, so the resistance which he met with from this country was the source of constant irritation in his prosperity, and of his final ruin in adversity. The Memoirs of Talleyrand, whenever published, must be a valuable acquisition to the history of Europe and to the study of human nature. No man ever lived so long in such extraordinary times; he is now near eighty years old.\* He began life in the reign of Louis XV. He was descended from a good family, but very poor. He defrayed the small expenses of his college education out of the produce of an *abbaye*, which he received on going into the Church. He at last was made Bishop of Autun. On the breaking out of the Revolution he joined the popular party, abjured his ecclesiastical profession, and was for some time secretary to Chauvelin, the French minister in England. On his return to France the massacres and proscriptions had commenced; the Jacobin party was waging war to the knife against nobles and aristocrats; his doom was sealed, and he was forced to emigrate. His previous conduct had rendered any asylum where he might meet his brother emigrants dangerous to his personal safety, and America presented the only retreat from the rage of all parties, who were now equally incensed against him. Thither he went, with what little money he could collect; and bitter must have been the time he spent there. Straited circumstances in an infant and but barely civilised republic must have been galling to one then accustomed to all the luxuries and refinements of the late French court. At one time he meditated, and had almost engaged his passage for a speculative establishment at Calcutta, but another lot was already designed for him. The Government in France began to wear rather a more settled aspect under the Directory †; his friends in Paris interested themselves strongly in his favour, and at length obtained the erasure of his name from the list of emigrants. He quitted America without regret, as may be supposed; and he says himself, that he arrived in France with only fifteen louis in his pocket. Here his various talents and natural *finesse* soon gained him an ascendancy with the people then in power, and in a very short time he became Minister for Foreign Affairs of the republic. His account of this period is very singular. Installed in one of the magnificent hotels of the old *noblesse*, which had been appropriated to the uses of the new government, and after being gutted

\* He was born in 1754, and died in 1838.

† Madame de Staël.

during the excesses of the Revolution, had been partly refurnished by promiscuous gleanings of finery and magnificence from the Garde-Meuble and the other palaces, he found himself lodged like a prince, without a shilling of revenue, surrounded by servants whose wages he knew not how to pay, and who were using the most costly services of old Sèvres china for the commonest purposes of the kitchen and offices, because they really had not the money to purchase utensils of earthenware.

His first step to extricate himself from these difficulties was the treaty with Portugal, then on the *tapis*. The negotiation was soon brought to a favourable conclusion; by which it was stipulated that, in return for certain concessions on the part of France, Portugal should pay an indemnity of eight millions. Of this sum Talleyrand allows that he distributed one million to each of the five directors, and appropriated the remaining three to himself. This was the origin of that amazing fortune which he afterwards accumulated; but which, like every other circumstance in human affairs, having reached the zenith of its prosperity, declined nearly as rapidly as it had risen; for he is now supposed to be in moderate circumstances. Many other anecdotes were mentioned, which I have no time to note down, but Alvanley's opinion seems to be, that his diplomatic talents may have been rather overrated, and that his successful career may chiefly be attributed to a fineness of tact, which enabled him to perceive early the current of the times, and float on its surface.

His fortune was very much diminished by the expense of maintaining the Spanish royal family at Valençaye; a penalty inflicted upon him by order of Napoleon.

*Friday, 1st June.* — Report of the Committee in the Lords. Two marriages announced. Marquis of Abercorn to Lady Louisa Russell, daughter of the Duke of Bedford, and Captain H. Rous, brother to Lord Stradbroke, to Miss Cuthbert.

*Sunday, 3rd.* — The Government begin to have apprehensions about the state of things in France. I could see by the questions and manner of J. Walpole, who is Palmerston's private secretary, that they are uneasy on some points of their foreign policy. Talleyrand goes in ten days to pass two or three months at Barège, and reports are beginning to circulate that he will not return, but be succeeded by Flahault.

*Monday, 4th.* — The third reading of the Reform Bill passed in the Lords, with a majority of eighty-four, only twenty of the opposition peers remaining to vote. Thus is the question put at rest, and the bill unamended is become the law of the land. A

new era may be dated from this day for England, and who can tell the changes that may ensue? The House of Peers, as a deliberative body, is trampled under foot; it never again can be a check to popular innovation, as the same threat of a fresh creation may be used by a reckless minister to carry any other point in opposition to their opinion and feelings.

*Wednesday, 6th.* — Baring's motion brought on in the House of Commons, to make the members liable to arrest for debt, as with others.

*Thursday, 7th.* — The King gave his assent to the Reform Bill by *commission*, to the great annoyance of ministers, who wished to induce him to do it in person. An express from Paris arrived this morning with the news of a fresh insurrection, which broke out on the occasion of General Lamarque's funeral on Tuesday last; the mob was still fighting with the military in the streets, and the bloodshed was very great. In the evening came a telegraphic dispatch that order was restored, and Paris tranquil. St. Giles won the Derby stakes at Epsom.

*Friday, 8th.* — The accounts from Paris still far from encouraging; more fighting in the streets on Wednesday, and, what is more extraordinary, Talleyrand has no dispatches. The commercial expresses speak favourably of the result, but the interest of the writers is to prevent a fall in the funds; and their reports must be received with caution. The general impression is, that if Louis-Philippe retains his crown, he must throw himself into the arms of the *côté gauche*, who will then come in, and form the government, leaving him the empty title. Thus the two countries will go on *pari passu*, and what is called the popular party will be triumphant on both sides of the water. Should this be the case, the jealousy of the continental powers will be again excited, and the crisis of war, so long anticipated, will soon be realised.

*Saturday, 9th.* — The military force has triumphed in Paris, after much carnage; the rebellion has been put down by the energetic measures of Marshal Soult. An ordinance has been issued in the name of Louis-Philippe, declaring Paris in a state of siege, dissolving the Ecole Polytechnique, and disbanding the artillery of the National Guard. An attempt will be made to establish a military despotism, which all the foreign powers are anxious to promote. Even our liberal Government, which has been for twelve months truckling to the people here, is most desirous to see a different system pursued in France. Lord Granville sets off immediately to resume his post as ambassador at Paris,

with the strictest injunctions to impress on the mind of Louis-Philippe the necessity of acting with the greatest firmness at this crisis, and, above all, of preventing the admission of Odillon Barrot and the other liberals into the administration. This advice will be palatable to Louis-Philippe, but his temporising conduct hitherto has proved how little he is formed to act with decision at such a crisis. The origin of this insurrection, though evidently foreseen by the Government, is not exactly ascertained: its object was republicanism, its feeling a disgust at the late administration, and the Carlist party availed itself of the public ferment to foment the confusion, in hopes to have a chance of promoting their own views against the common enemy. The Duchess of Berri is in the south, trying to raise a corresponding flame in that part of France, but without much effect: if she now should be taken, it may go hard with her.

*Sunday, 10th.*—Talleyrand has received his dispatches, which mention that the rebellion was quite subdued, and the courts-martial were occupied in trying the prisoners. Montrond said last night, "*Si j'étais Roi de France je ferais la guerre; la nation n'est plus faite pour autre chose.*" It would certainly unite all parties, and make the king popular: but, in the present state of things, it might prove a dangerous experiment; the flame, once lighted in Europe again, might consume half the globe.

*Tuesday, 12th.*—I do not think that in all my experience I ever remember such a season in London as this has been; so little gaiety, so few dinners, balls, and *fêtes*. The political dissensions have undermined society, and produced coolnesses between so many of the highest families; and between even near relations, who have taken opposite views of the question. Independent of this feeling, the Tory party,—whose apprehensions for the future are most desponding, who think that a complete revolution is near at hand, and that property must every day become less secure,—are glad to retrench their usual expenses, and are beginning by economy to lay by a *poire pour la soif*. Those who have money at command are buying funds in America\* or in Denmark, which they think least exposed to political changes. Those who have only income are reduced to retrench; but all seem impressed with the idea that they cannot long depend on their present prosperity; and these very means of precaution may tend to accelerate the crisis, if such there is. The London tradesmen are first

\* Lord Hertford, under this impression, lost 300,000*l.* or 400,000*l.* by his investments in American stock, which was repudiated.

affected; the *petit commerce* declines, which creates discontent; the orders to the country are diminished, which disappoints the manufacturer; he in return must discard workmen, which augments the number of those already out of employ; and thus the apprehensions on one side create distress on the other, till at length that which was only imaginary creates for itself an alarming reality. The irremediable distress which has this year overtaken all the West India proprietors, many of whom, my intimate friends, have laid down, some a part, some the whole of their establishments; the miserably unprofitable state of trade, which must affect the expenses of all who are engaged in that department; the retrenchments that are gradually making in all the salaries of the public offices; all tend to the same end, to diminish the circulation of capital, to curtail the demand for the comforts and luxuries of life, and consequently to circumscribe the demand for labour and ingenuity. These circumstances are only beginning to be felt; but the progress is sure though slow, and will be a disheartening contrast to the smiling prosperity which the advocates of reform have so unblushingly predicted as the immediate result of the success of their measure.

*Wednesday, 13th.*—No news. House of Commons met after the Whitsun recess on the Irish Reform Bill.

*Friday, 15th.*—Something appears still to be brewing in France. Montrond to-night evidently wished to converse with me privately; he dealt in dark hints, and talked of the capability of France to make war, of her 500,000 men, of the facility with which she coped with all Europe in the first revolution, of the amalgamation of all parties in such a case, and of the inability of England to interfere, if such an event should happen. He seemed to expect, what I perhaps should dread, that the present Government would never take a line hostile to France. He said that Belgium would name a day when the Dutch must evacuate Antwerp; if that was not complied with, treaties would oblige France and England simultaneously to interfere, and enforce the demand. He evidently wished to sound me as to popular feeling in this country, and how far I thought we should consent to France taking the initiative. From any one else this would have been of small importance; but his intimacy with Talleyrand, his constant access to the embassy, and his early information on all such subjects, which I have previously experienced, made me determined to keep on my guard. I told him that he had very much undervalued the resources of this country, and the spirit of the nation; that, however we might, from pecuniary circumstances, be averse to war, yet in

a just and national cause, we had not only the will but the means, beyond any country in Europe, of asserting our dignity; that we combined in ourselves the sinews of every exertion; that, like France, and perhaps more unanimously, all party spirit would be forgotten; and, however he might reckon on the liberal policy of this Government and its wish to conciliate that country, yet if we were forced into a war, and such a war, which would be contrary to their pledges and system, I foresaw no event more likely to accelerate the downfall of Lord Grey and the restoration of the Duke; that, however the latter might have incurred his share of popular odium from the difficulties of reform, yet still there was a very influential party in the country which looked up to *him* and *him alone* as a beacon in the event of a storm; whose confidence he entirely possessed; and if to this feeling should be superadded the necessity of recurring to his acknowledged great military talents in such a crisis, the sense of danger, aided by old recollections, would produce such a general reaction in the public mind, that he would again come forward triumphant, not only as the leader of our armies but of our counsels. I strived to impress upon him the power of this country, and the folly of conceiving that we could look upon any encroachments on the part of France with apathy or indifference, much less openly join or connive at them.

*Saturday, 16th.*—The news from Ireland to-day is unsatisfactory; and Sir Hussey Vivian\*, the commander-in-chief, has been sent back to his post at a minute's warning. The public funds are declining; for which various reasons are alleged. It is stated from Ireland, that, for some days past, many of the country people are seen running over the midland counties, carrying with them pieces of burning turf, a small piece of which they leave at every house, with the following exhortation:—"The plague has broken out; take this, and, while it burns, offer up seven paters, three aves, and a credo, in the name of God and the holy St. John, that the plague may be stopped." The person leaving it lays each householder under an obligation to set fire to his piece of turf and run to seven other houses where no holy fire has been left, and leave it to each, under a penalty of falling a victim to the cholera himself. Men, women, and children are seen scouring the country in every direction with this charmed turf: one man had to run thirty miles before he could perform his task. The priests, however, pretend entire ignorance of the matter; and

\* He was raised to the peerage in 1841, and died in 1842.



when we recollect the bearing of the fiery cross in Scotland previous to a rising, there is too much reason to fear that the ceremony has more of a political than a sanatory tendency.

*Monday, 18th.*—Anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. The Duke, on returning from the Tower this morning on horseback, was assailed in the streets by a mob of ruffians, who hissed and abused him. Their conduct at last became so violent, that a band of the police were obliged to escort him to his house. In the evening he gave the annual banquet at Apsley House to all the field officers who were present at the battle, and it was deemed necessary to have a large armed force of regulars, besides a numerous police, in the neighbourhood; but no further riots ensued. To such a pass, then, has popular ferment arrived! I am even glad that the brutes have singled out this very day to exhibit their malicious vengeance; that they may show to all Europe what monsters the Radicals really are. May it be, though I fear too late, a lesson to the desperate Government which has relied on such support! may they learn their own future fate from this disgraceful instance, when the fleeting breath of popularity, which they are now so anxious to court, shall no longer fan their sails. These are indeed signs of the times which he that runs may read.

*Tuesday, 19th.*—The first day of Ascot races, which was attended by the King and Queen, &c. As soon as His Majesty presented himself in the stand, a ruffian threw a stone at him, which hit him on the forehead, but, fortunately, did him no serious injury. The scoundrel was taken up and sent to prison. The poor King will now see the value of mob popularity. From France the only news is the arrest of Chateaubriand and the Duc de Fitz-James, as concerned in the late riots on the Carlist side. The military tribunals continue in force, but hitherto the prisoners have been acquitted. This proceeding, arbitrary and inefficient, will only tend to irritate the minds of the people.

*Wednesday, 20th.*—An address moved by the Government in both Houses, to congratulate the King on his escape from the stone thrown at Ascot. It would have been wiser to let the subject be forgotten. It appears to have been the act of a half-cracked Greenwich pensioner, unconnected with any political feeling, and therefore not worthy of such public remark; but they wish now to make a show of loyalty and attachment to the King.

*Friday, 22nd.*—On Sunday last, died, at an advanced age, the Earl of Scarborough, and, on the following day, Count Woronzow, aged eighty-eight, formerly Russian ambassador at this court, and

since settled in this country. His daughter married the Earl of Pembroke, and his only son is Count Michael Woronzow, general in the Russian service, who commanded in the last Turkish campaign. Martial law still continued in Paris; but the Ecole Polytechnique is re-established for those students who took no part in the insurrection. Talleyrand left London yesterday for France. He is replaced, during his absence, by M. de Mareuil, who has hitherto been the French minister at the Hague.

*Sunday, 24th.*—At the conclusion of Ascot races, Lord Lichfield, master of the Buckhounds, as usual, gave a dinner on Saturday to the royal party at his house at Fern Hill. When the list of guests was submitted to the King's approval, he particularly commanded that Lord Sefton should not be invited. Lady Lichfield made some attempt to interest the Queen, by saying that, if this had any reference to the conduct of Lord Sefton with the Jockey Club, she believed that it had been much misrepresented.

The Queen coldly replied, that she hoped it was so, and made no further comment.

*Monday, 25th.*—The day before Chateaubriand was arrested in Paris he had attended the funeral of a young lady, and had promised the father to write a few lines on the interment of his daughter. I have just learnt that the deceased was Miss Eliza Frisell, whom and her father I had known both here and in France. She was not more than seventeen, and died of consumption. Chateaubriand has fulfilled his promise when in prison.

“POUR ELISA FRISELL, LA FILLE DE MON AMI, ENTERRÉE DEVANT MOI,  
HIER 16 JUIN, AU CIMETIÈRE DE PASSY.

“ Il descend ce cercueil, et les roses sans taches  
Qu'un père y déposa, tribut de sa douleur,  
Terre tu les portes, et maintenant tu caches  
Jeune fille et jeune fleur.

“ Ah ! ne les rends jamais à ce monde profane,  
A ce monde de deuil, d'angoisse et de malheur ;  
Le vent brise et flétrit, le soleil brûle et fane  
Jeune fille et jeune fleur.

“ Tu dors, pauvre Elisa, si légère d'années ;  
Tu ne crains plus du jour le froid et la chaleur ;  
Elles ont achevé leurs fraîches matinées,  
Jeune fille et jeune fleur.

“ Mais ton père, Elisa, sur ta cendre s'incline ;  
Aux rides de son front a monté la pâleur ;  
Et vieux chêne, le Temps fauche sur sa racine,  
Jeune fille et jeune fleur.

“ A la Préfecture de Police, ce 17 Juin, 1832.”

*Tuesday, 26th.*—The King and Queen and all the royal family were at the Duke of Wellington's fête at Apsley House. Very crowded, but uniforms, stars, and ribbons enlivened the scene, and there were many handsome women. The King looked infirm and tired. The Queen was evidently out of spirits; she had attended a review in Hyde Park in the morning, when the sovereign mob thought proper to greet her with much uncivility and rudeness. Truly enough might the King remark that he feared he had got into bad hands, when he sees that his own wife cannot escape from insult before his face.

*Wednesday, 27th.*—The King had a levee to receive the addresses from both Houses, at which Lord Durham took leave, being appointed ambassador extraordinary to St. Petersburg. The admirer of the three glorious days in France, and the commiserator of Poland, must be a very unwelcome guest in the Russian capital. Young Paul Lieven, who is *fin* enough, said this evening, "You can never guess how things may turn out. Durham has talent, and may see his position in Russia, and act accordingly."

*Thursday, 28th.*—The Dutch letters mention that, after a council at the Hague on the subject of the late protocols from the Conference, it was determined by the King not to evacuate Antwerp, as demanded. Matuscewitz says to me, that he is a madman to resist, but that may be a *façon de parler*; and we shall probably soon know Russia's sentiments on the question. To-day arrived the King of Bavaria's final consent to the Greek treaty, and the acceptance of the crown by Prince Otho, and Saturday is fixed by the Conference for the exchange of the ratifications.

*Friday, 29th.*—The cholera has broken out again even in London. Sir James Macdonald, who was going out to Corfu as Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands in the room of Sir Frederick Adam, appointed to the government of Madras in place of Lushington, died this morning of that complaint, after an illness of only eighteen hours.

*Saturday, 30th.*—Lord Palmerston had a meeting of members who generally vote with Government at the Foreign Office; out of seventy-six, forty have declared that they cannot support him on the question of the Dutch Russian loan; and as the Tories are straining every nerve against him, the Government will probably be left in a minority. There will be few opportunities again of voting away the public money, even for the most just and necessary measures. Matuscewitz seems very indignant,

and says, that the treaty is binding and must be fulfilled: should the motion be lost, it will not make the reception of Lord Durham at Petersburg more cordial, or his mission more palatable to the Russians. Lord Palmerston, after finding so much opposition to his views at this meeting, then proceeded to say, that he had pledged himself to the payment of this loan *further* than bound by the original treaty, in order to detach Russia from favouring the plan, proposed by Talleyrand at the Conference, of partitioning Belgium between Holland, France, and Prussia, which it was so much the interest of this country to prevent.

*Sunday, 1st July.*—On Saturday the Greek treaty was finally settled, and the ratifications exchanged by the respective ministers.

*Monday, 2nd.* — The Cour de Cassation in Paris has reversed the sentences passed by the courts-martial, and acquitted the prisoners; in consequence of which the ministers held a cabinet council, and annulled the ordonnance, placing Paris *en état de siège*. This triumph of the liberal party will probably accelerate their return to power, and render Louis-Philippe more unpopular than ever; his imprudence in risking such a step, and being so soon forced to retract, will also render his throne more precarious. The Chambers will soon meet, and if they impeach the ministers, it is no more than they deserve.

*Tuesday, 3rd.* — The cholera very near home; a maid-servant at Lord Clarendon's, who lives only a few doors off in this street, was seized with this complaint at seven o'clock last evening, and died at two o'clock this morning; she was in her coffin at eight o'clock, and buried at ten.

*Friday, 6th.* — Martial law being at an end, Chateaubriand, Fitz-James, and Hyde de Neuville are released.

*Sunday, 8th.* — Matuscewitz says that our cabinet are playing a very rash game. That in the Belgian question they are guided by a false punctilio, which will bring them into very serious difficulty. They are determined, with France, to enforce the protocols against Holland, and no one can foresee the result. There is an opening from the last Conference of Saturday, which Holland might accede to, but there is little hope of it: on the other hand, what can she do against France and England combined? but this unnatural alliance, in which we are engaged, will convert an ancient ally into a bitter enemy. A collision in that quarter will probably take place; but Prussia, Russia, and Austria will not interfere, except by continued protocols, of which he who is the *rédacteur* of the Conference has already

composed sixty-nine. The former is occupied by putting down in Germany the radical meetings and the press by the most vigorous measures. The other two powers are too far off to send troops. Holland, he says, has not many advocates in Belgium; the Prince of Orange had many friends, but he has lost them by his own conduct. There is no news of Don Pedro's expedition, which is supposed to be dispersed by foul weather on its passage from Terceira; loss of time and want of money will soon separate the mercenaries who compose his little army, whilst Miguel, though also poor, is supported by the priests, and having the advantage of being on the spot, with the resources of an established government around him, will be able to keep the ascendancy against his brother. Met at dinner at the Willoughbys' Count Funchal, who is Don Pedro's ambassador here, and who seemed very sanguine for the result of his master's expedition.

Affairs in France remain in the same unsettled state, and no change made in the ministry. Talleyrand has positively refused to take office, which he sees is no very enviable post. He said, "C'est que je ne vauz pas m'attirer un charivari dans la Rue St. Florentin," — the street in which he lives.

*Monday, 9th.* — Accounts came of Don Pedro's expedition having sailed from Terceira on the 27th ultimo. Went with Lord Hertford and the Strachans to a French play at Covent Garden, where Mademoiselle Mars is now acting; who, though too old for *les rôles de jeunes amoureuses*, still plays with great effect.

*Friday, 13th.* — At dinner at Lord Hertford's the conversation chiefly turned on the cholera, and though the table was loaded with every luxury, the entrées, the champagne, the ices, and fruits were neglected for plain meats, port, and sherry, the fear of this dreadful malady making all so cautious.

*Saturday, 14th.* — The week is over, and no more news of Don Pedro. Neumann last night seemed ominous about Belgium. The Russian loan question was carried by the Government in the Commons, notwithstanding the threats of the Tories.

*Monday, 16th.* — News came of Pedro having landed his army at Oporto. Lord Minto is going to Berlin on a special mission. The cholera seems still to rage in this country. The cook at Arthur's and the porter at Crockford's have both died, after four hours' illness. Lord Sydney is going to marry Lady Emily Paget, daughter of the Marquis of Anglesey by his second marriage; and Lord Howick, son of Earl Grey, is to marry Maria, second daughter of Sir Joseph Copley.

*Wednesday, 18th.*— Lord Nugent is going to the Ionian Islands, in the room of Sir James Macdonald, and Lord Minto on a special mission to Berlin (à la Durham) to try to mollify the King of Prussia, who is moving his troops and looking warlike, though his professed object is only to keep in awe the agitators and the press in the Rhenish provinces.

*Thursday, 19th.*— Sir Thomas Tyrwhit resigns, as usher of the Black Rod; Sir Augustus Clifford appointed in his place. Lord Frederick Fitz-Clarence is made deputy adjutant-general, in the room of Colonel Gardiner. Lord Adolphus Fitz-Clarence is returned from Berlin decorated with the order of the Black Eagle. The cholera still very violent, particularly in the City. Among many other victims within my knowledge was a Mr. Von Rossum, a native of Holland, but established here as an exchange broker. He went to Rothschild yesterday to ask if he would advance money on stock; the old Jew refused him, saying, "In these times I shall not advance money to any one, *by Got*; who knows what may happen? you may be dead to-morrow." It so happened that the poor man was seized with the cholera that very evening, and the next morning he was dead.

*Friday, 20th.*— The movements of the Carlists in La Vendée seem to have subsided, and the Duchesse de Berri has disappeared from the scene of action. There are reports that she has been seen in various places in France, but always disguised. Talleyrand said the other day at Paris: "Je ne sais pas si vous la trouverez en la Vendée, ou en Italie, ou en Hollande, mais ce qu'il y a de sur, c'est, que vous la trouverez *en homme*."

*Saturday, 21st.*— I called this morning after breakfast on M——. He allows that things are coming to a crisis, that even the answer expected to-morrow night from Holland may decide the question of peace or war; but, happen what may, nothing can exceed the obstinacy and imbecility of our cabinet; they know neither how to conciliate nor how to intimidate. The probability is that, to enforce the protocols, France and England may jointly blockade the Dutch ports, and an embargo be laid on Dutch property in the two countries. What will result from that? The neutral nations will not acknowledge the blockade; Holland will not care for it; and an embargo will be laid on all French and English property in Holland, which must be severely felt by our trade. The great *prestige* of a strict alliance with France, which our cabinet is so anxious to cement, is unnatural and delusive. He says, very justly, that France only clings to it as a protection for the present, and a means of aggrandisement

for the future, which she never loses sight of. "I am now," to use his own words, "determined to make no longer any opposition to their mad schemes: they may go to war if they please, and rue the consequences. I can destroy in a week their boasted intimacy with France; I have only to throw out the lure of the partition of Belgium, with the consent of Russia, and what will then happen? France, Holland, and Prussia, will eagerly seize their shares, in spite of England, who will then be left to herself alone, unsatisfied, disappointed, and degraded. Her moral influence in Europe will vanish, and the headstrong cabinet which has reduced her to this low state will then be overthrown for ever. I have had all the wranglings, all the discussions fall upon me; they look on me as a bugbear, and my advice as insidious; but I have had no other object in view than the general peace. At the same time, do not think that the late interval of suspense has been passed by the Three Powers in idle leisure; they have been increasing their armies, regulating their means, and, whatever people with you may think, they have not only men but money — the whole of the last Russian loan is still in the bank of Petersburg. With regard to Lord Minto's mission to Berlin, it can be of no avail; it shows their wish to interfere and protect the revolutionary meetings in Germany, and will only be met with disgust and neglect. The same would occur to Durham at Petersburg, did I not feel that his talents and agreeable manners would render him eventually popular there; he will have sufficient tact to avoid disagreeable subjects, he will have a pride in counteracting the impression against him that may have preceded his arrival, he will be flattered by the attentions paid to him, and will come back a much greater aristocrat than he went.

"As for the present cabinet, I have never seen people with whom it was so difficult to act; they have no settled plan by which they are guided, no talent to bring any point to an issue. I had rather have to act with a *Fourbe* who has talent and consistency to take his own line and adhere to it than to deal with men who hesitate on every question, who try palliatives where firmness is necessary, and obstinacy where conciliation is required. We shall now let them have their own way; but if French troops march into Belgium, they will never retire a second time, and then may be a general war."

I remarked to him, that England was an aristocratic country ruled by a democratic government, while France was a democratic country ruled by a pseudo-aristocratic government. His

answer was, "You are quite right, and how can such contradictory elements long maintain themselves?"

Adolphus Fitz-Clarence told us to-day at dinner of his mission to Berlin, and reception; which, if he had been a prince of the blood, could not have been more flattering. On his arrival an aide-de-camp of the king was attached to him, and royal carriages placed at his disposal. He was escorted with every honour to the races at Potsdam; but by his own account was *bored*, and left the course before the royal family, for Berlin. The next day he dined at court, and taking his opportunity to glide away from the palace, got into a hackney coach, and went to a *petit spectacle*; here he was detected by the aide-de-camp, who tapped him on the shoulder, and told him the royal carriage was in waiting to convey him to the opera. The mission itself was a trifle; to present to the King of Prussia the miniature model of a man-of-war, accurately rigged, *secundum artem*, at Portsmouth.

*Sunday, 22nd.*—Mrs. Robert Smith was seized with the cholera this morning, and died at eleven o'clock this evening. She was at the opera last night in health and spirits, to-night she is no longer of this world. How short a warning! Even the set at Crockford's was for a *moment* electrified at this sudden catastrophe! She was young, beautiful, daughter of the late Lord Forester, and sister of the present; niece to the Duke of Rutland; sister to Lady Chesterfield and to Mrs. Anson. She was married to Mr. Smith, eldest son of Lord Carington, who is disconsolate for her loss. Where will this scourge end? Each succeeding day increases the list of victims!

*Monday, 23rd.*—This morning died, at Lord Dacre's house in Chesterfield-street, of cholera, Harry Scott, consul at Bordeaux. He was brother to Lady Oxford. Mrs. Orde and he were to have sailed this week with his daughter in Augustus Craven's yacht for Bordeaux. Yarmouth arrived from Paris. Duncombe was seized with spasmodic cholera yesterday, and was nearly dead; but by timely assistance was saved, and is now recovering.

*Tuesday, 24th.*—Called upon the Duke of Wellington, and had a long conversation with him on politics. He agrees fully with my friend, as to the present state of Europe. He is inclined to keep well with France; but he observed, if she ever takes the initiative as to war, whether in Belgium, in Italy, or in Portugal, it becomes an attack upon us. He does not think that Pedro will succeed. As to the present Government, he said, their main object is to take on every point precisely the contrary line to that of the late Cabinet. They now wish for war, but of such a nature



as would not render it necessary for them to go down to Parliament, and formally announce it to the country and demand supplies; a war that might be carried on with their present maritime peace establishment: and he thinks that, if the Portuguese question was settled, and the fleet in the Tagus at liberty, they would have sufficient means to carry on their views of annoyance on Holland. With respect to the blockade of the Dutch ports, not only would it not be recognised by the neutral powers, but in his opinion the captain of a merchantman (English) might sue the commander of the squadron in the Court of Admiralty for impeding his voyage, provided there existed no absolute declaration of war between the two countries. However England and France might act in unison together, the appearance of a French fleet in the Channel would not be seen with a favourable eye in this country; he rather should expect the march of a French army into Belgium. His opinion on the public funds was very well judged; he did not expect any great decline, unless in the event of a loan being required, when the stockholder would sell, in order to get a better thing, sudden panics being of course expected. The more I see of this extraordinary man, the more I am struck with his singularly quick apprehension, the facility with which he seizes the real gist of every subject, separates all the dross and extraneous matter from the real argument, and places his finger directly on the point which is fit to be considered. No rash speculations, no verbiage, no circumlocution; but truth and sagacity, emanating from a cool and quickly apprehensive judgment fortified by great experience, and conversant with each and every subject, and delivered with a brevity, a frankness, a simplicity of manner, and a confidential kindness, which, without diminishing that profound respect which every man must feel for such a character, still places him at his ease in his society, and almost makes him think he is conversing with an intimate friend.

His whole mind seems engrossed by the love of his country. He said, we have seen great changes; we can only hope for the best; we cannot foresee what will happen, but few people will be sanguine enough to imagine that we shall ever again be as prosperous as we have been. His language breathed no bitterness, neither sunk into despondency; he seemed to me aware of everything that was going on, watching, not without anxiety, the progress of events, and constantly prepared to deliver his sentiments in the House of Peers on all subjects which affected the interests of England. His health appeared much improved, and

I trust that, however his present retirement may be a loss to his country, it may be a benefit to himself.

*Tuesday, 31st.* — Yarmouth at dinner at Foley's was very amusing in his attacks on Alvanley and Glengall, who could not make any head at repartee against him.

*Thursday, 2nd August.* — To-day, as I drove down to dine at Greenwich with Alvanley, Foley, and the Duke of Argyll, we were overtaken near Westminster Bridge by a violent thunder-storm, and went into the House of Lords for shelter. We passed the time in the library, where the librarian showed us various curiosities; among others, the original warrant for the execution of Charles I. signed by Cromwell and the other parliamentary leaders. It was found after the Restoration in the possession of an old lady in Berkshire, and formed the ground of the prosecution against the regicides. It is newly framed and glazed, and preserved in the library of the Lords as a most curious document.

Reports are current to-day that the Belgian question is at length settled. If true, the obstinacy of Holland must have gained its point, at the expense of Belgium. By making some slight concessions the former will have succeeded in securing its principal objects. The next question will be, how the Belgians will bear it!

*Saturday, 4th.* — Matuscewitz said to me this evening, "What are we to think of your ministry, who professed friendship for the Allied Powers; who, whenever a revolutionary movement is made in Europe, affects to sympathise with it, but when the crisis arrives, refrains from giving its assistance; who incurs all the obloquy and suspicion of fostering such principles, but dares not openly avow them?"

My answer was, "We are now governed by men who, whether the principles of the late administration were good or bad, were bound to deviate from them in every respect, and to act in a contrary spirit to the past. They found their claim to power on popular feeling, which alone can carry them through; but, like all other men in power, they feel how untenable such a position is; they are therefore ruled by the press in their language, and they advocate liberal opinions without having the courage to act up to them. There is no certainty in their rule of conduct; they have no fixed principle; they have no other wish than to avoid collision with either party, to live *au jour la journée*, to keep everything in a state of stagnation and inactivity; they neither wish to heal wounds nor assert rights; they yield first to one side, then to the other, happy if that which is left tranquil to-night may be found tranquil to-morrow, and trusting always to

the chapter of accidents, that Providence may steer the ship through the storm, and keep them in their places."

I think Lord Palmerston's speech on Thursday night on Mr. Bulwer's motion about German politics will fully bear me out in this inference. But what is the result of this wavering policy? That we are objects of suspicion to both parties. The Allied Powers see through the veil, distrust our professions, and increase their armaments; the advocates of what are called liberal opinions in Europe, though anxious to catch at every glimmering of protection, at the same time are convinced that in the event of a real struggle, they have no chance of succour from us.

*Tuesday, 7th.*—Palmella\* arrived yesterday morning at Portsmouth in four days from Oporto. Whatever face he may attempt to put upon it, the affairs of Don Pedro are going on very ill. He is not joined by the natives, and his troops are in want of provisions and money; which latter he will not get easily from this country, as his loan fell immediately on the news to four per cent. discount. The Belgian question seems as interminable as ever. Holland is rather more pacified by the late approximation to her views; but now the Belgians consider themselves as the injured party. Leopold is to be married on the 9th to the French princess, which must throw France into the scale in his favour; and that nation will probably act the same part for Belgium that Russia has hitherto done for Holland.

Lord Durham has arrived at Petersburg, and been received in the most distinguished manner by the emperor. The *calembourg à la mode* at Paris is, *Leopold aura le plus bel habit de noces possible, mais sans envers (Anvers)*.

*Wednesday, 8th.*—I called on Lord and Lady Heytesbury this morning, who are just arrived from St. Petersburg. He was gone to the levée, but I had a long conversation with her. She does not at all regret the honours of diplomacy, but seems very much appalled at the change in our affairs. The mission of Lord Durham, when first known at Petersburg, created much alarm and disgust; but their feelings were soon allayed, or at least smothered. Nothing could be more flattering than his reception, which was at first private, on his arrival at Cronstadt, where the emperor happened to be reviewing his fleet. He expressed a great wish to inspect the *Talavera*, a seventy-four, and came on board *incognito*. The crew were just going to dinner, and he insisted

\*; The Duke of Palmella, who afterwards represented the late Queen of Portugal at the Court of St. James's, died in 1850.

on going below deck. He tasted their soup, and then said he was thirsty. Wine was brought, but the emperor preferred the seamen's grog; and, taking the glass, he drank first the health of the King of England, and then that of the company present, which was of course received with enthusiasm. He captivated the hearts of all ranks by his amiable and condescending manners, which no one has more at command than himself. In the same way will Durham be *flatté* and *flagorné*, when he comes to enter on business! Lady H.'s description of the cholera in Russia was really frightful; but the remedy used there with constant success was twenty drops of laudanum and twenty drops of spirit of ammonia in a wine-glass of peppermint-water; which never failed of success in the first instance.

*Thursday, 9th.* — Matuscewitz said to me, that things were going smoothly for the present; but I see that he has his doubts of the ultimate settlement in Belgium without some struggle between the contending parties. He is satisfied, because all the concessions have been in favour of Holland; and he added *significantly*, "I think *we* have shown more *nous*, after all, than your people."

*Sunday, 12th.* — Went over to Windsor from Ottershaw, where I was on a visit to Lord and Lady Belfast, to see the Guards encamped in the park. We then went to see the castle, which was magnificently furnished by the late king, and contains the finest collection of curiosities of every description. I was particularly struck with the long picture-gallery, the treasures in which it would have taken several days to examine; and St. George's Hall, where a table of 210 covers was laid for a dinner to be given to-morrow by the King to the officers, who are to be reviewed in the morning, on the occasion of the Queen's birthday. The whole of the late king's gilt plate was displayed.

On our way home we had permission to see the Chinese fishing-temple of Virginia Water, built by George IV., to which he was so fond of retiring in summer. Nothing can be more picturesque than this situation, or more luxurious than the whole scene. These were the enjoyments and indulgences for which alone he separated himself so long from the public gaze, and lived entirely with a little coterie of his own. Leopold was married on the 9th instant to the Princess Louisa, daughter of Louis-Philippe, at Compiègne. It remains to be seen what will arise from this connection.

*Wednesday, 15th.* — The speedy arrangement of the Belgic question and the certainty of continued peace, is in every one's

mouth. The latter, perhaps, may be maintained from the general dread of war in Europe; but the former I can never believe to be practicable. The Emperor of Russia, on leaving the *Talavera*, gave the crew a present of 500*l.* Indeed, when all circumstances are considered, the natural reserve of a Russian sovereign, the disgust shown at Petersburg on the first news of Durham's nomination, the little reason which Nicholas can have to feel satisfied with our Government, or with the feelings that have been expressed in the country about Poland,—it is impossible not to see that he is acting a part, and indeed overcharging it grossly; he oversteps the *modesty of nature*, but he seems to be well informed from hence of the character of those with whom he has to deal. It might be as well for our Government to recollect the expression of Napoleon, about the Emperor Alexander: “Il m’a trompé comme un Grec du bas empire.”

*Thursday, 16th.*—This day the King went in state to prorogue the Parliament, which will probably never meet again. He was greeted with some marks of disapprobation by the mob in the streets, and the speech from the throne was of little moment. It allowed that nothing was settled, either in Portugal, Belgium, or Ireland; but it abounded in hopes for the future—a coin in which this Government pays largely. The Reform Bill was mentioned; but so little good has resulted from it, and the nation at large seems now so indifferent to the object, when attained, that little stress was laid upon it.

The Bank Committee has terminated its labours, after ransacking all the secrets and privacies of that establishment, which they have ordered to be printed. They have made no report, but left the question of the charter to be settled by the new Reform Parliament.

*Friday, 17th.*—I asked M. to-day what he thought of the political horizon. His answer was, “I can say nothing; one day it looks peaceable, the next day warlike; it is impossible to tell what may happen.” This admission *donne à penser*.

*Saturday, 18th.*—No news this morning from any quarter; the funds keep up, and the surface of events is calm. Never were the nations of Europe in such a state of armament, never did more jealousy exist between *les deux principes*; and yet the nearer a collision approaches the more it becomes an object of dread to all. Each power feels how little it can depend upon its own subjects, each is aware that the first cannon-shot will set fire to the whole mine, and a general explosion will ensue; thus they are all anxious to temporise, to procrastinate, to protocollise, and, leaving the vital

question always unsettled, to defer from day to day, and month to month, that final reckoning which is still inevitable; that struggle of opinions which, only gaining additional force by delay, must eventually be more desolating and tremendous.

Van de Weyer arrived last night from Brussels, and speaks out in a warlike manner. Gobelet, the Belgian minister, says, that he is sure he will do his duty.

*Sunday, 19th.*—The cholera still goes on here, and has extended itself to Ireland; the report of the Board of Health is to-day 764 new cases, and 271 deaths for England alone, and total of cases from the commencement 32,835, and deaths 12,274.

Notwithstanding the unsettled state of affairs in France, there are two points which Louis-Philippe seems anxious to defer as long as possible—the completion of the ministry, and the convocation of the Chambers. While the movement party in Paris is overawed by a garrison of 60,000 men, he thinks public tranquillity is owing to his own firmness and popularity, and that no one is so fit as himself to be president of the council. When the Chambers at length are convened he may probably learn the truth.

Matuscewitz said to me this evening, that he had hopes of a settlement of the Belgian question; that squabbles would ensue this week in the discussions, but he did not despair of an arrangement. *Nous verrons.* I doubt it.

*Monday, 20th.*—Bank stock fell to 185 in consequence of the ill-judged disclosures of their affairs ordered by the Government. This is a fall of 17 per cent. in two days.

*Tuesday, 21st.*—Another conference took place to-day. Both parties now are become equally obstinate, and neither will yield; how, then, is a settlement to be made? A duel took place the other day between Count Tolstoi, of the Russian embassy, and a Prince Inchatzkoi, a traveller of the same nation. They each fired once, when the police interfered, and they were separated.

In Ireland they are beginning to combine for the non-payment of rent, having got rid of the tithes.

*Sunday, 25th.*—This evening died Mr. Charles Greville, the father of my friend C. Greville, after a short illness, at his house near Shepperton. He married Lady Charlotte Bentinck, daughter of the late Duke of Portland; to whom he was formerly secretary during his administration. His only daughter is married to Lord Francis Leveson Gower\*, son of the Marquis of Stafford. Mr.

\* Now Earl of Ellesmere.

Greville was a very agreeable member of society ; and one of the few remnants of the old school.

*Tuesday, 28th.*—G. Villiers said, that he dined on Thursday at Lord Palmerston's ; where he met Palmella, who was evidently very much depressed by the state of Pedro's affairs at Oporto ; but what appeared to him most extraordinary was, that the ministers of Russia and Prussia, who dined there also, seemed to be on very intimate terms with him.

It is said that the Duke of Reichstadt, who died lately at Vienna of a pulmonic complaint, made the following epitaph for himself previous to his death : “ Ci gît le fils de Napoléon, né Roi de Rome, mort Colonel Autrichien.”

*Saturday, 1st September.*—I had this morning a visit from M. Koulounoff, a Russian just arrived from Paris, where he has been staying for the last six months, and living much with the Russian embassy there. He told me that Lord Durham had received his answer, and a most decided one ; but what his mission was remained a mystery, whether it related to Belgium and Holland, or to Poland ; but the *fact* was, *it had failed*. He said, that all the courtesy shown by the emperor at Cronstadt was intended for the British flag *alone* ; that to Durham individually the reception was so cool, that it excited general remark, and it was quite evident that both the ambassador himself and the message he conveyed were equally unpalatable. His account of the state of Paris is wretched ; no foreign guests left, the hotels, &c. all empty, servants and workmen out of place, great poverty and discontent, constant broils in the *cafés* and theatres, the king hated and despised, and the mob only kept down by the severest military police. The animosity of Nicholas against France he described as deep-rooted and unceasing. When he heard the account of his ambassador's hotel being attacked last year, he remarked, “ J'ai reçu un soufflet que je n'oublierai jamais.”

*Sunday, 2nd.*—The cholera reports are very much increased ; they now amount for England to 44,354 cases, and 16,441 deaths. This does not include the London list ; and, as many deaths have occurred which are not registered, the amount must be more serious.

The tide of opinion seems daily turning against the present administration, and the press is not backward in exciting this sentiment. The “Times,” which was their most earnest advocate during the Reform question, has long since been violent in its animadversions on their foreign policy. The “Herald” has often alluded to their want of practical knowledge, and their wavering

inconsistent conduct on all commercial questions; but the "Observer" of to-day throws off the mask entirely, by saying, at the conclusion of its leading article, "We repeat, therefore, that a change must take place; for the country cannot, now that the Reform Bill is passed, brook much longer the utter incapacity of those who are so highly paid for the management of affairs, that to ordinary men of business are neither intricate nor difficult of comprehension. The main step in the ladder on which they climbed to power is crumbling under them. Their *quondam* friends, their thick-and-thin supporters, are now becoming clamorous for their downfall." It appears that the object of Palmella's visit to this country was to obtain from this Government the formal recognition of Donna Maria as Queen of Portugal, in which he has failed.

*Monday, 3rd.*—Louis-Philippe's well-known avarice and parsimony have appeared even on the late marriage of his daughter with Leopold; notwithstanding his immense wealth, he has only given her a million of francs, which would not be thought a very large fortune even for a private lady in England. The Belgians are discontented and disgusted at it.

*Thursday, 6th.*—In politics a dead calm; no movement and yet nothing settled; an armed truce everywhere. War appears more remote than it did a few weeks since; but the prospect of a general peace has not improved nor advanced. This political palsy may be traced to the unsettled internal situation of Germany and France, which makes a *secousse* on either side dangerous. Disarmament is therefore a chimera; but this unnatural state of things must have an end. Louis-Philippe is prosecuting the press for libels on his inconsistent government, and in almost every instance the editors have been acquitted by the jury.

Sir Augustus D'Este, son of the Duke of Sussex, has been dismissed from his post of equerry to the King, and Horace Seymour is appointed in his stead. This nomination of an ultra-Tory to the household must prove to Lord Grey the real bias of the King. D'Este is occupied in preparing a suit-at-law, to prove the validity of his father's marriage with Lady A. Murray, which was celebrated at Rome and in England, in order that he may hereafter claim the Irish title, and eventually, it is said, the crown of Hanover.

*Friday, 7th.*—Met Crampton, formerly *attaché* to Lord Heytesbury's mission, who is just arrived from St. Petersburg. He says that Durham goes very little into society, and it was supposed there that his mission had no very definite object.



*Saturday, 8th.*—Sir Charles Bagot said to me at White's, that the mission to St. Petersburg had been really offered to him soon after he returned from the Hague, and previous to Durham's appointment, which he refused for several reasons, which may be easily imagined. My only surprise was that Lord Grey, after displacing him at one court, should have applied to him for temporary assistance at another; but Lord Heytesbury was so urgent to give in his resignation, that he knew not whom to send.

On the 26th ultimo died Colonel Aubrey, aged seventy-six; the deepest gambler and the best whist and piquet player of his day. He had passed through various vicissitudes of wealth and poverty, *comme de raison*. He made two fortunes in India, which he successively lost; he then made a third at play from 5*l.* which he borrowed, and at last died in very meagre circumstances.

The elder Dupin, in his late oration before the Academy, alluded to Louis-Philippe in terms of the most extravagant panegyric; and observed that, although the king could address the ambassador of every nation in Europe in his native tongue, he always used French from preference. The following pasquinade appeared the next day in Paris:—

“ Il parle Italien, Anglais,  
Russe, Saxon, jargon Souabe,  
Il écorche aussi le Français,  
Mais il ne pense qu'en Arabe.”

Standish\* arrived yesterday from Dieppe, where he had been passing a fortnight. The town is very full of French nobility, almost all Carlists, loud in their abuse of Louis-Philippe; the society gay and agreeable, but living very economically. The Duchesse de Berri had lately a narrow escape of being taken in La Vendée; she was obliged to remain during eight hours in a marsh, nearly immersed in mud and water. Charles X. and his family are all moving away from Holyrood House this week, to take up their residence at Gratz in Styria, by permission of the Emperor of Austria. Cholera register of to-day, 48,475 cases, 17,831 deaths, in England.

*Monday, 10th.*—The Duchesse d'Angoulême arrived in town from Holyrood House, on her way to the Continent. She stays here only a few days, but receives at her apartments in the Coburg Hotel, Charles Street, Grosvenor Square, twice a day. In con-

\* He died in 1840, bequeathing his vast collection of works of art to Louis Philippe, King of the French.

sequence of representations from the French government to our Court, that the exiled family were plotting rebellion and assisting the Carlist party in France, our ministers intimated to them, that they must either give up all correspondence with their old adherents, or quit the British territory; they without hesitation preferred the latter alternative, and so the policy of Louis-Philippe has gained its point *for the present*. The letters from Petersburg mention that Durham has left that capital on his journey home by land. Despatches have been sent from hence to meet him at Berlin.

The evidence given before the Bank Committee in the House of Commons is now published, and the public prints are filled with extracts and daily comments on the disclosures which result from this investigation. Attwood, Cobbett, *et hoc genus omne* of speculative theorists, are propagating, according to their different views, what they call improvements in our monetary system. The first two have met lately in a public forum at Manchester to discuss the merits of their respective doctrines; that of Attwood consisting in the return to an extensive paper circulation; that of Cobbett in what is called an equitable adjustment, or, more properly speaking, a reduction of the national debt. The audience was extremely numerous, and the discussion, which lasted two days, was terminated by a majority of ten to one in favour of Attwood's proposal. So loud an agitation of this question, which compromises so seriously the very essence of the Bank system, has naturally much increased the idle clamour against the renewal of the charter; and although, under a steady and consistent government, we might feel confidence in the wholesome result of their ultimate decisions, yet our prospects, under present circumstances, must be very different. The subjection this administration has shown throughout to what is called the voice of the people, their acknowledged ignorance of all practical commercial questions, their ardour for innovation, and the overthrow of what they term the antiquated system, as no longer coeval or compatible with the present *gigantic march of intellect*,—all this, I say, combined with the fact, that Mr. Attwood has had private interviews and communications with our present Chancellor of the Exchequer, gives too much reason to dread that, when ministers reassemble, the distresses of the country may be attempted to be met in any way rather than with remedies. I am the more inclined to this impression, from reading a letter which arrived yesterday to a high commercial quarter from Manchester, which mentions that a meeting of the political unions will soon take place there, to

recommend the adoption of certain measures to the Government, such as the circulation of paper, and the raising of the standard. This letter adds, that the anticipation of such an idea has already begun to produce its effect, by creating great want of confidence in making contracts, and an evident stagnation in trade, which threatens much distress to the manufacturing classes during the next winter.

*Wednesday, 12th.*—The Belgian question is just as near a settlement as it was twelve months ago. The mandates of the Conference are of no avail. Holland will not abate a particle of its demands. Leopold wishes to yield, but the Belgians will not hear of it. His treasury is empty, and Rothschild will not contract for the loan without binding the Belgians not to go to war. But there will be more temporising, as the stock-jobbing interest must prevail. All the nations of Europe want money, and dread a fall in the funds more than any other calamity. The Queen came to town to-day, and visited the Duchesse d'Angoulême. Our funds have reached eighty-five. Pedro remains entrenched in Oporto, and no collision takes place between his troops and those of Miguel.

*Saturday, 15th.*—This morning the Duchesse d'Angoulême left London on board the steamer for Hamburg.

*Sunday, 16th.*—The cholera returns this week from the country are now increased to 53,464 cases, 19,396 deaths, among which is that of my old friend Charles Calvert, M.P. for Southwark, who died at Saxmundham, after an attack of only a few hours.

*Monday, 17th.*—Charles X. and the rest of his family sail direct from Leith for Hamburg. He is by no means in affluent circumstances, but has brought from France a sum sufficient to maintain him for nine or ten years. The Dauphin and the Duchesse de Berri also had not made that provision for the future which former adversities might have taught them to provide; and even after this second banishment the sales of their private property in France were not only very unproductive, from the disadvantageous circumstances under which they were made, but in many instances have been depreciated by the illiberal meanness and parsimony of Louis-Philippe. D'Orsay tells me, the magnificent *haras* of the Dauphin was ordered to be sold; and the Duc de Guiche was sent over to Paris to superintend the arrangements; but, as it was considered an object of national importance to preserve untouched an establishment which contributed so much to the improvement of the breed of horses in France, it

was arranged between the Duc de Guiche and M. Thiers, on the part of Louis-Philippe, that he should become the purchaser. Guiche was therefore instructed to make out a valuation of the stock and property, which, as having had the entire management of it, he was alone able to estimate. His calculation amounted to 320,000 francs, including the buildings, which had been erected at a great expense by the Dauphin. It would hardly be supposed, that a man who had so lately been raised to such a state of splendour and affluence, at the cost and upon the ruins of his nearest relations, would have hesitated for a moment at making any pecuniary arrangement (even had it been overcharged, which it was not) that might have slightly contributed to their comfort; but this was not the case with Louis-Philippe, he found the Duc de Guiche's valuation too expensive, and he declined the purchase. The agitation which then pervaded France, and the consequent depreciation of all objects of luxury, afforded little prospect for the sale of this valuable stud; and Guiche at length decided on consigning the horses to Tattersall, for sale in this country. On this decision being known, a fresh negotiation was opened by the king, who at length consented to become the purchaser; but here a new quibble was started by his legal advisers. The various buildings had been erected on the property of the Crown, and an old French law was cited, by which all buildings erected by a tenant shall, at the expiration of his term, become the property of the ground landlord; thus expunging the title of the Dauphin to derive any advantage from the money he had invested in that manner. The Dauphin's *haras* was thus bought for the moderate sum of 160,000 francs by the man who had just received a civil list of 12,000,000 per annum from the nation, in addition to his own colossal fortune.

*Tuesday, 18th.* — Lord Howe is reinstated in his place of chamberlain to the Queen, who during the interval had never allowed any other nomination in his room.

*Wednesday, 19th.* — Set out this morning on a visit to Lord Hertford at Sudbourne Hall in Suffolk, and arrived at seven o'clock to dinner.

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*Sudbourne, Saturday, 22nd.* — Neumann, who, during the absence of Prince Esterhazy in Austria, acts for him at the Conference, has announced his departure for town to-morrow. He tells me, that the Conference was summoned for Tuesday next, and that affairs in Holland wore an untoward aspect. "It is late in the season for war to commence, but," said he, "we can concede

no more, and the time is coming when the Three Powers, who are simply prepared for any alternative, must make a stand. Austria has 70,000 men encamped near Milan, 120,000 men in Italy, and altogether 415,000 of the finest troops she ever possessed, and on whom all dependence may be placed. Prussia has a noble army of 300,000, besides what Russia could bring into the field next spring; the movements in Germany are put down, and let France now pass her frontiers, if she pleases, to join the Belgians. We shall then have 100,000 Dutch to act in unison with us." At the same time all parties must deprecate such extremities at such a moment, when the cholera is raging in Europe; which, if these masses were put in motion, would probably cause a much greater sacrifice of human life than the cannon or the sword.

*Sunday, 23rd.*—The Corsaire French paper says very maliciously, "Fécondée par le coq gaulois, la révolution de juillet couvoit des œufs de la liberté, la doctrine les a brisés, le juste milieu les a brouillés. En y mêlant M. Persil, on en a faite une omelette aux herbes fines." It appears that nothing is omitted to excite the hatred of the people against the *juste milieu*, and the King of the Barricades. Accounts received through Paris that Ferdinand VII., King of Spain, died at St. Ildefonse of an attack of gout. The cholera list is now 55,711 cases, 20,177 deaths.

Croker has lost his place by the change of government, and his seat in Parliament by the Reform Bill; he has therefore ample personal reasons to be dissatisfied with the present order of things; but no words can describe the desponding, hopeless view which he takes of all public matters, national ruin and bankruptcy with him are inevitable.

*Tuesday, 25th.*—Lady S. had a letter this morning from Sir Walter Scott's son, announcing that his father died on Friday last at Abbotsford. This year has been fatal to many men of science, Goethe, Cuvier, Bentham, Mackintosh, &c.

*Wednesday, 26th.*—Drove over to Kempsey Ash, distant about seven miles, to see a place belonging to the Shepherd family. It is an old house, with a beautiful deer-park and gardens, kept up in the old English taste, with clipped yews, statues, and a fine bowling-green. There are some magnificent trees, particularly the finest cedars, and it has a great air of comfort and respectability. Preparations are making to blockade the Scheldt with a joint French and English fleet, and the letters from London are very warlike. If the Whigs do plunge us into a war, as the allies of regenerated France, against our old ally Holland, we are indeed

going back to the times of Charles II., and the consequences to us may be equally disgraceful and deplorable.

*Thursday, 27th.*—Much excitement at Madrid on account of the succession to the Crown of Spain. The Queen is left pregnant; which circumstance would require a regency till her accouchement; but the party of Don Carlos is backed by the Church, Austria, and Russia, and the Absolutists.

*Friday, 28th.*—Some doubts of the truth of the King of Spain's death. The Conference of yesterday terminated very unsatisfactorily; the French Cabinet is afraid to meet the Chambers without announcing the settlement of Belgium, and is trying to induce the Powers to use force. Holland remains firm. Talleyrand was asked his opinion of M. Barthélemy's poem, called his Justification. He replied, "La corruption engendre les vers."

*Saturday, 29th.*—French manœuvres will not succeed; no one will believe in war, for the present at least. Pedro seems to be in a bad way, his warmest advocates give up his cause. The King of Spain is not yet dead. A French frigate is arrived at Portsmouth from Cherbourg, to say that the fleet there is ready to sail, and act under the orders of our Admiral Pulteney Malcolm, in blockading the Scheldt; and already disgust appears to be felt here, at the idea of the junction of the two flags, just as the Duke of Wellington foretold to me on the 24th July.

*Tuesday, 2nd October.*—Theodore Hook is of the party here. Hook is an author; he has written Sayings and Doings, the farce of Killing no Murder, &c. He is an editor, the chief compiler of John Bull, a wit and a wag.

*Thursday, 4th.*—The speaker, Mr. Manners Sutton, has been positively refused his peerage by Lord Grey, on the plea that he cannot admit so formidable an opponent into the house of Lords. It must show to the world the miserable shifts to which this government is reduced, that they refuse a claim which, in every other instance, and under every other administration, has been considered undeniable. Mr. Sutton has still further claims; when Mr. Canning came into office he wished to secure his co-operation in the government, and offered him the Home Department, with the power, or rather the responsibility, to nominate the lord lieutenant and chancellor of Ireland; which Mr. Sutton, from his feelings on the Catholic question, declined. George IV. then sent for Mr. Sutton's father, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and, actuated by the same views as Mr. Canning, proposed to raise his grace to the peerage, which would then naturally descend to the son. The Archbishop's reply was couched in the following

terms : That he must beg to decline the honour, as his advanced period of life would probably soon transmit it to his heir, and remove him from the House of Commons (which was his present sphere of action by choice) earlier than he wished ; whereas, occupying as he did the speaker's chair, he was ultimately sure of receiving this natural promotion when it best suited his own views and prospects. Mr. Sutton has thus a double claim, and the circumstances will probably in time come under the consideration of the King.

*Friday, 5th.* — Marshal Soult is made president of the council, and the Duc de Broglie minister for foreign affairs, in the room of Sebastiani.

*Saturday, 13th.* — Letters from town mention that Soult's cabinet is composed of *doctrinaires* ; and Dupin will not join him. Durham arrived in town on Thursday. His mission is considered a failure. The emperor showed him much *cold civility*, gave him an order, and a malachite table of small value, which he heard he was about to purchase.

*Sunday, 14th.* — I had a long conversation last night with the Duke of Wellington, who is here, on the renewal of Bank and India charters. He said it was the intention of his government to have granted both, taking from each a tribute of 100*l.* per annum ; which would have been fair enough. He considered the late proceedings against the Bank, in exposing all their secrets, as not only unjust, but impolitic.

Three or four of us were sitting round the fire, before we went up to dress for dinner ; amongst whom was the Duke, who amused us much with several anecdotes of the late king. He was in a very gay, communicative humour, and, having seen so much of George IV., one story brought on another. He said that, among other peculiarities of the king, he had a most extraordinary talent for imitating the manner, gestures, and even voice of other people. So much so, that he could give you the exact idea of any one, however unlike they were to himself. On his journey to Hanover, said the Duke, he stopped at Brussels, and was received there with great attention by the King and Queen of the Netherlands.\* A dinner was proposed for the following day at the palace of Laacken, to which he went ; and a large party was invited to meet him. His Majesty was placed at table, between the king and queen. "I," said the Duke, "sat a little way from them, and next to Prince Frederick of Orange. The dinner passed off very well ;

\* King William I., grandfather of the present king.

but, to the great astonishment of the company, both the king and queen, without any apparent cause, were at every moment breaking out in violent convulsions of laughter. There appeared to be no particular joke, but every remark our king made to his neighbours threw them into fits. Prince Frederick questioned me as to what could be going on. I shrewdly suspected what it might be, but said nothing; it turned out, however, to be as I thought. The king had long and intimately known the old stadtholder when in England, whose peculiarities and manner were at that time a standing joke at Carlton House; and of course the object of the prince's mimicry, who could make himself almost his counterpart. At this dinner, then, he chose to give a specimen of his talent; and at every word he spoke, he so completely took off the stadtholder, that the king and queen were thrown off their guard, and could not maintain their composure during the whole of the day. He was indeed," said the Duke, "the most extraordinary compound of talent, wit, buffoonery, obstinacy, and good feeling—in short, a medley of the most opposite qualities, with a great preponderance of good—that I ever saw in any character in my life."

*Wednesday, 17th.* — Came back to town. Cabinet councils are holding daily. Talleyrand is returned to London. Everything looks warlike at Portsmouth.

*Thursday, 18th.* — If we are really drawn by France into hostile measures against Holland, we may thank the Whigs for their weakness in allowing us to be the tools of the French ministry, who are afraid of meeting their own Chambers without having some *coup de théâtre* to boast of.

*Saturday, 20th.* — The French government has made fifty-nine new peers, to get a majority in that chamber.

*Tuesday, 23rd.* — Some conversation with Matuscewitz this morning. He inveighed bitterly against the obstinacy of the King of Holland. Nothing short of self-interest or self-defence will induce the Three Powers to go to war; even Prussia will not prevent the French troops from marching into Belgium to settle the question; and as they have now made up their minds not to protect Holland, they think it necessary to abuse her. France and England, *under her*, will, therefore have *les mains libres*, and will probably take their own line; in which, if they succeed, all the credit will be claimed by the former, while without us she never would have dared to move. France has never been in so crippled a state as she is at present, both moral and physical; torn by intestine factions, she could hardly have drawn the sword for her



own defence, much less would do so for a foreign cause, unless England's headstrong counsellors had thrown the weight of this powerful country into the scale in her favour. The other powers, then, will look on as passive spectators, *against their will*, hoping that the fire may be kept from their own doors, but well aware that they still may ultimately have good cause to repent of their selfish facility.

*Wednesday, 24th.* — A treaty is signed between France and England for the settlement of the question; Neumann told me that, if this had not been allowed, the French Government would have gone to war in another quarter. The whole is a case of *tripotage* on their part, we are to be the cat's-paw; and if it does not meet with immediate success, if the Dutch can by an extraordinary chance make a protracted defence, it may go far to upset the two cabinets of Grey and Soult. Matuscewitz said to me last night, "My mission is closed, and I may go to Melton."

*Friday, 26th.* — Gurwood\* came to town from Portsmouth this morning, and says there is great difficulty in procuring sailors to man our fleet.

*Saturday, 27th.* — Matuscewitz firmly believes in hostilities, and is convinced that Holland will make no concessions; when driven to extremities she will entirely destroy the town of Antwerp; Belgium will then break her contract to pay eight millions of interest on the public debt apportioned to her, for which Holland will not care, if she can annihilate that city rival to her commerce. He concluded by saying, "I make no opposition; your government are running their heads against a wall, and I would bet, neither they nor the present French cabinet will be in office this day three months." Louis-Philippe and his court at Neuilly are much irritated at the courteous reception which Charles X. and his exiled family have received on their journey through the Prussian dominions; they are arrived at the castle of Prague.

*Sunday, 28th.* — Glengall, talking at dinner to-day of his countrymen, and the ready wit of the lower orders in Ireland, said, "Old Lord Castlemaine was extremely rich, but a miser. One day he was stopping in his carriage to change horses at the inn at Athlone, when the carriage was surrounded by paupers imploring alms, to whom he turned a deaf ear, and drew up the glass. A ragged old woman in the crowd cried out, 'Fait', an' it's no use;' but, going round to the other side of the carriage, she bawled out, in the old peer's hearing, 'Plase you, my lord, just

\* Colonel Gurwood, the editor of the Duke of Wellington's Despatches.

chuck one tinpenny out of your coach, and I'll answer it will trate all your friends in Athlone.' ”

*Monday, 29th.*—Cooke arrived\* this morning from France. He says that a gendarme arrived *en poste* last night at Calais, with orders for all the troops in that department to march immediately for the army of the north at Valenciennes. He gives a poor account of all the French regiments he has seen during his journey; which are for the most part composed of young and raw conscripts. At Paris there was no excitation; they did not believe in war, and were very suspicious of the sincerity of this government as to coercing Holland; but there was every reason to think that, if they once got into Belgium, it would be no very easy matter to get them out.

*Tuesday, 30th.*—Accounts received from Portsmouth that the French fleet from Cherbourg of one two-decker and three frigates was arrived at Spithead; they were received by a salute from the batteries, according to orders given to Sir Colin Campbell, the governor, to treat them with all possible respect. Thus opens the new drama.

*Wednesday, 31st.*—Yesterday morning early a meeting took place at Baron Bulow's, the Prussian minister, which lasted six hours. It was attended by Prince Lieven and Matuscewitz for Russia; by Wessenberg and Neumann for Austria; and by M. Zuylen de Neuveldt for Holland. In the evening couriers were despatched by them to their respective courts.

*Thursday, 1st November.*—Cooke said he was much surprised yesterday morning by a message from the King to come to the palace. On entering the ante-chamber at St. James's, he met Lords Grey and Palmerston, who showed evident surprise at seeing him there; Palmerston recognised him as usual, but Lord Grey took not the slightest notice of him. When introduced, the King prefaced by saying that, as he was just returned from the Continent, he wished to have his opinion of the state of feeling and of the army in France; on which Cooke told him his frank opinion. He said, that France was in a most prostrate state; that she might be said to exist only by the countenance of this country; that her army as to numbers was grossly exaggerated, and chiefly composed of raw recruits; that, as it now seemed ascertained that Gérard's army was to march into Belgium on the 15th instant (which circumstance he assumed on purpose to sound the King, who did not in the least contradict it), his firm opinion

\* Sir Henry Cooke.

was, that they would shortly be exterminated by the climate and the campaign, particularly if the Dutch could prolong their resistance. Here the King interrupted him in a very animated way, by saying, "I have always maintained that this would be the case;" which was proof at once how much he differs from his cabinet. He next questioned him about the South of France, the Carlist party, the National Guards at Paris, and of public opinion on the Continent; to all which he gave the answers that may be supposed to his Majesty. With respect to the latter question he did say, that throughout the Continent the general opinion was, that the admission of French troops into Belgium was a most unpopular proceeding. He took good care, during the whole interview, never to glance at the present proceedings as of our government, but as of France, and many times did the King's countenance change when it struck him how irresistibly the remarks applied equally to both. The King then said, "I understand that —— is a great rogue; that he has appropriated to himself large sums that were voted for the organisation of the army; and that he will be impeached by the opposition on the opening of the Chambers." But when Cooke mentioned the remark of a French general to him, "Donnez nous encore six mois d'une guerre défensive, alors, pourvû que nous n'ayons pas à faire avec Wellington, nous aurons une armée à reconquérir tous les hauts faits de la première révolution," the King seemed rather confused at the mention of the Duke's name.

In the evening Cooke dined with us, and gave me some more particulars of this rather singular interview. On entering the King's closet, Sir H. Taylor, who introduced him, said, "I beseech you not to enter into any political discussions with him!" How all conspire to keep the poor man in the dark!

*Saturday, 3rd.* — I have already mentioned the hurried manner in which the French and English ministers were induced by the Russians to sign the Greek treaty, which placed the crown on the head of Otho. Letters from Bavaria mention that, on scrutinising this document at Munich, so many inaccuracies have been discovered, as to the right of future succession, that the Russian Government will have little difficulty hereafter in turning them to its own private advantage.

I was talking the other day to Lady \* \* \* — who has passed the last fifteen years in Paris, and was very well received at court by the Bourbons — about the character of the Duchesse de Berri, whose firmness and courage she extolled beyond all conception. She told me, that at the period of her accouchement of the

posthumous child, the Duc de Bordeaux, fully sensible of the peculiar circumstances in which she was placed, and the suspicions which public rumour or malevolence had encouraged, that the whole was a deception, in order to foist a changeling on the nation for the continuation of that dynasty, she made up her mind that every trace of doubt should be dispelled by the publicity of the event when it did arrive. When seized with the pains of labour, the great officers of the crown were, as is usual in France, in attendance, and on being asked if she would permit some of the Garde Royale to be summoned, she replied, "Oui, et la Garde Nationale aussi," from the conviction that their testimony would be considered more unequivocal than that of the hired troops. The Dutch steamboat brings the account of further warlike preparations in Holland; and the British consul at Amsterdam had given warning to the British captains in the trade to be prepared to sail at a sudden notice.

*Sunday, 4th.* — This morning died Lord Tenterden, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench; and last night, in consequence of the injury which she received by being driven over by a hack cabriolet, while walking in the street, Lady Caroline Barham. She was sister to the Earl of Thanet, and the mother of a large family.

*Monday, 5th.* — This afternoon the *Lightning* steamer arrived with the King of Holland's answer to the ultimatum of France and England. It is generally understood to be that, having accepted the arbitration of the Five Powers, he is determined not to obey the mandate of only two. The combined fleets have sailed for the Downs from Spithead. I received a letter from Greffulhe of the 3rd instant. He of course defends the present measures in France, as necessary to support the new ministry, and avoid their resigning place and power to the violent party, with *la guerre et la propagande*, if not inscribed on their banner, at least probably following in their train. He added: "The news of the breaking up of the Conference has produced little effect here, being looked upon almost as a matter of course; and does not preclude a hope that the powers will again, after the surrender of the citadel (a point now regarded as a *sine quâ non*), unite for the purpose of imposing another armistice on Holland and Belgium, or otherwise preventing the continuance of hostility. The chapter of accidents is, however, formidable, and the horizon doubtless much overcast; but so intense is the general dread of war, that I cannot help participating myself in the hope that the storm will again this time blow over."

*Tuesday, 6th.* — Sir Thomas Denman kissed hands on being

appointed Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, and was made a privy councillor. To-day an order in council was agreed upon, laying an embargo on Dutch vessels, though the King of Holland had issued a notice, when our consul Ferrier warned the English ships to leave *his* ports, that it was not intended in any case to molest them.

*Wednesday, 7th.*—Sir Stratford Canning, who is lately returned from his embassy to Constantinople, is now appointed ambassador to Petersburg.

*Friday, 9th.*—Nothing transpires. On their voyage from Spithead the two fleets have been separated by foul weather, and the French have not yet been heard of. It would be rather amusing if the English pilots, who detest the tricolour flag, should have run them aground.

*Saturday, 10th.*—Cooke wrote the account of his interview to the Duke, and showed me his reply, in which he says, "I do not think it possible now to establish a system of terror in France, such has heretofore produced the effects which we all witnessed in the late war, particularly in its commencement and up to the eighteenth Brumaire. Neither are the powers of the Continent comparatively so weak now as they were from 1792 to the year 1800 inclusive. But, mind, I do not form an erroneous notion of the comparative resources of France and the powers of the Continent. What I say is, that the danger is not what it was in the former war. It is of a different character, not the same in magnitude; and there are many, very many ways of meeting it which did not exist in the former period. Our wise rulers prefer the course which faction suggested forty years ago to that of wisdom, of experience, and reflection. God knows what will happen to the world." Alluding to the Conference, I said to Neumann to-day at dinner, "*Votre vocation est finie.*" He replied, "*Oui, ma vocation est finie, mais la provocation reste.*" This speaks their feelings.

*Sunday, 11th.*—The French fleet have made their appearance at the Downs, and a part of the combined have sailed for the coast of Holland. The Duchesse de Berri has been taken at Nantes. She was found concealed, with Madlle. Kersablé and MM. de Menars and Guibois, in a secret recess behind a chimney, in which the guards sent to apprehend her had by accident lighted a fire. They were all nearly suffocated by the heat, to which they were exposed during eight hours, before they would discover themselves.

*Monday, 12th.*—I saw M—— this evening, who is always con-

sistent in his opinions, and deploras the state to which we are come. There is no doubt that the French troops will march on the fifteenth; "But," says he, "what point is gained? The citadel of Antwerp may be taken, blood may be shed; but what is the advantage to Belgium in obtaining that small spot of ground which the King of Holland has pledged himself peaceably to give up, when the more serious parts of the treaty are fulfilled to his satisfaction? Will it give to Belgium the mainspring of their future existence — the passage of the Scheldt? Will it give them the adjustment of their national debt? Will it gain them the recognition of Leopold's crown from Holland? No: all these points will still remain in abeyance, still more and more difficult to be arranged; and if, then, these points are attempted to be conquered by the sword, then will a general war become more imminent than ever. The powers then will not go to war for the citadel of Antwerp, but they will fight for the integrity of Holland to a man."

*Tuesday, 13th.*—This morning, at the London Tavern, we had a meeting of merchants to memorialise the King against the war with Holland. I had very much contributed to promote this idea with the Barings, and it succeeded amply. From 1000 to 1200 respectable individuals attended the invitation; and each resolution deprecating a war, so foreign to British interests, was carried unanimously; and if the manufacturing towns, which have suffered already by the embargo more than London, follow the example, it must create a great sensation in the country. I proposed the second resolution; Mr. T. Baring moved the first, in a very eloquent speech.

The French troops will march into Belgium the day after tomorrow, at five in the morning, as just announced by Talleyrand; but the next question is, When will they retire? Matuscewitz said to-night, "It is the exact fable of the Stag and the Horse, in Lafontaine. The stag wounds the horse to revenge his wrongs. The horse asks the assistance of man, whom he bears on his back, to kill the stag; that being accomplished, he requests him to dismount, but the man then rides him for his own purposes."

*Thursday, 15th.*—A large Prussian army is said to be moving upon Aix-la-Chapelle to watch the course of events.

*Friday, 16th.*—It has been thought by certain people that the Duke, notwithstanding his sound Tory feelings, was still rather too much inclined to a near connection between this country and France. I even remarked it myself during my conversation with him on 24th July; but, judging from a letter which he has written

two days ago to a friend of mine, it is now evident that later circumstances have tended very much to change that opinion. I transcribe the passage:—

“Walmer, Nov. 14.

“It is quite true that France and England united are too strong for the rest of the world; but what are the objects of this union? Are they French objects exclusively? or English objects? or European objects? The answer is obvious: ‘French objects exclusively.’ Look abroad at this moment,—Holland, Portugal, Spain, Italy, the Mediterranean,—all tending to the establishment, not of French influence, but of French rule and supremacy. But, it is said, we may stop. When, where, and in what manner? We may stop; but it must be at the risk of war, and at an expense equal to that of the last war, and without a chance of ultimate success. We have no objects in Europe, excepting the independence and tranquillity of all, and particularly their independence of France. The object of France is dominion, dominion to be acquired anyhow, but particularly by domestic disturbance. How can two such powers with such different objects continue in alliance? A step cannot be taken which is not inconsistent with our interests, and anti-Anglican. The peace, then, which this alliance gives us, is hollow, and must terminate suddenly by a state of hostility the most extensive, the most expensive, and disastrous, because the least expected and prepared for, that the annals of this country have known.”

I took leave of Matuscewitz this evening, who departs for Melton. His opinions are noways altered. Holland will remain firm, and blood will be spilt; the citadel will probably fall, but the question will then be even more difficult of solution. Will the French government then have the power, if they still have the wish, to order home their army? And, in such a case, what will Prussia do? He said he was disgusted, and wished to be out of the way.

Much cavilling has been made by the Whigs on the late City meeting, which they affect to despise; but the more they cry out the more it proves that they are annoyed. They say it was too late; but our answer is, “We did not complain till the embargo embarrassed and injured our trade; and then no time was lost in calling the meeting, which was purely commercial, and nowise intended to be political.” No news as yet from the *seat of war*. The funds remain firm.

*Saturday, 17th.*—On comparing these two letters from the Duke, in as far as they relate to a fresh war, to its extent and importance, they may appear not only difficult to reconcile with each

other, but almost contradictory; they appear to me to have been written each under a very different impression of what that war in its nature would be. The first alludes to a war undertaken upon the principles of the last,—a great alliance of the monarchical powers, headed by England, to repress the aggressions and encroachment of France. Such a war would certainly, as he says, from the comparative strength gained by the nations, not be the same in magnitude or character as the last, and would be more easily met. The war to which he alludes in his last must be a war ultimately to be apprehended, after our alliance with France, at that point where we shall *begin to stop*; where, on finding at last the alliance has only produced advantage and aggrandisement to one side, and has alienated all the other European powers from us, we shall then be forced into a struggle with revolutionary France, aided by all the liberal principles which she, through our sanction and protection, shall have been able in the meantime to disseminate through the discontented spirits in Europe. This must be the war, which he says will be the most expensive, the most disastrous, we ever incurred, and without a chance of ultimate success.

The first act of the drama has commenced. The French army under General Gérard has crossed the frontiers, and marched into Belgium. On the other hand, a large Prussian force, under General Muffling, is assembling on the Rhenish frontier, and the state gazette of Berlin announces, that the king openly disapproves the measures of coercion adopted against Holland.

*Sunday, 18th.*—I received this morning the following letter from the Duke, who is just come to town:—

“I did not receive your letter of the 13th till yesterday morning, upon my road from Walmer to Eastwell Park.

“I am very much obliged to you for it.

“I was delighted with your address. It will do a great deal of good. It will open men’s eyes to the mischief of the transaction to which it relates; and their minds to the reflection upon *much more*.

“Believe me yours most faithfully,

“WELLINGTON.”

The other day Alvanley asked M. de Talleyrand to explain to him the real meaning of the word non-intervention. His reply was, “C’est un mot métaphysique, et politique, qui signifie à peu près la même chose qu’intervention.” His politics have proved it so.



Colonel Caradoc, son of Lord Howden, is sent out as English commissioner to the French armies in Belgium. The circumstances of his appointment are rather singular. He applied to the Government, and was refused, as Lord Grey, thinking it would be agreeable to the King, wished to give the preference to Lord Frederick Fitz-Clarence; but his Majesty would not hear of it; probably because he thought it would be too decided a sanction from him personally of the present measures. Lord Grey then gave orders for the immediate departure of Caradoc; who left town on Friday so suddenly, that Lord Hill, the commander-in-chief, was uninformed of the appointment even this very morning, and seemed naturally hurt at the neglect.

*Monday, 19th.*—The first feat of our united squadron in the North Sea is announced in this evening's paper. The English man-of-war *Talavera* has run foul of a French frigate in a fog, and both have sustained so much damage, that they were obliged to return to port to repair. The capture of Dutch ships continues, to the great injury of our trade with Holland; but the Dutch king still refuses to retaliate in any way. A noble conduct, which we in no manner deserve.

*Tuesday, 20th.*—The public funds begin to fall: they are eighty-three.

*Wednesday, 21st.*—The speech of the French king is arrived, as the Chambers opened on the 19th. It is very unimportant, and says nothing that bears on the great question now at issue in Europe. An attempt to assassinate Louis-Philippe was made by an individual in the crowd, who fired a pistol at him, as he proceeded from the Tuileries to the Chamber of Deputies, without effect. The numerous troops and police which attended the ceremony were unable to detect the offender, and no trace of the bullet could be found in any direction.

The Prussians are increasing their armaments. The greatest activity prevails in all the military departments at Berlin. The French frigate, which became entangled with the *Talavera*, was the *Calypso*. She had an English pilot on board, who, foreseeing the imminent danger of both vessels, jumped from the French to the English deck, saying, "If I am to be drowned, at least I will go down with my own fellow-countrymen!" Notwithstanding the unnatural alliance between the two cabinets, the old national antipathies still prevail, and more particularly in the naval service.

*Thursday, 22nd.*—On the arrival of the French troops before

Antwerp, General Chassé has published a proclamation to his garrison, exhorting them to hold out to the last.

I received a letter to-day from Greffulhe. He describes the ministry in France as very unsettled, anxious to get out of the Belgian question, and that their only object is to meet the Chambers, get up an address, and scramble through the session as they can, *à la merci des évènements*, and then "*alors comme alors, à la garde de Dieu* for the future." Everything unHINGED and unsettled; the king unpopular in the extreme with all; and the capture of the Duchesse de Berry producing daily fresh embarrassments. If Dupin should join the opposition, he thinks the ministers would very soon be overthrown.

*Saturday, 24th.*—Received a letter from the Duke, in reply to the opinion that the conduct of the French ministry is a consequence of that of their predecessors in office as to the Belgian Conference. He says, "This is a very easy justification! But when the day of trial comes it will be found to fail altogether. Their conduct is to be attributed to neither more nor less than ancient faction fifty years old, fears of the French, and a desire to bolster up an administration for Louis-Philippe, by conniving at and aiding in the national passion for domination. That is the truth." Sir Howard Douglas, one of the first engineer officers in our service, was sent over to Antwerp by the Duke of Wellington in 1815, to confer with the Dutch government as to the most efficient means of defending that city and fortress in the event of a future attack from France. All the plans were shown to him, and every confidential communication made to the representative of an allied and friendly power. I understand that a request has been made to him by this Government to contribute his information and advice to assist the present object of the French armies in Belgium, and that he has positively refused to betray as an enemy that which was confided to him as a friend.

This night died, of a rapid decline, Colonel Francis Russell, son of Lord William Russell. He had served in Spain as a distinguished officer, and was much liked in society in London. He was nephew to the Duke of Bedford, and member for his borough of Tavistock. He was colonel in the Guards. His mother was sister to Earl Jersey.

*Tuesday, 27th.*—This day the bombardment of the citadel of Antwerp was destined to commence.

Lord Lansdowne arrived on Saturday from Paris. Much speculation has been attached to his visit there at this moment. I hear from a good quarter, that our Government wished, on account

of the season, to avoid the naval expedition to the Scheldt, and to limit the operations of the treaty to the military force by land; but the French minister, sensible of the advantage which they gained by the junction of the *two flags*, refused to accede. Now the public feeling against the Dutch war has been generally ascertained here, and the British cabinet, *bon gré mal gré*, is determined to withdraw its support to the treaty with France, as soon as its object is accomplished by surrender of the citadel, and then to insist on the immediate evacuation of Belgium by the French army, in accordance with the pledges given to that effect. Marshal Gérard now says to Leopold, that the attack ought to be made on the city side, from whence the citadel may be taken in three to five days; whereas from the country side it will require fifteen or twenty days, and he may lose five or six thousand men, which will exasperate his army, and render it difficult to prevent a collision with the Dutch. Leopold knows that in the former case Chassé will not fail to burn the city if attacked from thence, and refuses to accede to the proposal, which thus at least creates delay.

*Wednesday, 28th.* — No news from the *seat of war*. We had a House dinner of Tories at the Carlton Club, which went off very agreeably. The party consisted of the Speaker, Sir Robert Peel, Lords Glengall and Stuart de Rothesay, Sir James Scarlett, Sir Alexander Grant, Sir Henry Cooke, Messrs. Herries, Bonham, Theodore Hook, Pemberton, and Holmes. They seemed in high spirits at the progress of the elections. Sir Robert Peel remarked that he had seen a very good picture of General Chassé that morning, and a most *unsurrendering* countenance it was.

The incipient elections under the new bill are beginning now to verify the predictions which were made when it first passed, and that power of which Lord Grey availed himself for his own purpose of retaining office is now beginning to show itself, independent and in defiance of his authority. He has sown the winds and must reap the tempest. Westminster has taken the lead in this demonstration, and the Radicals in other places are following the example by exacting pledges from the candidates as to their future conduct in Parliament. The mask is thrown off, and we henceforward shall see three instead of two formidable powers struggling for mastery in the state! The Whig party thus becoming the *juste milieu*, will finally be absorbed in the other two. I say finally, because I do not contemplate the downfall of this Whig government, notwithstanding their numerous blunders, as likely to occur immediately; that power which they have con-

jured up, as a tool, and is gradually becoming their master, has still much to exact from them. The Church, the bank, the India Company, the ballot, the Triennial Parliaments, the taxes, the debt even, are all to be successively revised, and pruned, and lopped, under the specious name of reform. But, as there is a point where *even Whigs* must stop, it is only then that their unrelenting taskmasters will turn upon and overwhelm them.

*Thursday, 29th.* — An express arrived from Brussels this evening with the news that the Belgian ministers were left in a minority in their Chambers on the 26th, and had given in their resignations the following day. The *embarras* which this must occasion will not be confined to Belgium.

*Friday, 30th.* — No news. Lord Beresford was married last night to the widow, Mrs. Hope; they are cousins.

*Saturday, 1st December.* — No summons made to the citadel on the 27th, *ergo no bombardment* commenced. Baron Tuyll is just arrived from Holland. He says nothing can equal the unanimity displayed by the Dutch, and he fears a collision between them and the Belgians; the French officers write that they are disappointed and discontented with their reception in their new quarters. The late stormy weather has obliged Sir Pulteney Malcolm to quit the Dutch coast with his squadron, and return to the Downs. Since the blockade of Oporto, by Don Miguel, the cause of Don Pedro becomes hopeless, notwithstanding the reinforcements that have been received from hence and from France.

On Wednesday last, at our Tory dinner at the Carlton Club, the earliest arrivals were Lord Glengall, Sir H. Cooke, Messrs. Herries, Hook, and myself. We were reading the evening papers, wherein it was mentioned that a British sailor, who had served in many engagements abroad, had been carried before Mr. Justice Conant, charged with being drunk in the streets, with having abused the ministers, and with swearing aloud, that the British flag was disgraced by sailing in company with the French tricolour. The poor wretch, having no respondents, was fined by Mr. Conant thirty shillings, or, in default, to two months' imprisonment in Coldbath Fields. On hearing his doom, he only replied, "Sir, you may send me to prison, but the British flag is not the less disgraced."

Our natural impulse was immediately to subscribe the trifling fine to liberate him, which Sir H. Cooke transmitted the next morning; but even this early interference was too late, the committee of Lloyd's Coffee-house had already anticipated our feelings, and rescued the poor drunken patriot. I need not add that this

coffee-house is the resort of all the great underwriters, and the donation was merely an act of strong public feeling.

*Sunday, 2nd.* — How strikingly alike are the respective situations of France and England at the present day. Each country torn by faction and party spirit, each making the same experiments for liberty or democracy, and each equally failing in their object; the one collapsing towards despotism, the other towards confusion. These evils arise from confounding personal with political liberty. I call personal freedom the right to dispose without molestation of one's person and estate, and be secure that neither the one nor the other will be disquieted without your consent. That liberty may be carried to the utmost extent that society can permit. The other species of liberty, called political liberty, consists in the right of taking a part in the government of the state. This kind of liberty should be restrained within narrow limits, for experience proves it cannot be widely extended without destroying the other.

To produce the greatest amount of personal freedom and security with the smallest degree of political power in the lower classes, to combine the maximum of liberty with the minimum of democracy, is the great end of all good government, and should be the great object of every true patriot in every country. This distinction between individual and political freedom, between liberty and democracy, is the great point of separation between the Whigs and Tories. The Conservatives strive to increase personal freedom to the utmost degree, and to effect that they find it indispensable to restrain its worst enemies the democracy. The Whigs affect to attend only to the augmentation of popular power, and in so doing they trench on civil liberty; as we have lately seen in the flames of Bristol, the conflagration of Jamaica, and the dreadful tithe murders in Ireland; nothing of which nature we had ever witnessed in this country from 1815 to 1830, the days when democracy was restrained. In France we have a parallel case. The revolutionists saw their despotic rule impossible under the sway of the Bourbons, and therefore they inflamed the public mind till they got their government overthrown; for the ordinances themselves were no more the cause of that catastrophe than the storming of the Bastille was the cause of the revolution in 1789. Then despotism of one kind or another instantly returned, that of the National Guard, the Parisian *émeutes*, or Marshal Soult's cannoniers, and liberty has been destroyed by the demagogues who raised the people in its name.

*Monday, 3rd.* — The King came up to town from Brighton, and signed the proclamation for dissolving the present Parliament, and assembling the new on the 29th January, 1833. From this day commences a new era for England.

On the 30th ult., at twelve o'clock, the first cannon shot was fired by General Chassé against his French invaders, and hostilities are begun between the contending parties. The private letters mention that the French troops are much in want of provisions, as no preparations were made by the Belgian authorities against their arrival.

In a preceding page I have alluded to the remark that this war with Holland originated in the acts of the former government, and copied the Duke's reply to me on that very point; but I have just read such a clear definition of this question in a periodical paper of this month, that I transcribe it: viz. —

“The pretence that we are involved in all this through the diplomacy of the Tories is such a monstrous perversion of truth as cannot blind any but the most ignorant readers.

“1. When was the treaty which guaranteed Leopold's dominions signed by France and England? — In July, 1831; eight months after the accession of the Whigs to office.

“2. When was the treaty, giving Antwerp to Belgium, signed by the Five Powers? — In November, 1831; a year after the retirement of the Duke of Wellington from power.

“3. What treaty did the Duke of Wellington leave binding on his successors, in regard to Belgium? — The treaty of 1815, which guaranteed to the King of the Netherlands his whole dominions.

“4. What incipient mediation did the Duke leave them to complete? — That of the *Five Powers* for the *pacific* settlement of the Belgian question.

“And yet we are told *he* involved Great Britain in a hostile aggression on Holland, and was the author of a measure of robbery by two of the mediating powers.

“The pretext on which France and England have attacked Holland is openly avowed. Let us see the justice of their case!

“It was stipulated by the treaty of the 15th November, 1831, signed by all the allied powers, that the evacuation of the provinces to be mutually ceded on both sides should take place *after* the exchange of the ratification of a final peace. Of course Antwerp was held by Holland, and Venloo by Belgium until that event; and on that footing they have been held for the last twelve months.

“But what do France and England now require? Why, that Antwerp should be ceded by Holland *before* the treaty is either signed or agreed to, and when weighty matters are still in dependence between the contracting parties. The advantages which the King of the Netherlands holds — the security he possesses by holding that great fortress — is to be instantly abandoned; and he is to be left *without any security* for the settlement of this treaty. The two revolutionary powers have also summoned Leopold to surrender Venloo. Is the one a compensation for the other? Venloo is a fortress of third-rate importance, situated on the right or German bank of the Meuse, and it never belonged to Belgium; while Antwerp is a great and magnificent fortress, the key of the Scheldt. As absurd would it be to speak of Harwich as compensation for London. But the worst feature for England in this case is, that we are inveigled into a war to support a private treaty between Louis-Philippe and Leopold, signed at Compiègne in August, for the object of getting Antwerp.”

*Tuesday, 4th.*—We have no news, except that Saturday and Sunday have passed without any serious hostilities at Antwerp. The French are proceeding in forming their entrenchments uninterrupted, except by a few occasional shots from the citadel, which have hardly molested them. Only two men killed.

*Thursday, 6th.*—The French, having completed their batteries on Tuesday, began their cannonade on the citadel, which was answered by General Chassé with vigour. The siege is now begun in form, and the eyes of all Europe are fixed on this important struggle. The weather has hitherto been very unfavourable to the besiegers, and their new-made trenches are said to be full of water; but their army has been increased to an extent which would cause apprehension that their object is not limited to this single operation.

Hyde Villiers, nephew of Lord Clarendon, and Secretary to the Board of Control, a young man of very superior talents, died on Saturday last at Sir C. Lemon's house in Cornwall, where he was staying on a visit previous to the elections. Lord Howe has never resumed his situation of chamberlain to the Queen *officially*. He has been in constant attendance upon her Majesty at Windsor and at Brighton, but he has positively refused to be reinstated. His reply to Lord Grey was, that he had been wantonly dismissed by him, and would receive no favour at his hands.

I hear from those about the King that he never was in better

health : he lives very temperately, seems to enjoy society, is much more tranquil and collected in his manner than formerly, and seems determined to allow no political anxieties to prey either on his health or his spirits. The fact is, his feelings were never very acute, and he resigns himself to his fate.

*Friday, 7th.*—The address to the King of the French has been carried in the Chambers by a large majority ; and as Dupin, the new president, has in this instance thrown the weight of his party into the scale of the ministry, it appears that the movement party must, for the present at least, be thrown into the background.

Admiral Sir George Cockburn has been appointed to the American station in the room of Admiral Colpoys, deceased. When Sir James Graham sent for him to announce his appointment, he told him that he was indebted for it *solely* to the earnest wish and interference of the King ; that, with all the respect which they felt for his talents, the continued opposition which he had made to the Government would have rendered it impossible that they could ever have employed him. It is believed that this condescension on their part to the King may be traced to a wish to get rid of Sir George in the House of Commons.

The bombardment of Antwerp citadel continues with little intermission day and night ; but it does not appear that hitherto many lives have been lost.

*Saturday, 8th.*—The news this evening from Antwerp mentions the prosecution of the siege with more loss of life, but no particular advantage.

*Sunday, 9th.*—It would appear now that a proposal had been made by France and England to the Prussian government to occupy Venloo with their troops till the adjustment of the Belgian question, in order to give a colour to their unjust attempt to possess themselves of Antwerp. The answer arrived last night, being a flat refusal to take any part in their proceedings, or to sanction by such a step those coercive measures against Holland which Prussia had never ceased to deprecate from their commencement.

A very intelligent officer in the engineers is now at Antwerp, and in constant correspondence with Lord Hill. His letter received to-day mentions that Colonel Caradoc requested leave of Marshal Gérard to bring with him two or three English officers to walk through the trenches, which was flatly refused. He adds, that our allies seem to hate us cordially. Perhaps they do not wish the real state of the besiegers to transpire. Chassé continues to defend himself with great judgment.



*Monday, 10th.*—This day the elections have begun in the metropolitan districts, and in some other places also.

An additional proposal has been made by Prussia to occupy Venloo, Luxemburg, and Limburg, on her own account, independent of the Conference, to be restored to Holland when certain securities have been given for her own Rhenish provinces. This, if true, would place France and England in still greater embarrassment. Sir S. Canning has been *ad interim* appointed to a special mission to Madrid, the object of which is supposed to be an attempt to arrange the protracted quarrel between the two brothers in Portugal.

*Tuesday, 11th.*—Marshal Gérard, finding that his attack on the citadel has hitherto proved abortive, and foreseeing the disasters which must occur to his army from the prolongation of the siege, has formally proposed to Leopold the occupation of the city by French troops, in order to secure his object, although contrary to his original stipulation of respecting its neutrality. Leopold has referred the question to Louis-Philippe; and if no interference is made at Paris by the representatives of the other powers, we may expect to see the citadel taken, but the city laid in ashes.

*Wednesday, 12th.*—A fresh creation of peers. Last night's Gazette announces four new peerages; viz., Marquis of Tavistock as Baron Howland of Streatham; Earl of Uxbridge, Baron Paget of Beaudesert; Lord Stanley, Baron Stanley of Bickerstaffe; Lord Grey, Baron Grey of Groby. All elder sons. The news from Antwerp still favourable to the Dutch.

*Thursday, 13th.*—Duncombe has lost his election at Hertford, which has returned two Tories, Lords Ingestre and Mahon. The *conversazione* at White's rather amusing on the Belgian question; Sefton and Byng, as the Whigs, maintaining that the French had only lost 200 men as yet during the siege, and their conviction that they would retire as soon as the citadel was taken; Sir R. Wilson and the Tories fully impressed with a contrary opinion.

*Friday, 14th.*—The elections are going generally very much against the Tory interest. What are called the Reformers seem to be the most successful; and though the Government plumes itself mightily on this popular feeling, as an evident sign of its strength, it is by no means to be argued as a certainty that these new members will become blind adherents of the ministry on any other point than the continuation of reform in its various branches. They may wish, indeed, to carry that point to a greater extent than is contemplated by their leaders; they may also have a very different opinion on the subject of our foreign policy.

I was rather amused to-day at White's with Sefton's description of his visit this morning to Prince Talleyrand. He is very intimate with him, and is received at all hours; a privilege which he avails himself of very frequently at present, to hear the latest intelligence from Paris and Antwerp, now so generally interesting.

This morning he was ushered into the dressing-room of this celebrated octogenarian, who was under the hands of two *valets de chambre*, while a third, who was training for the mysteries of the toilette, stood looking on with attention to perfect himself in his future duties. The prince was in a loose flannel gown, his long locks (for it is no wig), which are rather scanty, as may be supposed, were twisted and *crépus* with the curling-iron, saturated with powder and pomatum, and then with great care arranged into those snowy ringlets which have been so much known and remarked all over Europe. His under attire was a flannel pantaloons, loose and undulating, except in those parts which were restrained by the bandages of the iron bar which supports the lame leg of this celebrated *cul-de-jatte*.

*Saturday, 15th.*— One of the effects of the Reform Bill is, that the bone-grubber, W. Cobbett, is returned for Oldham, while, on the other hand, the notorious Mr. H. Hunt has been turned out of his seat at Preston. The new borough of Brighton, under the very nose of the Court, has returned two most decided Radicals, Wigney and Faithful, who talk openly of reducing the allowance made to the King and Queen. The famous pugilist and better at Newmarket, Gully, has been returned for Pontefract. In short, the new Parliament will produce a curious medley.

*Sunday, 16th.*— On the morning of the 14th, at four o'clock, the French having blown up the counterscarp of the lunette fort S. Laurent, sent into the breach a detachment of *voltigeurs* and grenadiers, who took this little appendage to the citadel and made sixty-two prisoners of war.

*Monday, 17th.*— Montrond, who is just come from France, repeats the same *réfrain*, that there will be no war; that the French troops will retreat from Belgium as soon as the citadel is taken. All the foreigners likewise affect to hold the same language; and yet there is a declaration from Prussia to the Diet just published, under date of the 10th inst., which not only disapproves the coercive system of England and France, but speaks openly of its armaments and of two *corps d'armée* having passed the Rhine.

*Tuesday, 18th.*— The elections in Ireland seem to have gone

with hardly an exception against the Government; the returns are all either Conservatives or Liberals.

*Wednesday, 19th.* — It is evident that the government of Lord Grey wishes to stop and induce the Tories to join with them in putting down the rising radical power; this they will hardly be able to accomplish, so strong is party feeling at present. Every government, in fact, whether Whig or Tory, must eventually, in self-defence, become conservative; with this difference, indeed, that in the case of the former it can only be done at the expense of former professions and at the risk of alienating their chief supporters; while in that of the latter it is merely the result of their acknowledged principles and those of their followers.

With the Tories this is consistent and natural, with the Whigs it is inconsistent and unnatural. Consistency, however, is one great source of strength in government.

Lord Grey has based his power on the advocates of revolutionary principles. Should he at last find it expedient to disappoint their hopes, must not his inconsistency be his fall? A despatch is arrived this afternoon from Colonel Caradoc, before Antwerp, stating that General Sebastiani had just informed him that the Dutch army was concentrating rapidly, and he thought would advance.

*Thursday, 20th.* — Only a fortnight ago I was talking at White's to Admiral Sir Henry Blackwood, who was on the point of going to Ireland to visit his son, then dangerously ill with the typhus fever; accounts were received yesterday that he had caught the infection and was dead. He was much respected in the navy. The French, though they mystify their returns of killed, are losing many men daily in the trenches before Antwerp. Gérard has called up the reserve.

*Friday, 21st.* — The Marquis de Choiseul, whom I met yesterday evening at Macdonald's, was colonel in the Garde Royale of France, under Charles X. At the time of the *Révolution de Juillet*, in 1830, he followed the fortunes of his master to Holyrood House, and is now living in London with his wife and family. She is an English woman, and a daughter of Lord Southwell.

*Saturday, 22nd.* — The French ministry appears to be predominant in the Chambers. They are proposing and carrying the most despotic measures, in the shape of laws, to repress tumults, and always with a servile majority. The key to this is, that the public money is employed to bribe the deputies.

Two important state papers have been published to-day; the

one is the correspondence between M. Van Zuylen, the Dutch minister to the Conference, and my Lord Grey, previous to the commencement of hostilities; the other is the speech of the Dutch premier, Baron Verstok de Solen to the States General assembled, in which the grievances of Holland are fully stated and her steady determination to resist them. He sums up the whole by saying: "We are oppressed because it is known that our population is numerically small and our territory is comprised in a very limited compass; but the time may come when it may be proved that the importance of a nation is not a mere question of arithmetic." The accounts from Antwerp are highly satisfactory; the French are said to have lost, in killed, wounded, and sick, near 3000 men. Major Jones, of the engineers, who was employed by the Duke in 1815 in repairing the fortresses, and absolutely built the lunette of S. Laurent, and that of Kehl, has said that the siege of the citadel may last for five or six weeks more.

Matuscewitz is come to town for a day. He thinks that no one can foretell what may happen, as to the duration of the siege or the advance of the Dutch army. The plans of the King of Holland are fixed, but known *only to himself*.

*Sunday, 23rd.*—Sefton came into White's this afternoon about five o'clock full of news from Prince Talleyrand. His excellency has just received the Independent newspaper from Brussels, dated yesterday, which announces that the French had begun to *battre en brèche* on Friday, and with great success; it likewise adds that the total loss on their side, *tous compris*, was not more than 550. *Sont-ils bons, les Belges!*

*Monday, 24th.*—The Government has got into fresh trouble in Ireland; after promising to support Mr. Roynon, a Protestant, they have suddenly turned round and supported a Repealer, which want of good faith has so irritated the party, that they have threatened to join O'Connell.

At dinner at the Carlton Club the conversation turned upon Scotch marriages. Grant mentioned the instance of a Mr. M——, a man of very large fortune, who kept a mistress, and had an illegitimate daughter; he invited a large party of friends and relations to dinner, the glass circulated, and he took the opportunity of proposing the health of the lady as Mrs. M——, requesting at the same time the whole party to bear testimony that he publicly acknowledged her as his wife; in a few minutes afterwards he made some pretext to retire to his room, and without any further ceremony shot himself through the head. That daughter became by

this act legitimate, according to the Scotch law; inherited his property, notwithstanding the claims of his near relations; and having since married, her husband has obtained with her about 10,000*l.* per annum landed property.

*Tuesday, 25th.*—Christmas-day. The firing and battering at Antwerp continued during the whole of Saturday with great vigour and great loss of life, particularly to the besiegers, when early on Sunday morning, a breach having been nearly effected, Chassé wishing to avoid the carnage attendant on assault, despatched a flag of truce to the French head-quarters, with an offer to capitulate. Marshal Gérard has summoned a council of war to discuss the propositions. Since the above, Talleyrand has received a telegraphic despatch, which states that Chassé and his garrison are to remain prisoners of war till the surrender of the forts Lillo and Liefkenshöek. The citadel is to be occupied by the Belgian troops. Every one here is surprised at the suddenness of this event, though it was known in the end to be inevitable.

A good deal of interesting conversation on past politics with Sir H. Cooke and Sir A. Grant, who dined with me. Grant has been very intimate with Sir Robert Peel, and related several anecdotes of him. When the Duke had made up his mind that he could no longer refuse Catholic emancipation, without endangering the loss of Ireland, he told the late King, who was decidedly averse to the measure, that only one of three alternatives remained to him, either to reconquer Ireland, to make the concession, or to resign. Constituted as the army then was, the first was impossible, the choice must then fall on one of the other two. The King demanded time to consider. In the meantime the Duke applied to Peel for his concurrence in carrying the measure, to which, though equally convinced of its necessity, *he* could not bring his mind to consent; it was a departure from principle which he thought no circumstance, however strong, could justify, and he preferred the loss of place to the loss of consistency and public character. On the following day the King sent for Peel to Windsor, and stated the circumstances which had passed in his interview with the Duke. Sir Robert allowed the validity of the arguments, but at the same time expressed his own determination to abide by his first decision. The King then asked his advice how *he* ought to act himself in such an embarrassing position. Here Peel took a different line, and, viewing the case in all its bearings purely as a state measure, strongly advised his Majesty to yield to the suggestions of the Duke. The King's

reply was, that he could not conceive how any man could counsel his sovereign to do that which he would refuse to do himself; and thus they parted. The King gave a decided negative, and the ministers resigned. But Peel was so much staggered by this retort of the King, so personally addressed to him, that he vanquished his scruples, and gave in his adhesion to the Duke. The secession of the ministers did not last for a day, and was little known at the time; on the following morning the King sent up an express to town with his assent to the proposal, and the bill for Catholic emancipation was immediately brought forward, and carried by a government which condescended to allow that it only was actuated even then by an impulse of fear. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ!!* In May last, when Lord Grey in pique gave in his resignation to the present King, the charge of forming a new administration devolved again on the Duke, who proposed to Sir Robert to join him, with the pledge of bringing in an ample measure of reform. The latter perhaps saw, that in the then temper of the times it was impossible; but, warned by the past, he resolved not to make another sacrifice, and gave to the proposal a flat refusal. His answer was, that if such a ministry could be formed by his Grace, he would give it every kind of support in his power, but as to joining it in any shape the thing was totally impossible. We know the sequel, and the coolness that ensued between the parties.

Another subject that we discussed was the death of the late Lord Londonderry. His mind had been kept too intensely on the stretch by the important events which occurred in his time, and by late sittings in the House and great press of public business. At last it gave way. The first public indication of this malady occurred at the Regent's court at Carlton House, where he had been to take leave previous to his departure for the Congress at Vienna. Sir John Beckett, the judge-advocate, found him waiting on the steps of the palace for his carriage. He said to him, "So, I hear that you purpose leaving us on Tuesday next to join the Congress?" "Purpose," said Lord L——; "what, are you in the conspiracy against me? are you, too, joining with the others to prevent my journey?" Sir John was so astonished, that he knew not what to say, and left him. When he was introduced afterwards to the presence of the Regent, his Royal Highness informed him that Lord Londonderry's manner had been so flighty, that he thought he must be out of his mind.

His friends took him down in the evening to his seat at North Cray, and sent for Dr. Bankhead, who found him quite deranged.

He returned to the conspiracy against him, and talked of his enemies having brought his carriage to the door with post-horses to drive him to a prison.

There could be no doubt as to his real state, and the necessary remedies, but the doctor only took a slight quantity of blood from him by cupping, which the attendants remarked was of the colour and consistency of treacle. He then allowed him to go to bed, *without any precautions or attendance*. The next morning he cut his throat with his razor, severing the carotid artery. Such was the death of this very distinguished and fortunate man, owing to the culpable neglect of Dr. Bankhead, who after the event demanded a fee of 100*l.* for his visit, while all the family at North Cray were plunged in the deepest grief.

*Wednesday, 26th.*—The conversation at dinner to-day turned on the present King of Sweden, formerly General Bernadotte, to whom, when Prince Royal of Sweden, Cooke in 1813–14 had been sent as British commissioner; and he mentioned several particulars of him. Notwithstanding his promotion to the royal dignity, he particularly piqued himself on having risen from the station of a private in the ranks of the French army, in which he had served in India and elsewhere before the Revolution. In corroboration of this, Captain Yorke mentioned an anecdote which occurred while he himself was in Sweden.

General Sir Alured Clarke was making a tour of pleasure on the Continent, and arrived at Stockholm, when he wished to be presented to the King. A private audience was granted, as a matter of course, to an English general officer. When presented to Carl Johann, Sir Alured was very much astonished to find that the King of Sweden, instead of a formal reception, folded him in his arms, and kissed him on the cheek. He was confounded at this distinction, and more so when the king asked him if he could not recollect him. In this, as his memory was quite defective, he could only express his regrets. To which the king replied, “I am not surprised that you do not recognise in me the Corporal Bernadotte, who became your prisoner at Pondicherry, when you commanded the English army in India, to whom you showed the greatest kindness while in your power, and who now is most anxious to return the obligation in every way that may be most agreeable to you during your stay in his dominions.”

Captain ——— recounted a curious anecdote that had happened in his own family. He told it in the following words: —

“It is now about fifteen months ago that Miss M ———, a connection of my family, went with a party of friends to a concert at

the Argyle Rooms. She appeared there to be suddenly seized with indisposition, and though she persisted for some time to struggle against what seemed a violent nervous affection, it became at last so oppressive, that they were obliged to send for their carriage and conduct her home. She was for a long time unwilling to say what was the cause of her indisposition; but, on being more earnestly questioned, she at length confessed that she had, immediately on her arriving in the concert room, been terrified by a horrible vision, which unceasingly presented itself to her sight. It seemed to her as though a naked corpse was lying on the floor at her feet; the features of the face were partly covered by a cloth mantle, but enough was apparent to convince her that the body was that of Sir J—— Y——. Every effort was made by her friends at the time to tranquillise her mind by representing the folly of allowing such delusions to prey upon her spirits, and she thus retired to bed; but on the following day the family received the tidings of Sir J—— Y—— having been drowned in Southampton River that very night by the oversetting of his boat, and the body was afterwards found entangled in a *boat cloak*. Here is an authenticated case of second sight, and of very recent date.

*Thursday, 27th.*— There is chuckling at Brookes's and great exultation among the Whigs, at the fall of Antwerp, which, after all, was inevitable; and the defeat of 4000 Dutch by 70,000 French is not very wonderful. Still the success does not render the aggression less an act of the grossest injustice. We must now wait the answer from the King of Holland as to the ceding Lillo and Liefkensschök.

*Friday, 28th.*— This morning died the Marquis of Conyngham, K.P., for many years the favourite of George the Fourth. He married Miss Denison, daughter of the rich Joseph Denison in St. Mary Axe. He is succeeded by his son the Earl of Mountcharles, married to Lady Jane Paget, second daughter of the Marquis of Anglesey.

*Saturday, 29th.*— The King of Holland will not give up the two fortresses, and the garrison will therefore remain prisoners of war, although Lord Palmerston said to his electors there is *no war*, it only exists in the lively imagination and exuberant fancy of those who raise the cry.

*Sunday, 30th.*— Wortley is come home from Antwerp, where he had been during the siege. He went over the citadel on Tuesday last, which was nearly destroyed; it was not possible for Chassé to have defended it more than a few hours longer, and even



then the breach would have been practicable, the assault would have commenced, and the carnage must have been dreadful. This for the sake of humanity he has avoided by a surrender, which in no way detracts from the glory which he has acquired by the defence. The conduct of the Belgians has been in every way contemptible. The mob in Antwerp attacked a party of unarmed Dutch prisoners with stones, and would have murdered them if the French had not interfered. A Dutch wounded officer, seated on a *fourgon*, was met on the Berchem Road by a Belgian officer, who, heedless of his unprotected situation, began to abuse him, and call him *cochon*, &c.; but a French officer rode up, and, with every sign of contempt, struck the Belgian with the flat of his sword. The latter affected to demand satisfaction, but the other told him he was beneath his notice.

*Monday, 31st.*—The King has given to Lord Munster the place of Governor of Windsor Castle, vacant by the death of Lord Conyngham. William of Holland has given to General Chassé the first class of the order of William, and sent him the star which he wore himself, in testimony of his high approbation of his courageous defence.

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## JANUARY, 1833.

*WEDNESDAY, 2nd.*—A dinner has lately been given to Mr. Thomson\* by the electors of Manchester on the occasion of his return as member for that city. His speech is to be seen in all the papers; its principles are radical and sweeping; that was to be expected; but so arrogant, so abusive of others, so self-conceited an address to the public, was never before made by so young a man. The marked point, however, of the speech was its conclusion; after promising *monts et merveilles* to his constituents, he expresses his confidence that, at their next meeting, on the termination of his labours in their cause, they will all greet him with a well-known sentence, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Count Pozzo di Borgo, Russian ambassador at Paris, arrived

\* Mr. Charles Poulett Thomson, Vice-President of the Board of Trade, afterwards Lord Sydenham, and Governor-General of Canada, where he died in 1841.

here this afternoon from France, on a special mission, which attracts general attention.

*Thursday, 3rd.*—I have just received the following account of the present state of Ireland, in a letter from Lord Glengall, dated Cahir, 31st ultimo:—

“The state of this country is too horrid. The Reform bill has given O’Connell and the priests uncontrollable power. Society is totally disorganised. We believe that no jury, whether that of the assize courts, or of the coroner, will convict a prisoner; while we are sure that they will find the magistracy, military, and police guilty. Consequently, justice and safety is at an end for the gentry. Nothing but the suspension of Habeas Corpus and making the repeal question a misdemeanour will prevent the loss of Ireland.”

*Friday, 4th.*—A letter from Lord Hertford at Naples tells me that Mademoiselle Herbelé, the dancer, is married to Falconnet the banker. The Earl of Denbigh is appointed chamberlain to the Queen. On the peaceable appearance of affairs on the Continent, and the retirement of the French troops from Belgium, the funds have risen up to  $87\frac{3}{4}$ .

*Saturday, 5th.*—The Government is meditating severe measures against Ireland, and trying to sound the Tories whether they will give their support to accomplish this object, which they will probably concede, if the evil is attacked with vigour. Lord Althorpe, as leader of the House of Commons, has written to Mr. Manners Sutton, offering him the Government interest to be re-elected speaker; making a merit of necessity, as he well knew that they could not bring in their new candidate Mr. Littleton\*, and at the same time were glad to neutralise Mr. Sutton’s vote and power in the House. He has accepted.

*Sunday, 6th.*—The other day a large party dined at the Pavilion. Among the guests was the American minister. The King was seized with his fatal habit of making a speech: in which he said, that it was always a matter of serious regret to him that he had not been born a free, independent American, so much he respected that nation, and considered Washington the greatest man that ever lived. Lord F. Fitz-Clarence succeeds his brother Lord Munster as Vice-constable of the Tower, and Lord Adolphus Fitz-Clarence is made Lord of the Bedchamber *vice* the Earl of Denbigh, now chamberlain to the Queen.

*Wednesday, 9th.*—Fresh troops are under orders for Ireland; two regiments of heavy dragoons are gone this week.

\* Now Lord Hatherton.

*Thursday, 10th.*—Last week died at Paris, at an advanced age, the Princesse de Loraine Vaudemont. She was of the family of the Counts Horn, who were distinguished in the Revolution of the Netherlands; one of whom, notwithstanding his high birth, was broken on the wheel at Paris for murder during the regency of the Duke of Orleans. She was of the senior branch of the House of Montmorency, and before as well as since the Restoration in 1814, her house has been the resort of all the best society in Paris: Prince Talleyrand, among others, always passed his evenings there, and was one of her oldest friends. Madame de Vaudemont assisted in the escape of Lavalette from Paris after the return of Louis XVIII. She is much regretted. At supper Montrond observed how much M. de Talleyrand was affected by the death of the princess; he could talk of nothing else, and added, “C’est la première fois que je lui ai vu verser des larmes.”

Upon this Alvanley said, that he had likewise once seen him melted into tears, and the occasion of it was rather curious. A little more than a twelvemonth ago, in the House of Peers, the Marquis of Londonderry, in the heat of a violent attack on the foreign policy of the present Whig administration, made some very personal allusions to the private character of Prince Talleyrand, which as ambassador to a foreign court he might have omitted. There was only one opinion on this subject in the House, and the Duke of Wellington rose immediately to protect his veteran friend, finishing his speech with many handsome compliments to the prince on his great talents, and the eminent services which he had performed on many occasions for the good of Europe.

Alvanley went to visit the prince on the following day, and found him perusing the debates of the preceding night, and, though much hurt at the attack of Lord L., still more affected by the friendly intervention of the Duke. He expressed his gratitude in the warmest terms, while the tears ran down his cheeks, and then added: “J’en suis d’autant plus reconnoissant à M. le Duc, que c’est le seul homme d’état dans le monde qui ait jamais dit du bien de moi.” The confession was rather ludicrous.

Stuart de Rothesay mentioned another anecdote of Talleyrand yesterday. The prince was unwell, at Paris, some years ago, but wished to take a journey into the country. Stuart called upon him, and strongly advised him to defer the journey; which he fortunately did, and in two days afterwards he was seized with a fit, from which he only recovered by severe bleeding. After a few days Stuart paid him another visit, and found him quite

well, eating some soup, when Talleyrand said, "C'est bien heureux que je ne sois pas parti pour la campagne; je calcule que je serois arrivé à Chartres le jour de ma maladie, j'aurois de suite envoyé chercher des sangsues chez mon ami l'Évêque; il est très-dévoit, il ne m'auroit envoyé que l'extrême onction, et je ne serois pas sûrement ici à manger ma soupe aujourd'hui."

*Friday, 11th.* — The King of Holland, since the departure of the French from Antwerp, has stopped an Austrian vessel, being the first which came down the Scheldt, as a proof that he means to keep the river closed.

*Saturday, 12th.* — General Solignac, a French officer of the Napoleon school, with 400 Poles, is arrived at Oporto to join Don Pedro, who has made him a major-general in his service. Great complaints are made from thence of want of money and provisions, and the cause does not seem to prosper. Louis-Philippe and his family are gone to the frontiers to meet Leopold and his Queen, and to greet the French army on their return. The spirit of innovation and revolution, which fifty years ago was imported into Europe from America, and has fructified so widely here, has now started back across the Atlantic, to impart some of its blessings to the original mother of the evil. The state of South Carolina has announced its opposition to the tariff, and its consequent intention to secede from the Union. The President Jackson's manifesto is arrived, which proclaims his determination to maintain the integrity of the Union by force.

*Sunday, 13th.* — Lord Dudley, who has been residing at Norwood ever since his illness, without much improvement, has last week had a serious paralytic attack, which may prove fatal.

*Tuesday, 15th.* — G. — returned last night from Ireland, where matters seem fast coming to a crisis. The unpaid tithes are to be collected by the army, and the *Habeas Corpus* Act suspended. Lord Anglesey is now only anxious to try his last resource, military force, and to reconquer the country. Montrond says that Madame de Vaudemont has died without making any will, and leaving behind her a vast collection of private letters, which she had carefully preserved.

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*Wednesday, 16th.* — The Gazette of last night contains the following creations: —

George Granville, Marquis of Stafford, K. G., to be Duke of Sutherland; William Henry, Marquis of Cleveland, to be Duke of Cleveland; Charles Collis Western, to be Baron Western.

The latter is the defeated Whig candidate for Essex, and is made a peer as a recompense for his unsuccessful exertions.

The French ministerial "Journal des Débats" is full of the most fulsome adulation of Louis-Philippe's tour with his family to Lisle; and describes the meeting of the queens of France and Belgium as so affecting, that they regretted it could not be witnessed by all France. "Le Corsaire," in reply, pleasantly observes: "Que le journal se console, nous voyons tous les jours dans la cour des Messageries des exemples d'amour filial de cette force-là."

*Saturday, 19th.* — The King of Holland has announced that the Scheldt is now open to the ships of all nations, except those of England, France, and Belgium; who from their late proceedings merit the exclusion; still it must tend to embroil the question more and more.

*Friday, 25th.* — The only news of the day is that Ibrahim Pacha has defeated the Sultan's troops, under the Grand Vizir, at Konieh, and was on his march to Constantinople. Russia seems preparing a fleet in the Black Sea, to attempt, under the pretence of assisting the Porte, something for her own advantage. The Belgian question remains still unsettled, and the last reply from Holland throws no new light on the subject.

Yesterday died Admiral Lord Exmouth. He served many years with bravery during the French war, and commanded the attack on Algiers; he entered the Navy as Mr. Pellow, was made first a baronet, and then a peer.

*Saturday, 26th* — Last Wednesday week died General Sir Banastre Tarleton, aged seventy-nine. He had served in the American war, where he commanded the Tarleton Dragoons; and is nearly the last remnant of that school of military men.

Lord Grey was very anxious to give Tarleton's vacant regiment to Frederick Ponsonby; but Lord Hill went down to the King at Brighton to remonstrate: in consequence of which, the regiment has been given to General Sir William Keir Grant.

They have hired a French cook for the Carlton Club from Paris, who lived formerly with the Duc d'Escars, *premier maître d'hôtel* of Louis XVIII., and who probably made that famous *pâté de saucissons* which killed his master. It was served at breakfast at the Tuileries to the king, who with the duke partook so voraciously of it, that the former was attacked with a dangerous fit of indigestion, from which he with difficulty recovered, and the latter absolutely died from the excess on the following day. One of the French journals, remarkable for its *facéties*, announced the event

in the following terms : “Hier sa Majesté très-Chrétienne a été attaquée d’une indigestion, dont M. le Duc d’Escars est mort le lendemain.”

Louis XVIII. was not only a great epicure as to the *recherche* of his dinners, but had also a surprising appetite ; he has been known at table, in the interval between the first and second courses, of which he always partook largely, to have a *plat* of little pork cutlets, dressed in a particular manner, handed to him by one of the pages ; and he would take them up one by one in his fingers, and before the second service was arranged the contents of his little *plat* had disappeared.

The poor duke emulated his royal master in this respect fatally for himself. In consequence of his office, he presided always at a large table served for him in the palace, the *menu* of which was precisely the same as that served to the king. I remember once to have seen him in that time with his old duchess, and sundry other emigrants returned with the Restoration, who still retained their powdered heads and their *ailes de pigeon*, and who would eat almost to suffocation. When the coffee was announced, here and there one of the old pursy gourmands would sputter out to the lady, “Madame la Duchesse, veut-elle bien me permettre de prendre un instant de sieste,” and then he would recline in his arm-chair, and throw his napkin over his head, and slumber for a few minutes, till nature was a little relieved.

With all his gastronomy, Louis XVIII. was a man of superior tact and intellect. He steered through the difficulties of his reign with great address ; and never was a throne surrounded with more jarring and discordant materials. I was in Paris at the time of his death in 1824, and witnessed all the funeral honours of his obsequies. Previous to the body lying in state, it was exposed to the public view on a bed the very day of his decease, though the mortification which caused his death had changed the colour of the face to a deep green, and the body must have been already in a state of decomposition. His mind retained its vigour to the end, and in his last parting interview with *Monsieur* he tried to impress on his mind those salutary lessons of future government which he so unfortunately neglected. He was perfectly aware of his approaching fate, and met it with firmness, though he had no religious feelings on the subject. He always professed himself an *esprit fort*. My friend General Clari told me that, on the Sunday preceding his dissolution, the officer on guard at the Tuileries came to him as usual in the evening to receive the parole and the countersign to be given to the troops.

It is customary on these occasions to give the name of a saint for the one and of a fortified town for the other. Louis, with a significant look, gave "St. Denis and *Gyvet*" (*J'y vais*). He might be said to have died with a *calembourg* in his mouth.

*Sunday, 27th.*—Lord Douro's regiment, the 60th foot, has been lately quartered at Dover. When the Duke his father went to make a short stay at Walmer Castle, the officers all rode over to pay their respects, and left their cards at the house as a matter of form. Shortly after came an invitation from his Grace to dinner, including all the officers excepting *Lord Douro*. The major who received the note, quite confused, knew not how to act, and showed it to Lord Douro, who was equally puzzled, though he knew it must have some meaning. To solve the difficulty, he went forthwith to see the Duke at Walmer, who with great good humour told him: "I make no distinctions in the service; those gentlemen who paid me the compliment of a visit I invited to dinner; you were not of the number, and so I omitted you in the invitation."

*Monday, 28th.*—The object of Pozzo di Borgo's mission to this country is unveiling itself. Russia, irritated and mortified by the cavalier treatment which she has experienced from France and England in the Conference on Belgium affairs, and the subsequent hostilities at Antwerp against Holland, has now made known her intentions of taking her own line as to Turkey; and a new question is coming forward in Europe, which will be much more difficult to solve than the last. The emperor has begun by positively refusing to receive Stratford Canning at St. Petersburg from private motives.

*Tuesday, 29th.*—This day the curtain drew up, and discovered the Reformed Parliament assembled. The first object which presented itself was Mr. Cobbett, seated on the treasury bench with the ministers; from which he refused to move, as he said he knew of no distinction of seats in that House. The point of electing a speaker was brought forward, when Mr. Manners Sutton was proposed by Lord Morpeth and seconded by Sir Francis Burdett; in opposition to whom, Mr. Hume, to the surprise of the House, proposed Mr. Littleton, which was seconded by Mr. O'Connell. The feeling of the House was too general in favour of Mr. Sutton to admit of a doubt; still the Radicals were too headstrong to give in, and divided the House, when the members for Sutton were 241 and for Littleton 31, leaving a majority for the late speaker of 210.

From some preliminary remarks of Cobbett, Faithful, and

others of the New Radical members, it may be inferred that the Government will not find them so easy to deal with as they have imagined.

Some very indelicate allusions were made as to Mr. Sutton's retaining the pension of 4000*l.* per annum, voted by the last parliament on *his retirement*, in addition to his salary on resuming the chair, which being in itself impossible, could only be looked upon as a gratuitous insult.

*Wednesday, 30th.* — There is no news, except the rumours that the Government is preparing a bill for the emancipation of slaves in the West Indian colonies, by which 160,000,000*l.* of property will be swamped. I believe it to be impracticable, but the idea seems to produce a great panic in the West Indian proprietors.

Having nothing for my diary, I fall back on my recollections of the past; and no subject recurs to my mind so readily as that of his late Royal Highness the Duke of York, who died about this time six years ago. What reminiscences are attached to that name! His agreeable dinners in the Stable-yard, St. James', and constant hospitality at Oatlands, must always be recollected with pleasure, though passed and never to return. The *entourage* of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York was indeed a little court, but blended with all the ease and comfort of private life. It was perhaps a rare circumstance to see, on one hand, the uniform kindness and condescension of this amiable prince and princess to all around them, and, on the other, the unceasing respect, and I may say affectionate deference, which even in the gayest moments (and no house was more gay) constantly pervaded the manners and conduct of every individual in that society; more particularly as the men who composed it, generally speaking, were at that time rather spoiled by the world, living on terms of the greatest familiarity with each other, and perhaps distinguished by a more *bruyant ton* among themselves than the young men of the present day. There were many visitors at Oatlands while the family was established there; but in my time those generally invited to go down from Saturday till Monday were Alvanley, Brummell, Cooke\*, Foley†, Yarmouth (now ‡ Lord Hertford), Worcester§, Craven, Armstrong, A. Upton, W. Spencer, Berkeley, Page, C. Greville, De Ros||. Anson¶, &c. : and at times the elder set, of Lords Lauderdale and Erskine, Sir Herbert Taylor, Duke of Dorset, Warwick

\* Sir Henry Cooke.

† Late Lord Foley.

‡ The late Lord Hertford.

§ Late Duke of Beaufort.

|| Late Lord De Ros.

¶ General George Anson, now commander-in-chief in India.



Lake, Torrens, &c. The hour for leaving London was generally about five o'clock; and so many chaises often started from White's, that post-horses were not always to be obtained on the road, and I have often gone by Hounslow to avoid the run. The duchess seldom had any other ladies in the house but Lady Ann Culling Smith and her three daughters, the eldest of whom was afterwards married to Lord Worcester and cut off in the prime of youth and beauty — an untimely fate. When assembled under this hospitable roof every one did as he pleased, and if any exception could be made to such an agreeable existence, it was that sometimes we had rather too much whist. It was indeed the duke's passion, and he never would get up as long as he could make an excuse for another rubber.

Few characters in any situation of life could be placed in competition with the late Duchess of York; she was not only a *très-grande dame* in the fullest sense of the word, but a woman of the most admirable sound sense and accurate judgment, with a heart full of kindness, beneficence, and charity. The former was proved by the adroitness and tact with which she so successfully avoided any collision with the cabals and *tracasseries* which for so many years unfortunately ruled in various branches of the Royal Family; and the latter was attested by the constant attachment of her friends and dependents, the gratitude of her poor neighbours during her life, and the undisguised grief of all at her death. Whatever clouds (if indeed they ever existed) obscured the earlier period of her marriage were, in later times, completely dispersed, and nothing could equal the respect and attention with which she was treated by the duke on all occasions. I have heard him myself express the highest opinion of her good sense, and I believe he rarely failed to consult her opinion on most questions of importance to himself.

The duchess was particularly fond of animals, and curious in their selection also. There was a large menagerie in her flower-garden filled with eagles, macaws\*, and various creatures; a little colony of monkeys on the lawn before the windows of her boudoir; a herd of kangaroos, ostriches, &c., in the paddock; but her ruling passion was dogs. There were sometimes from twenty to thirty of different sorts in the house; and many a morning have I, to my annoyance, been awakened from an incipient slumber, after a long sitting at whist, by the noisy pack rushing along the gallery next to my bedroom, at the call of old Dawe the footman

\* Two of these favourite birds the duchess left to Mr. Raikes as a *souvenir*, or were given by the duke at her death in remembrance of her Royal Highness.

to their morning's meal. In death even these favourites were not deserted; around the pool which joins the well-known grotto in the park at Oatlands may still be seen the gravestones and epitaphs of the departed *mignons*. The idea I suppose was taken from her ancestor Frederick the Great of Prussia, as I remember to have seen a similar cemetery at the palace of Sans-Souci in the year 1799. Another custom, likewise of German origin, and now more common, was annually kept up by the duchess at Oatlands on Christmas-day. The great dining-room was converted into a German fair, and booths were erected round the sides, stored with various commodities; in the centre was placed a tree or *mat de Cocagne*, the branches of which were garnished with oranges, cakes, gingerbread, &c. On one table at the end of the room were displayed all the presents which we the guests had brought from town to lay at the feet of her Royal Highness; on the other were placed those which her Royal Highness presented for us as keepsakes. I have still three of those yearly *cadeaux* in my possession; one of which is a morocco pocket-book, embroidered in gold by the hand of her Royal Highness, with a gold pencil-case and amethyst seal. The original intention was that the presents should be of a moderate cost on both sides; but Brummell, then in the days of his magnificence, was not to be restrained, and I remember he once brought down a Brussels lace gown as his offering, which cost 150 guineas. It threw all our *colifichets* into the background, but it was not thought good taste at the time to make such a valuable present to royalty. It certainly was reversing the maxim of La Rochefoucauld, who says, the proper present to a superior should be something of little value, but difficult to obtain. To return to the fair; all the servants were admitted in their best attire, and also the charity children supported by the bounty of the duchess, who at a given signal flew upon the *mat de Cocagne*, and in a few minutes stripped it of its gingerbread blossoms.

The party then adjourned to the hospitable board.

The Duchess of York understood and spoke English perfectly, though in correspondence she preferred writing in the French language. After one of my visits to Paris, before French manufactures had been much introduced into England, I brought with me a pretty *workbox*, or, as it is called, a *nécessaire de dames*, in which was a musical machine that played several tunes; and on my arrival I begged permission to place it at the feet of her Royal Highness, who was pleased to accept it, and sent me the following note in return:—

“Oatlands, ce Avril 25, 1817.

“Il me seroit difficile de vous exprimer, Monsieur, toute ma reconnaissance pour la plus jolie des boîtes que j’ai reçue hier au soir de votre part. C’est tout ce que j’ai vu du plus nouveau, et du meilleur goût, et je me suis amusée toute la journée à en écouter les sons.

“J’attends avec impatience le moment de vous en réitérer mes remerciemens à Londres, et de vous assurer combien je suis sensible à cette obligeante attention de votre part.

“C’est avec les sentimens les plus distingués que je vous prie de me croire toujours,

“Monsieur,  
 “Votre très-affectionnée amie et servante,  
 “F.”

The duchess, in her morning walks at Oatlands, often visited the farmyard, and amused herself with noticing the different animals and their families, among which was a sow that had lately farrowed some beautiful pigs. A few days afterwards, at dinner, some persons asked her if she would eat some roasted pig. Her answer was: “No, I thank you, I never eat my acquaintance.”

During the latter years her health grew more precarious, and she seldom visited London for any time. At Oatlands she never appeared till the hour of dinner, and always retired from the drawing-room at twelve o’clock; but not to sleep, as I have always heard that her attendants read to her till four or five o’clock in the morning before she would compose herself to rest.

Her demise was gradual; and her slight frame, being exhausted by the complaint, which at last showed itself by a suffusion of water, she sank to rest in the spring of 1820, and was, by her own desire, buried in a private manner in the parish church of Weybridge. A few days previous to this event, Lord Lauderdale, who had long been ranked among her friends, went down to Oatlands to inquire after her health. She could not see him, but sent him from her bed the following note:—

“Mon cher Lord L.,

“Je fais mes paquets, je m’en vais incessamment. Soyez toujours persuadé de l’amitié que je vous porte.

“Votre affectionnée amie,  
 “F.”

After the lamented death of her Royal Highness the duke never returned to live at Oatlands, and in the course of two or three years it was sold for 180,000*l.* to Mr. Ball Hughes.

The duke then lived almost entirely in London, and his chief amusement was planning and building that splendid palace in the Stable-yard, on the site of his old residence, which he never lived to inhabit himself, and is since become the property of the Duke of Sutherland. The duke was always very fond of collecting curiosities of every description, jewels, books, bronzes, &c.; and spent considerable sums in purchasing old chased plate, with which the sideboards in his dining-room were loaded, like altars in a Roman Catholic chapel: he had also a collection of pictures of military men in curious old uniforms. I sent him one which I had bought in Paris; it was a painting of Louis XV. when young, riding in the gardens at Marly, dressed in the uniform of that day. The following was his reply:—

“South Audley-street, Wednesday, March 15, 1826.

“Dear Raikes,

“I cannot sufficiently thank you for the picture which you have been so good as to send me.

“You do not do it justice in abusing the painting of it; besides which, I think it is extremely curious, and will, I can assure you, be considered by me as a great addition to my collection.

“Ever, my dear Raikes,

“Yours most sincerely,

“FREDERICK.”

His kindness and good-nature to all around him was beyond expression. When Colonel Berkeley, his aide-de-camp, died, he cried like a child in my presence. As to taking offence, it did not seem to be in his nature. I remember once at Brighton, he asked Keatinge, a good-natured Irishman, but not very refined in his ideas, to dine with him, and make up his rubber at whist. Keatinge won, and not having received the money,—being accustomed to punctuality,—he wrote some days afterwards to remind his Royal Highness of the debt, which was immediately sent. Keatinge, in return; by way of expressing his gratitude, began his letter with the following quotation:—

“Now is the winter of my discontent  
Made glorious summer by the Sun of York.”

It was a liberty which would not have suited many princes of the blood, but the duke only laughed.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the year 1819 his Royal Highness, being on a visit at Windsor Castle, unfortunately slipped on the floor, fell, and broke his arm. He was confined there for some time. I was then in Paris with Alvanley, and very unwell. On my return to England I naturally wrote to inquire after the duke's health, who replied :—

“ Windsor, April 24, 1819.

“ Pray accept my best thanks for your kind letter of yesterday and inquiries in consequence of my accident, from which I am recovering very favourably. Indeed, I shall not be surprised if I reach the winning-post before you. At all events, I think I have the best of it, though I do not think either of us is to be envied. I was, indeed, much concerned to hear that you had been so ill at Paris as to have excited the commiseration of even the Persian ambassador, which, from his Excellency's account of Alvanley, may probably ere long be extended to him also. I hope soon to receive a better report of you.

“ Ever yours most sincerely,

“ FREDERICK.”

These are from amongst several others that I have by me still, and which contain many kind expressions.

In our set, the duke's chief favourites, I should say, were Alvanley and Charles Greville; to the latter of whom he gave the management of his racing stud at Newmarket after the death of Mr. Warwick Lake; and two more amiable and agreeable men are not to be found in society. It was also a peculiar quality in the duke, that he never was known to desert an old friend. Tom Stepney, I believe, tried him as high as any one, but still they were never entirely estranged; and though Brummell, on his departure from England, had given too much cause to the world, and indeed to his friends, to speak harshly of him, and remarks even of this nature were at times by some people brought forward at his Royal Highness's own table, I never knew or heard of an instance in which he did not immediately check them. It was not in his nature to speak ill of those whom he had once liked, neither could he bear the feeling in others.

The duke took at all times much pleasure in the amusements of the turf, and had at one time a string of very good race-horses at Newmarket under the management of Mr. W. Lake; but I never heard of his deriving much profit from those speculations; owing perhaps to that strictly honourable feeling by which he was guided in this as well as in every other transaction of his

life. When he left the Stable-yard he removed to Cambridge House in South Audley-street, and many were the pleasant hours we have all spent in those days at dinner at that house. Ude was then the *maitre d'hôtel*, which says everything for the delicacy of the fare. With those of us who then kept house, Yarmouth, Alvanley, Foley, Worcester, myself, and others, he would always readily come and dine without any ceremony as a private individual; but in London we by common consent avoided the whist table amongst ourselves. Other hosts who were more anxious to flatter the taste of his Royal Highness were kept up probably till four in the morning. His constitution at last began to give way; and though his disorder at first appeared to be asthma, from the difficulty of breathing in bed (which increased to such a degree that he latterly slept in his arm-chair), it was at length pronounced to be dropsy. His private surgeon MacGregor, who attended him from first to last with the greatest attention, has often told me that he imputed the complaint of his Royal Highness not only to late hours, but to the want of necessary rest, which ultimately exhausted him. Hence his tendency to sleep after dinner, and in travelling the instant he was in his carriage, which arose from pure lassitude and exhaustion. He always rose early, at whatever hour he might have gone to bed; and that constant sedentary position tended to cramp and check the circulation of the blood, particularly in one of so gross and full a habit. In other respects he was by no means given to any excess; and had he allowed himself that proper wholesome sleep which nature requires, he might have been alive at this day. What between his vigils at night and his early attendance as commander-in-chief at the Horse Guards in the morning, he sacrificed a life most valuable to the country and his friends. His last illness was not painful, except from the punctures in his legs to relieve the accumulation of water; and he sank quietly, without a struggle, in his arm-chair, at the Duke of Rutland's house in Arlington-street (which was lent to him), on the 5th January, 1827. The body was removed to St. James' Palace, where it lay in state, and on the 20th January following was interred with the usual funeral pomp in St. George's Chapel at Windsor. It was a mournful ceremony. The night was cold in the extreme, and the whole scene very affecting to those who felt *really* on the melancholy occasion. It is not for me to write the character of the Duke of York; his rank and his services claim for him a page in history. In his politics he was a Tory; in his religion a High Churchman; in his profession a most assiduous commander-in-chief, and of

unblemished courage; in his public life a warm supporter of the British constitution; and in his private life a staunch friend, a kind master, and a most amiable, good-hearted man. Had he lived to the present day, his firmness would have guarded us from many of the visitations which have since been inflicted on this country.

*Saturday, 2nd February.*—An armistice has been concluded between the Sultan and Ibrahim Pacha, which may obviate the interference of Russia in the quarrel. My friend Matuscewitz writes to me from Melton as follows:—

“I am looking forward with great anxiety to the King’s speech. Meantime I fancy no war will arise out of the Belgian question, or out of the storm which threatens the superannuated empire of Constantinople. In both cases some compromise, even temporary, will and must be devised and agreed upon, as all the leading powers in Europe are determined to maintain peace. In this pacific policy Russia fully participates; you may depend upon it, notwithstanding all the absurd statements to the contrary in which newspapers abound. Therefore, however circumstances may appear menacing, my opinion is that a general war will be avoided.”

*Sunday, 3rd.*—Sir Robert Peel said to me, that he was very much struck with the appearance of this new Parliament, the tone and character of which seemed quite different from any other he had ever seen; there was an asperity, a rudeness, a vulgar assumption of independence, combined with a fawning reference to the people out of doors, expressed by many of the new members, which was highly disgusting. My friend R —, who has been a thick-and-thin Reformer, and voted with the Government throughout, owned to me this evening that he began to be frightened.

*Monday, 4th.*—The Government has been much alarmed at the effect caused by their rash project of emancipating the slaves in the West Indian colonies, and have given assurances to-day to the deputation of proprietors, which have in some degree calmed their fears for the present.

The King came to town this morning, and the cabinet council has been sitting till five o’clock, to compose the King’s speech for to-morrow. There are many reports in circulation, but sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. Amendments will certainly be made by the Radicals.

*Tuesday, 5th.*—The King went in person to open the Parliament. The speech from the throne, though long, is in no way

satisfactory. It allows that the Belgian question remains unsettled, and that the embargo will continue; that rigorous measures must be used against Ireland. It mentions Church reform, but omits entirely West Indian projects.

*Wednesday, 6th.*—The address from the Lords was presented to the King, that from the Commons is not yet carried, owing to the amendment moved by O'Connell on the subject of Ireland, on which the House adjourned to-night. He called it a brutal and bloody speech, for which Lord John Russell moved that his words should be taken down. There was much personality against Mr. Stanley during the debate. The stocks fell to-day in consequence of the speech.

*Thursday, 7th.*—The debate on the amendment carried on in the same strain, and the House again adjourned. The chief Tories have now formed their plan; they will take little part in the debates, except on two or three momentous questions, leaving the Government to fight their own battles with their Radical opponents, in the hope that either the Government may be obliged to dissolve the Parliament, or to be turned out themselves. The power which the Whigs have raised for their own purposes now begins to act without them, and they must follow in its wake. Ireland is become the first stumbling-block. Lord Anglesey returns to his government on Saturday, with full powers. Lord Milton, in opposition to the wishes of Lord Althorpe, has given notice of a motion on the corn laws, and Mr. Grote, the new Radical City member, for one on the ballot.

*Friday, 8th.*—Last night Sir Robert Peel made an excellent speech in the sense as above, which gave much satisfaction. This night the House at length divided on the address, which was carried by a majority of 388. The King has been detained in town to receive it, and much annoyed at the delay in carrying it.

*Saturday, 9th.*—Notwithstanding the pacific attitude which the Duke and Peel and the leaders of that party are now disposed to take towards the present Government, I can see clearly that the less influential members are determined to vote without that moderation, and to oppose the Whigs on all occasions. Many of these are in straitened circumstances, anxious to regain their places, and aware that, if their conduct creates future troubles, they will embarrass the chiefs and not the subordinates. They will keep only one object steadily in view, that of obtaining a majority on any terms against the Government.

*Monday, 11th.*—The Jamaica packet has been stopped from sailing by Government, as they are apprehensive that fresh in-



surrections will arise in Jamaica and Demerara, when they hear that the question of emancipating the negroes has been again agitated here.

*Tuesday, 12th.*—This evening the Irish Church Reform Bill was introduced into the Commons by Lord Althorpe. It reduces two archbishops and ten bishops, abolishes the vestry cess, &c.

*Thursday, 14th.*—There is one thing which appears to me very striking in the present new aspect of affairs; and that is the important position to which Sir R. Peel seems now to direct his views. In his opening speech, which was highly applauded, he has shown considerable address. He went down to the House that night with the public feeling certainly against him; he returned home with the tide of popularity running fully in his favour, even from the *ministerial* benches, the members of which seemed grateful for his forbearance. He has declared himself to belong to no party; but his object is insensibly to make *one* of which he shall be himself the centre and the chief. He is an ambitious man; and to this great object his endeavours will invariably tend. Now, when we consider his talents, his knowledge of business, his eloquence, and, above all, his twenty years' experience in the forms and usages of the House of Commons, joined to that *guarded conduct* which his present new position forces upon him, a position quite different to his former triumphant post, where the confidence in an obsequious majority might at times have rendered him more buoyant, less cautious, and less sensitive as to public opinion:—I say, all these circumstances considered, and, on the other hand, looking to the complexion of this new Parliament, a large proportion of which consists of men really and *de facto* bound to no party—of loose Tories, loose Whigs, loose Conservatives, and loose Radicals, acknowledging no head, but wishing to become influential by some means or other not yet ascertained by them,—it is not very rash to anticipate that to his talents it may be given to unite their discordant interests, and that, under the plausible character of a liberal Tory, the conviction may imperceptibly steal into the House of Commons, that *Sir Robert Peel* is the fittest man to govern this country. In this object he must be very much assisted by the inconsistent conduct of the present Government, which has enraged the Conservatives and disappointed the Radicals, who, if ever they were to coalesce, which is not improbable, might eventually run them very hard.

*Friday, 15th.*—Earl Grey brought forward his coercive

measures for Ireland, which are strong and effective. Sir Robert Peel in the Commons brought on the question of the Dutch embargo, when Lord Palmerston allowed that the Belgian question was as unsettled as ever. O'Connell, having heard the speech in the Lords, came back to the Commons boiling with rage, and said to a friend of mine that he could not bear to hear sentiments to which he dared not reply.

*Sunday, 17th.* — O'Connell had a meeting with his party last night, in which they determined to oppose the bill of coercion, by delaying its progress through the House by every artifice.

*Tuesday, 19th.* — Talleyrand is going to leave us; his health begins to break, though his intellect remains unimpaired. Madame de Dino is anxious to go; and she will gain her point. They talk at present of going to Roche-Cote, a country seat given her by Talleyrand. The Lievens, too, are in perplexity; the emperor Nicholas has positively refused to receive Sir Stratford Canning as ambassador at his court, Lord Palmerston is equally obstinate, and will not make another appointment; in which case *chargés d'affaires* must transact the business of each court, and Prince Lieven must be recalled as a matter of course. Talleyrand has a very bad opinion of the state of affairs here; he thinks we are going gradually to ruin. When the Reform Bill was first proposed by the Whigs he said it was *la convocation des Etats généraux à Paris* in the commencement of the Revolution; and it must at least be allowed that he has experience to guide his judgment in these matters.

*Wednesday, 20th.* — The West Indian proprietors are in great alarm; they hear that the bill for the emancipation of the slaves is drawn up, and will be made public in the next week. A meeting on this subject is to be held at Apsley House on Tuesday next.

*Friday, 22nd.* — Received a letter from Paris, which says, "The great rise in the funds here is owing to the fact, well ascertained by the Antwerp expedition, of the disinclination or the inability of the other powers to go to war; by the higher attitude assumed in Europe by this government — *thanks to that dash*; but chiefly to the dread shown by the majority of the Chambers and of the great middle class for the *mouvement parti* and doctrines, and the consequent determination to rally round the government *tel quel, faute de mieux, crainte de pis*; which motto Louis-Philippe might well inscribe on his banners and *armoiries*. In a cooler moment that eternal nightmare the Dutch question will occur again; for I heard only yesterday from the present *chargé*

*d'affaires* that he considered matters less in a train of arrangement than at any former period!—his king showing the same determined spirit, and being prepared for the worst; *i. e.* the extremity of another attack, which the high tone of ministers here, and the treatment of his colleague in London by Lord Palmerston, lead him to view as by no means improbable. But the remarkable circumstance is, that Austria and Prussia are now most urgent for submission on the part of King William; so much so, that Appony and Werther use violent language to him whenever they meet. The communications from Vienna and Berlin must of course be of the same effect to the Hague. Then, what is the look-out at the latter place? what is the secret of such great obstinacy? The ministry draw but indifferently together, and the old warlike Marshal (Soul) was in great jeopardy the other day, when those foolish duels fortunately turned up and rescued him. If M. Carrel\* had died, a second edition of General la Marque's funeral was apprehended; in which case the army and its commander might again have been wanted."

*Sunday, 24th.*—The conversation at White's and Brookes's solely engrossed by the speech of O'Connell at the meeting of the Political Union last night, which is beyond expression violent, not to say treasonable. The Whigs are enraged, and talk of expelling him from Brookes's; but they may thank themselves for it.

*Monday, 25th.*—The Political Unions at Birmingham, &c., are beginning also to meet and oppose the coercion bill for Ireland. Lord Althorpe said this morning, that the Government would stand or fall by its success. This day the Queen's birthday was kept, but the drawing-room was very thinly attended. Lord Frederick Fitz-Clarence has resigned his place at the Tower, from the conviction that this Parliament would not vote the money for the salary.

*Tuesday, 26th.*—The West Indian deputation went up to the Government by appointment at one o'clock. They returned bound to secrecy as to the nature of the emancipation bill, which will not be divulged for two or three days.

*Wednesday, 27th.*—Whatever may be in store for this country,

\* Armand Carrel, at that time chief editor of the "National," the great organ of the liberal party. He had just been severely wounded in a duel arising out of the Duchesse de Berry's conduct, then keenly canvassed by the press. In 1836 he was killed in a duel which he fought with M. Émile de Girardin.

whether it work for ultimate good or ill, none can foretell; but that a great revolution in the state is advancing none can deny. The democratic power is raising its fearful head, and, as the "Times" paper says this morning, let the present Government resign or not, the march of affairs will continue, and defy all opposition; no sooner is one innovation accomplished than a fresh inroad is proposed, as if increase of appetite had grown by what it fed on. The aristocracy are hourly going down in the scale; royalty is become a mere cipher. I was walking the other day round the Royal Exchange, the *enceinte* of which is adorned with the statues of all our kings. Only two niches now remain vacant; one is destined to our present ruler, and that reserved for his successor is the *last*.\* Some people might say it was ominous.

*Thursday, 28th.*—Van Zuylen is recalled in consequence of his disagreements with Lord Palmerston, and a new Dutch envoy, M. Dedel, is coming in his place.

*Friday, 1st March.*—The French "Moniteur" contains a letter from the Duchesse de Berry, announcing that she had been for some time privately married. This accounts for the apparent anxiety shown lately by the French government about her health, when they with great publicity sent two physicians from Paris to report on her state. Reports were circulated then that she was *enceinte*, which have unfortunately proved too true, and, instead of endeavouring to conceal the frailty of a poor, weak, defenceless woman, Louis-Philippe and his ministers would not let slip such an opportunity of disgracing the Bourbons and mortifying the Carlist party; they have, therefore, compelled her, as it were, to make this exposure to the world, in hopes that it may tend to strengthen his throne and render the claims of the other family more precarious; but every generous mind must see that they have cruelly abused their power over one who had no hope but in their delicacy and clemency. There is some little reaction in public opinion in the city; Lyall, the Tory candidate, has been elected by a large majority in the room of Alderman Waithman.

*Saturday, 2nd.*—The Speaker said to me at White's this morning: "It is the fashion to compliment me on my knowledge of the forms of the House and the rules in debates, but all my past experience in Parliament is positively good for nothing; the

\* In one respect the omen was fulfilled, the Royal Exchange having been burnt in 1838, within six months after the accession of her present Majesty.

business of the House is carried on so differently from the former system, that I am, in fact, as great a novice as any of them. The cry for adjournment from a particular party generally followed after a convincing speech from their own side; now they are clamorous for adjournment when their adversaries have just carried the palm in argument against them."

*Sunday, 3rd.* — The news of the day is, that Don Miguel has succeeded in raising a loan at Paris, which will render the cause of Don Pedro nearly hopeless; that Châteaubriand, notwithstanding the unfortunate situation of the Duchesse de Berry, has been unanimously acquitted by the jury on the prosecution instituted against him for his pamphlet in her favour, which openly advocated the claims of Henri V.; that accounts have been received from Vienna stating the submission of the Pacha to the Sultan; that our fleet off Lisbon has been ordered to proceed to the Mediterranean, where we had not one line-of-battle ship left; that the fresh despatch arrived from Holland is more unaccommodating than the last.

*Monday, 4th.* — Irish coercion bill still adjourned.

*Tuesday, 5th.* — Bill carried by 466 to 89.

*Wednesday, 6th.* — This morning died, at Norwood, the Earl of Dudley, aged fifty-two. A relation, the Rev. Mr. Ward, succeeds to the title of Lord Ward, with 4000*l.* per annum, and about 80,000*l.* per annum is left to his son.

*Friday, 8th.* — The plan of emancipation in the West Indies, though not yet divulged, engrosses much conversation. There seems little doubt that compensation is intended to the proprietors, the funds for which can only be raised by a loan. The Government asserts that the country demands the abolition of slavery. If it can be done at the cost of one unfortunate class, well and good; but I believe the philanthropist has very little inclination to contribute any part thereof out of his own pocket:—

“ Sur le sort des pauvres nègres avec larmes il s'explique,  
Sans pouvoir chez lui garder un seul domestique.”

*Saturday, 9th.* — There are various reports of difference in the cabinet on the subject of this Irish bill; but they seem to lead to no serious change. The King has given to Sir P. Sydney the place of surveyor-general of the duchy of Cornwall, worth 2000*l.* per annum.

*Thursday, 14th.* — Lord Durham resigns his place in the Government, and is to be made an earl. M. Dedel, the new Dutch ambassador, arrived in London. Schimmelpennich, his brother-

in-law, writes to us thus: "On attend monts et merveilles de son apparition chez vous; je ne partage pas cette opinion, je pense qu'on ne veuille pas effectivement la paix."

*Friday, 15th.*—This night's Gazette announced the earldom of Lord Durham. The King came to town, it is said, about some differences in the cabinet. Van Zuylen took leave, but Dedel was not presented. The run for gold in Ireland is becoming more serious, and the value of property there is falling.

*Saturday, 16th.*—The Russian fleet with troops is arrived from Sebastopol at Constantinople, in consequence of the Sultan's demand for assistance to resist the Pacha, much to the annoyance of France and England, who wished to have the *éclat* of terminating the hostilities themselves, and are now most anxious for the withdrawal of the Russians. This event recalls to my mind the words which Matuscewitz used to me about a fortnight ago. He said, "With regard to the East, we will not allow any power to dictate to us; it is our natural field. We are there close at hand, and can always take our measures before any other interference can clash with our views."

*Monday, 18th.*—Our Government has been properly duped by our friends the French at Constantinople. Admiral Roussin has been on the alert; he has made a tool of our *chargé d'affaires* Mandeville for his own purposes with the Porte, and then, keeping him in the background, has signed a treaty on *his own responsibility* with the Sultan for the Pacha, claiming for France the whole merit of the interference. Lord Palmerston is biting his lips with vexation; Neumann is vexed *à outrance*; and as to Russia, as the peace is made, *it is supposed* that their fleet must return to Sebastopol.

*Tuesday, 19th.*—The election for Marylebone, in the room of Mr. Portman, closed to-day. There were three candidates, Mr. Hope in the Tory interest, Mr. Murray in the Whig, and Sir Samuel Whalley in the Radical. As the Whigs would not give a vote to a Tory, nor the Tories to a Whig, Mr. Murray having resigned last night, the Radical has come in. I received a letter from Paris thus: "I thought some clue might perhaps occur to the strange mystery at Blaye; but the various circumstances still remain unexplained, though the main fact admits, I fear, of no doubt, *malgré* the obstinate disbelief of some *very staunch* Legitimists. I believe the plan now is to set her (the Duchesse de Berry) at liberty after her recovery, and then to grant a general amnesty for political offences, which would include the four prisoners at

Ham.\* Such a proceeding would in some degree tend to wipe off the disgrace attaching to the government for its loud and official proclamation of that poor woman's avowal. Louis-Philippe's sole prop is the negative dread of what might succeed him. That feeling of course grows fainter as internal alarms subside; which you may collect from the debates in the papers of the deputies, where the ministry meet daily checks and rebuffs. The *tiers parti*, with skilful management, might soon turn them out; but the leader of that set, M. Dupin, the president, wants political weight, talent, and consistency for the part. Therefore they will jog on, I suppose, *tant bien que mal*, some time longer. I have just heard that a courier from Constantinople brings an account that the Russian fleet from Sebastopol, having made its appearance there, the French Ambassador, Admiral Roussin, who was just arrived, demanded its being *sent back* in very peremptory or rather threatening terms, which, after some discussion, was agreed to by the Sultan; whose application to that effect to the Russian minister produced a rather reluctant promise that they would sail back the first fair wind. I have not heard whether Admiral Roussin acted in concert with the English embassy. How will this be liked by the autocrat, whose ill-humour is already so manifest?

*Wednesday, 20th.*—A letter from John King at Paris says, "Some event or other occurs daily to discredit this government. They have been defeated within the last day or two on more than one important question in the Chamber of Deputies. The *procès du coup de pistolet* is the subject of universal derision. The dissensions in the cabinet are so strong, that a speedy change is contemplated by everybody."

*Thursday, 21st.*—The Court of Assize in Paris has acquitted the two men accused of firing the pistol at the King.

*Friday, 22nd.*—We went this evening with Sir H. Cooke to see the oratorio at Covent Garden. It is a new spectacle this year, being the representation of the Israelites in Egypt, with the passage of the Red Sea; the singing by the first professors. The orchestra and the decorations are all excellent, but it is too much like a real opera to be repeated in Lent another year.

*Saturday, 23rd.*—Don Carlos is banished by King Ferdinand from Madrid, and the liberal party in Spain seems gaining ground.

\* The Prince Polignac and the other ministers of Charles X., who had advised him to violate the "Charte," an act which issued in the July Revolution of 1830.

*Sunday, 24th.*—I had a letter this morning from the Duke of Wellington in reply to the news I had sent him about Constantinople, &c. He writes thus:—

“I am afraid that Count Matuscewitz is mistaken, and that the Emperor will find his fleet returned to Sebastopol. Where is old England, with all her interests in the Levant and in Asia, in all this!”

Cooke likewise had a letter from his Grace the same day, in which he also writes as follows:—

“We are going, but I think that it will be gradually. There will be no catastrophe; we are not equal to one. We shall be destroyed by the due course of the law, unless the Virgin of the Pillar or some miracle saves us.”

It is interesting to record the sentiments of such a man in such times; his presentiments of the future are indeed gloomy, but not unfounded.

My brother, as governor of the Bank, was yesterday with Lord Althorpe, who expressed strongly the determination of the Government to resist the motion for the alteration of the currency by a fresh circulation of paper money. His expression was, “A gross robbery on the public was committed by Mr. Peel’s bill in 1819, and we will not sanction a similar robbery in 1833 by repealing it.” To-day I hear that the party are becoming so strong in the House of Commons that they will forcibly carry their point.

*Monday, 25th.*—A general court of proprietors was held at the India House to consider the proposal of the Whig government for reforming the East India Company:—

1. That the China monopoly should cease.

2. The company to assign to the Government the whole of its territorial possessions; that the government of India should be retained by the company; that the dividends be continued to the proprietors as before, but secured only on the territorial revenues of India, redeemable at 200*l.* for each 100*l.* capital, with other innovations, which had been declined unanimously by the directors, and were now referred to the proprietors, who are to meet again at a general court on the 15th April to discuss this very important question.

It is singular that the Right Honourable Charles Grant\*, son of the late Mr. Grant, who was so long chairman of the East India

\* Now Lord Glenelg.



Company, and so warmly attached to the interests of that body, should, in his situation of President of the Board of Control, be the instrument of thus annihilating the very existence of this splendid and powerful establishment. His correspondence with the chairman is now before the public, and has excited much animadversion from its testy and unstatesmanlike style. The English government is now raising the whirlwind in the eastern and western hemispheres; not satisfied with domestic commotion, it seems determined to shake the very globe itself to its centre. To predict is futile! Who can tell what even to-morrow may bring? But every one may now observe in society the marked contrast which exists at this crisis between the two great clashing parties in the state; the one agitated by fear and apprehension, faint-hearted and panic-struck at the evils which they see coming on the world; the other sanguine, reckless, exulting, and, as Lord Lyndhurst said of Lord Brougham in the House of Lords, making their sportive gambols on the surface of a whirlpool.

Dezel had a stormy interview with Lord Palmerston last night, leaving little hope of a settlement thus far.

*Tuesday, 26th.* — India stock rose ten per cent. this morning, on the prospect of the dividend being continued as before; but the speculators seem to have taken a superficial view of the question. The Russian emperor is highly offended at the French Admiral Roussin's interference at Constantinople, and requires a serious explanation from that government, which has already approved of the conduct of its ambassador. This last insult, added to the previous causes of irritation, will probably bring the point to an issue whether the autocrat will dare to go beyond a *war of words*.

*Wednesday, 27th.* — The Duchesse de Berry is alarmingly ill in her prison at Blaye. M. Clermont Tonnerre writes from Paris to a friend of mine: "We are occupied in observing the progress of affairs in England, where a great revolution seems to us inevitable." Mr. Robinson's motion in the House last night for a sweeping repeal of taxes, and the imposition of a property tax, though opposed firmly by ministers, still found 155 adherents. To give some idea of the tone of the French journals at present, the following is a quotation from the "Corsaire" of last week: "L'état de l'atmosphère, mélange de neige, de vent, de pluie et de chaleur, est absolument celui de notre situation politique. Salmigondis d'arbitraire, de violence, de peur, de mensonge et de lâcheté."

At this day's *levée* Lord Goderich was made privy seal, in the room of Lord Durham.

*Thursday, 28th.* — Mr. Stanley\* is made colonial minister instead of Lord Goderich, and Sir J. C. Hobhouse† secretary for Ireland, in his room.

*Friday, 29th.* — The "Petersburg Gazette" takes no notice of Admiral Roussin's interference. It merely states that affairs look more peaceable in the East; in which case their fleet may retire to the neighbouring port of Sizeboli, where *it will be joined by another fleet and an army by land.*

*Saturday, 30th.* — No news. Matuscewitz will leave us on Tuesday for Petersburg.

*Tuesday, 2nd April.* — There is mutiny in Don Pedro's fleet off Oporto. Admiral Sartorius has refused to act till the arrears due to him and his crew are paid. Sir John Milley Doyle was sent on board to place him under arrest, and Sartorius immediately ordered him to be detained as a prisoner till the grievances are redressed.

*Wednesday, 3rd.* — Last night, in the House of Commons, ministers had only a majority of eleven on the question of continuing the system of flogging in the army, and still many Tories voted with them.

*Thursday, 4th.* — House adjourned for the recess.

*Saturday, 6th.* — The removal of Lord Goderich from the colonies has been compulsory, and sorely against his will. He stated to Earl Grey, that to remove him at such a moment, when the emancipation question, with which he had been so long officially occupied, was on the eve of settlement, was an act of great injustice to him; that, if the result was satisfactory, his successor would reap all the credit of his labours; but if, on the contrary, the project should be a failure, all the obloquy would still devolve upon him. The premier remained inflexible. He was convinced of the necessity of the change, which had met the approbation of his Majesty; he could enter into all the feelings of Lord Goderich on the subject, but where the public welfare was at stake he could not allow them to bias him, and he finally trusted to his good sense to subscribe without further difficulty to the wishes of the cabinet. He assured him that the King would be happy to give him any compensation; that his advancement to an earldom would be easily accomplished; and that he himself (Lord Grey) would be anxious, when affairs became more settled, to offer him any

\* Now Earl of Derby.

† Now Lord Broughton.

further promotion. To all these observations Lord Goderich remained firmly inaccessible, till at length Lord Grey, resorting to his usual last resource, informed him that he would instantly go and place his own resignation in the hands of his Majesty. Resistance then became useless, and Lord Goderich yielded.

*Sunday, 7th.* — There has been very little foreign news this last week. The new tariff has passed in America, which will probably pacify the Carolinians. Dedel's negotiations go on but slowly in Downing-street. The Russian fleet remains immovable before Constantinople, in spite of Admiral Roussin, which will not tend to make the King of Holland more tractable. I affected to joke last night with young Lieven about the return of the Russians to Sebastopol. His reply was, "Rira qui rira le dernier."

A reaction has taken place at Madrid; the liberal party are confounded, and Zea Bermudez is more firmly established than ever.

*Monday, 8th.* — The news from the East becomes more serious. Ibrahim Pacha refuses to stop the march of his Egyptian troops, and the Russians are marching through the provinces to assist the Sultan, who invokes their aid, to the great disgust of the French and English envoys at Constantinople.

*Tuesday, 9th.* — The news from Jamaica is very bad. Lord Mulgrave, the new governor, has been publicly assailed in the streets. Everything seemed to announce a serious insurrection in the island.

The feeling of jealousy which might have existed between Austria and Russia last year seems to have completely subsided; and the union of France and England, for their so-called liberal objects, has only drawn closer the ties of amity between the three other great powers. Neumann, who is not in general communicative, openly asserted at dinner that Austria acquiesced in the proceedings of Russia at Constantinople, and was equally convinced of the moderation of her views in that quarter.

*Wednesday, 10th.* — The Irish Coercion Bill being now a part of the law of the land, Lord Anglesey has begun to put it in force by placing the county of Kilkenny under martial law. The Government has received a smart hint as to the change of public opinion. Captain Berkeley, who has been made a lord of the Admiralty, has been defeated at Gloucester by Mr. Hope, a Tory candidate, on trying for his re-election. At Sunderland Lord Grey's son-in-law Captain Barrington has been compelled to resign, and Alderman Thompson is elected in his room. Edward Ellice has been gazetted secretary-at-war, *vice* Hobhouse.

*Thursday, 11th.*—The Russian fleet in the Bosphorus was, on the 5th ultimo, reinforced by several frigates, containing more troops and artillery.

Although we have not been visited with the cholera this year, yet a species of influenza, which attacks the lungs more or less violently, has made its appearance, and the medical men say that they never witnessed at any season so much serious illness as at present.

An insurrection has taken place among the students at Frankfort. Much blood has been spilt, and a ducal palace has been burnt. It is supposed to emanate from the propaganda in France, where everything seems to announce that the liberal party are preparing to make a great movement against the government of Louis-Philippe. My friend General Stopford is just arrived from Calais, and says that the language of the *Mouvement* party becomes daily more menacing.

Alvanley has been spending a week at Lord Sefton's at Stoke. He says that the chancellor and Lord Melbourne, who were of the party, seemed in very low spirits at the aspect of affairs and the increasing difficulties which pressed on the Government. The liberal press begins to assail them with abuse, and predicts their fall. The handwriting on the wall for them is "Go on, or go out!"

*Friday, 12th.*—Lord Goderich has been made an earl by the title of Earl of Ripon in Yorkshire. His original wish was to have taken the name of Harold; but some allusions in "John Bull" of last Sunday to *Childe Harold* have probably altered his intention.

*Saturday, 13th.*—It is now well known that the persons ridiculed by Molière in his comedies were living in France at the time he wrote. The original of *Tartuffe* was one Roquette, who was much more of a *polisson* than a priest, and who belonged to the diocese of Autun. This circumstance has suggested the following epigram on Talleyrand:—

"Roquette dans son tems,  
Talleyrand dans le nôtre,  
Furent évêques d'Autun.  
Tartuffe est le surnom de l'un,  
Ah ! si Molière eut connu l'autre."

In the passing events in Belgium the name of Count Vilain Quatorze is often mentioned. The origin of this title is curious: his grandfather was made a peer by Louis XIV., and when the

monarch asked him if he wished to change his name, he merely asked for the numeral addition, that his family might never forget the creator of their title.

*Tuesday, 16th.* — A sad, melancholy day. At seven o'clock this morning died my deeply-regretted friend Lord Foley. One short week's illness has carried him to the grave. For twenty-five years have I lived with him in the closest intimacy, and never knew a kinder or more friendly heart than his. The unbounded hospitality of his nature brought him into pecuniary difficulties, which embittered the latter years of his life; and I very much fear that anxiety of mind contributed to render his last illness fatal. He was of a noble and princely disposition; a kind, affectionate parent, and a warm friend. He married the sister of the Duke of Leinster, and has left eight children. He was lord of the bed-chamber, and captain of the band of Gentlemen Pensioners to the present King.

*Wednesday, 17th.* — This evening the first reading of the bill for the emancipation of the Jews, moved by Mr. Robert Grant, was passed without a division in the House of Commons. If it had been Turks and heretics it would have been just the same thing; indeed, Mr. Hume did make some allusion to the Parsees in India as worthy of the same distinction. It has been pleasantly said of this Whig government, that it is impossible to ravish them, because they concede everything. A communication has lately been made to the Bank for the renewal of their charter, which expires in August next. The original proposal made by Lord Althorpe is, that the charter be extended for only ten years; that the 250,000*l.* annually paid by the Government to that establishment for the management of the public debt, &c., shall be conceded: that one half of the capital, being 7,300,000*l.*, shall be repaid by the Government and distributed to the proprietors; while the dividend on the remaining half shall be raised from 8*l.* to 10*l.* per cent., with the stipulation that all future profits made by the Bank exceeding that 10*l.* per cent. on 7,300,000*l.* shall accrue to the Government. This proposition has met with a flat refusal from the court of directors, who have in return submitted a plan much more favourable to their own interests, to his lordship's attention, and comprehending much greater immunities than he had contemplated. Their proposal is this:—

(1.) That the exclusive privileges be continued for *twenty-one years.*

(2.) That no joint-stock bank be chartered for issuing paper money within sixty-five miles of London.

(3.) That a weekly return of liabilities and assets be returned confidentially to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the form as delivered to the commissioners, to be dealt with as he may deem proper. If the Government determines on the publication in the Gazette, it is proposed that such shall be made quarterly, containing the average of the three preceding months.

(4.) That 25 per cent. of the capital now held by the Government be returned to the proprietors.

(5.) That the Bank do deduct 100,000*l.* per annum from the present charge for management.

(6.) That the Bank be permitted to divide 9*l.* per cent. on the remaining capital held by Government, and to accumulate a cash surplus of 3,000,000*l.* prior to any further allowance being made to the public, stipulating at the same time that the cash surplus shall not be reduced below 2,500,000*l.*

(7.) That, after payment of the dividend of 9*l.* per cent. and accumulation of cash surplus as above, half any further profits acquired by the Bank shall be annually deducted from the sums payable by the Government to the Bank.

(8.) If, in lieu of participation by the public in future benefits, a private compensation is preferred, the company propose the further sum of . . . . . *l.* to be deducted from the prior charge.

Thus the matter stands at issue at present; but it is probable that no answer will be returned till after the currency question, to be moved by Mr. Attwood on Friday next, and which excites great attention, shall have been decided.

*Thursday, 18th.* — Died Henry Herbert, Earl of Carnarvon.

*Saturday, 20th.* — Last night Lord Althorpe took precedence of Mr. Attwood's motion for the distresses of the country and a change in the currency, by producing unexpectedly his budget, which consisted in retrenchments producing about 1,400,000*l.* and taking off taxes for 1,100,000*l.* The result seemed to give no real satisfaction, as it would produce no real relief to any class in the country.

*Monday, 22nd.* — Attwood's motion for a committee on the distress of the country, combined with a plan for a depreciated standard, came on this evening in the Commons.

*Tuesday, 23rd.* — The House divided on Attwood's motion, ayes 139, noes 331; being a majority of 192 for ministers.

*Thursday, 25th.* — A riotous meeting at the Crown and Anchor for the repeal of the assessed taxes, at which the sitting

members for Westminster were violently abused for their votes on Attwood's motion. The Government is becoming daily more unpopular.

*Friday, 26th.* — A deputation of fifty from the unions, headed by one Gough, waited on Lord Althorpe at the Treasury, to represent their grievances; who, on the plea of engagements, begged to decline receiving them. They sent him word that they would recommend him, for *his own* convenience, to admit them, as at four o'clock they should pay him another visit to the number of 5000.

At night, in the House of Commons, Lord Althorpe, having been taunted with neglecting the agricultural interest in his late budget, announced that he should move for two committees to inquire into the causes of distress, one of the agricultural, the other of the trading interests. Sir W. Ingleby then proposed his resolution for reducing one-half of the malt tax, which would amount to about 2,000,000*l.* It was carried, to the manifest confusion of Government, by a majority of ten against them, many Tories joining the number; among whom was Mr. Baring, the member for Essex (a barley county), who did not dare to vote against the will of his constituents.

The revolution so long predicted seems to be approaching. No real government can henceforward exist in this country. We must own no other rule than that of the House of Commons, which is now beginning, as in the time of Charles I., to refuse the supplies. Another motion comes on upon Tuesday for the repeal of the assessed taxes, which will also be carried; making a further deficiency in the revenue of 2,800,000*l.*

Lord Grey has positively refused to lay on a property tax.

*Saturday, 27th.*—The ministers are at their wits' ends. Lords Grey and Althorpe have been to the King to offer their resignations, which he could not receive; nor were they justified in offering to desert him. A cabinet council was then called, which lasted several hours; but the result was not known. Neither the Duke nor Peel would consent to come in at such a moment. They must see too well the dangers and difficulties that would await them. At night the public mind became more tranquil, on the idea that the ministers would make a great effort on Monday night to rescind what they call the surprise of Friday; and that, if unsuccessful, they would then allow the repeal of the malt and of the assessed taxes, replacing them by a property tax; but constituted as this House of Commons now is, who can calculate on its being carried?

*Sunday, 28th.*—The same state of uncertainty all day : nothing decisive known, but cabinet councils sitting to a late hour.

*Monday, 29th.*—This evening the House was in breathless anxiety for the ministerial decision, when Lord Althorpe rose, and said, that he meant, on the proposal of the motion to-morrow for the repeal of the assessed taxes, to move as an amendment, “That the repeal thereof and the reduction of the malt tax would occasion such a deficiency in the revenue as could only be supplied by the substitution of a general tax on property and an extensive change in our whole financial system, which would be inexpedient at present.”

*Tuesday, 30th.*—I never saw so much dismay and anxiety generally pervading all parties as to the result of this night’s debate and the consequent feelings it may excite in the country. There is a fearful conviction of the weakness of the Government gaining ground, even among their own partisans, which makes all thinking men apprehensive for the future. They would now gladly resist the clamour of the people ; but as the Duke said, the real danger is when they begin *to stop*. To get into power they have promised all their boons, and the bond will be exacted. At night there was a call of the House ; and, from a dread of the impending danger, and the threat of resignation on the part of ministers, Lord Althorpe’s amendment was carried by a majority of 154. Thus the matter is arranged for the present ; but the same dilemma may easily occur again. Hobhouse has resigned his place and his seat.

*Wednesday, 1st May.*—A temporary calm ; but the late measures have destroyed the little remaining popularity of the Whig government ; and even this new Reform Parliament comes in for its share of abuse from the public press.

There are meetings of the unions and murmurs of refusing to pay the assessed taxes. In the meantime Russia, aware of the embarrassments which absorb the attention of the European powers, is quietly prosecuting her own views in the East, and gradually entangling the Sultan in her meshes.

*Thursday, 2nd.*—Sir John Hobhouse is to be reinstated and put up again as a candidate for Westminster. Sir J. Malcolm died this morning. The undertakers here have more work than they can accomplish. Lord Roden is just returned from Brussels. He told me that the country was quite paralysed,—no trade, no society, no energy ; the policy of the King of Holland is quietly making its way towards a restoration.

*Friday, 3rd.*—Accounts have been again received by telegraph,



through France, from the Mediterranean, announcing the death of Admiral Sir Henry Hotham, commanding the English squadron on that station. He was an excellent officer, and a most valuable man. He married Lady Frances Rous, sister to the Earl of Stradbroke, and has left her a widow with three boys. In the navy it will be difficult to replace such a man, particularly at the present crisis in the East.

At a meeting of the council of the Birmingham Political Union, the following resolutions were adopted unanimously :—

(1.) That his Majesty's ministers,—

*First*, By violating the constitution and destroying the liberties of Ireland ;—

*Secondly*, By denial of the general distress amongst the productive classes and refusal of all inquiry into the means of its relief ;—

*Thirdly*, By refusing to make any perceptible reduction in the present overwhelming load of taxation ; by persisting in the continuation of the partial and unjust taxes assessed upon houses and windows, notwithstanding the relief which was imperatively demanded by the depressed state of trade : and especially by their absolutely forcing upon the country the odious and oppressive malt tax, without any diminution, although its partial abolition had been deliberately resolved upon by a vote of the House of Commons only three days previously ;—

have betrayed the confidence of the people and turned their sanguine hopes into despair.

(2.) That, in this frightful situation of the country, it is the opinion of this council that *public meetings* ought to be held *with the least possible delay* in every *country town* and *village* throughout the *United Kingdom*, to implore his Majesty to dismiss from his councils men who have proved themselves utterly unworthy, unable, or unwilling to extricate the country from the dangers and difficulties with which it is surrounded.

(3.) That for this purpose the council deems it expedient that a public meeting of the population of this district should be held at Newhall Hill, &c.

*Friday, 10th.* — The election for Westminster is decided ; the Whig and Tory candidates, Hobhouse and Escott, are defeated, and the Radical Colonel Evans \* has gained the day,— a type of the dominant feeling.

\* Now General Sir De Lacy Evans.

*Monday, 13th.* — A public meeting held in Coldbath Fields to form a National Convention. The Government having previously issued a proclamation declaring such assemblage illegal, the numbers did not amount to more than 2000 or 3000; but the language held and the banners exhibited on the occasion proved that their object was nothing short of revolution. They were ultimately dispersed by the police; but not till three or four of that body had been stabbed by concealed daggers; one of whom died on the spot. Some of the ringleaders are now in custody.

*Tuesday, 14th.* — Mr. Stanley produced this evening in the Commons the Government plan for negro emancipation; which, if carried into effect, must threaten the ruin of the West Indian proprietors. It is so complex in its machinery, that none think it practicable; and as it is not sufficiently decisive for the Abolitionists, and much too severe on the West Indian interest, it gives equal dissatisfaction to both parties. In the meantime it paralyses the trade with the colonies; spreads fear and anxiety among those interested in it; and, as a question now mooted, but long to remain undecided, will unsettle immediately the minds of the negroes and probably create rebellion and confusion throughout the islands. Thus do difficulties daily increase. The discussion of this bill is now adjourned to the 30th instant.

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Château de C——, near Orleans, August 29, 1833.

The state of politics at home and abroad remains unaltered; the Belgian question is still unsettled; civil war continues to rage in Portugal. The Russian troops, it is true, have quitted Constantinople, as pledged to do, on the retreat of the Pacha into Asia, but not till a treaty offensive and defensive was signed between the Emperor and the Sultan, unknown to the other powers; by which the influence of the former in Turkish affairs is rendered more decisive than if a Russian army of occupation had attempted to prolong their stay in the Turkish capital. Stratford Canning is returned from Madrid to England, his mission to the Spanish court having proved abortive. Otho is established as King in Greece, and little attention is excited by his proceedings. Austria and Prussia remain in *statu quo*, watching with a jealous eye the proceedings of France and England in Portugal, and alarmed at every movement which takes place in their German and Italian provinces.

At home the Whigs, *faute de mieux et crainte de pis*, remain in the Government. The session of Parliament is just expiring, and the two great questions of the East and West Indies yet un-

settled. Party spirit remains as strong as ever. Death has been busy in the higher circles since we left England. The Duke of Sutherland has not long survived his new dignities. The Earl of Plymouth has died of apoplexy on board his yacht in the river. Lord Dover, whose health has been for some time declining, died a month ago in London. Sir Harry Goodricke, who inherited the immense property of his uncle Lord Clermont, is just dead in Ireland, much regretted by all who knew him, but particularly by the society of Melton.

*Wednesday, 8th October.*—I was in Paris the last week. The state of affairs begins to change. On Sunday week, the 28th September, Ferdinand King of Spain died. The news arrived in Paris on Thursday morning, and on the Friday a courier was dispatched by the French government with the formal recognition of the young princess as queen, to the exclusion of Don Carlos. Orders have been given to form an army of observation on the frontier of the Pyrenees, and French troops are already on the march thither. The Spanish funds have fallen in consequence 15 per cent., and the French 3 per cents. to 71·60. I called on Count Pozzo di Borgo, the Russian Ambassador, by appointment, at his hotel in the Champ Elysées, who spoke very openly on the aspect of affairs. He seemed much irritated at what he called the hypocrisy of the French government as well as of the English, against whom he expressed himself almost equally hostile. He said that, contrary to all diplomatic etiquette, which requires that each nation should carry on its own correspondence *direct* with foreign powers, France and England had sent a *joint note* to Russia, on the subject of her interference in Turkey, couched in terms which he knew they would not dare to maintain. He said that Russia, Austria, Prussia, and Holland were all united in sentiment, and understood each other perfectly; that their armies were never so well appointed; and that 600,000 men could be brought into the field at any notice. As to Louis-Philippe, his opinion was, that little dependence could be placed on him, he was consistent only in one point, and that was his determination to remain king; if he could not reign with the *bonnet gris*, he would condescend to reign with the *bonnet rouge*. All his questions seemed to tend to what means could overthrow the Whig government in England. He desired C——, who was with him during my visit, and who is going to England, to tell the Duke that, if ever he returned to office, all the Four Powers were unanimous to abide in everything by his instructions; that if he wished any particular object to be accomplished for the

good of Europe, they would follow it up hand and heart; in short, that in such a case their counsels should be guided by England: but, added he, "if she is still to be governed by her present rulers, let her beware of the consequences. Our plans are laid. We shall attack her in her most vulnerable point, — in her commerce. We have means in our power to destroy her: we will prohibit every species of manufacture or produce that can in the slightest degree affect her interests; we will shut up the Sound against her; we will offer such advantages to America, her rival, that the whole carrying trade of Europe shall come into her hands; and we will do everything to accelerate that ruin which her own mad rulers are already eventually bringing on her head." He then adverted to Poland. He said that the great fault the emperor had committed was giving her a constitution, a mild government, and a national army. Those things would now no longer exist; all the fortresses in that country were now rebuilt, and strengthened with such impregnable works, such immense batteries of artillery, such numerous garrisons, and such a system of police throughout the country, that though it was true the expense had been enormous, yet all idea of insurrection had been set at rest for ever.

The news from England is of little importance, except that the spirit of resisting payment of the assessed taxes gains ground more generally, and the people are taking counsel's opinion as to the legality of that resistance.

George Villiers is arrived as minister at Madrid, just in time to witness the death of Ferdinand.

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*Tuesday, 5th November.* — I have a letter from C——, in which he says: "I wish that when you arrive in Paris you would see P. di Borgo, and inform him that I had a very long and confidential communication with the Duke, and told him all that I was desired to say. He says, in reply, that matters seem in a worse state than they were before the recess of Parliament. It is requisite that P. di Borgo should know and comprehend, not only that we have less prospect than ever of any change of Government, but that the faculty of resistance is daily diminishing by the supineness of those who have rank or fortune to lose. The Duke, it seems, could have turned out the ministers on the Irish Church Bill in August last; but during the progress of the debate Peel sent the Duke word that, if his Grace was successful, he wished it to be distinctly understood that he would be no party to any new Government; but that he would give his cordial

support to any administration formed on Conservative principles. The Duke, then, feeling he was deserted and working only for others who would run no risk, abandoned the plan, and he now thinks that no administration could be formed that would last two months if the Whigs were ejected. Financial difficulties indeed may any day bring them to a *standstill*; and he then thinks that, unless the King publicly appeals to the nation at large to support his throne, the country itself will be lost and ruined for ever. Till some such great crisis has arrived, no Conservative government can now ever be formed.

“Great care should be observed by all foreign powers, especially Russia, to avoid any measure that can lead to a popular war. The ministers would take advantage of it, and France and England combined would not only sweep every sea, but destroy the commerce of all the world. A popular war would be a most dreadful scourge to all the sovereigns of Europe; even such a war, if England remained neuter, would enable France by her propaganda to set the subjects of all Europe against their sovereigns, and create universal desolation.

*Monday, 11th.*—We arrived at Marly-le-Roi.

*Wednesday, 13th.*—I went to Paris this morning, where I called upon Count Pozzo di Borgo. He expressed himself very much interested with Cooke’s communication, and begged to take a copy of it. He then proceeded much in the following manner:—

“When I was lately in England I had great reason to foresee that things were approaching their present state, which is certainly not only ominous to yourselves, but to all Europe. Your union with France will produce no benefit to England; they will make no treaty of commerce, they will only use you for their own purposes.

“Russia is your old ally, and under the Duke’s government, convinced as we are of the rectitude of his intentions, there are no facilities to commerce, no sacrifices, that we would not make to cement that alliance; but under your present rulers we are everywhere held up to odium and suspicion, as if the conviction that you had unjustly deserted an old friend only made you more anxious to injure and traduce her for your own justification. We (meaning the Three Powers) are not so much at the mercy of you propagandists as you may think; Austria has no apprehensions for Italy, and the Prince\* Royal of Prussia has lately made a tour

\* The present King of Prussia, who, whatever other good qualities he may

in the Rhenish provinces, where he has been received with great enthusiasm and loyalty, the people being much pleased with the new commercial regulations.

“He (*par exemple*) is an excellent man, strongly attached to the good cause, with more courage and daring than his father; who, though a most amiable character, has suffered so much misfortune through his long and stormy life, that one cannot be surprised if his vigour and energy should in a certain degree subside at the conclusion of his career.

“We are now on the eve of important events; a civil war is established in Spain, and though the cabinet of Louis-Philippe are not anxious to cross the Pyrenees, yet the Carlist party are exerting themselves with so much assiduity and vigour to upset the throne of Queen Isabella, that the military interference will probably take place. What then, will you say, will the Three Powers do? They will look on quietly, will not only not oppose, but perhaps inwardly applaud the measure; and these are our reasons:—‘It will occupy at least 100,000 men; it will cost a serious sum of money,’ which will have the double effect of preventing France from interfering with us, while it must inevitably weaken her and impair her financial resources at home. We all know what a war in Spain really is. It is not like an invasion of Belgium, where you may march in and fix the day of your return.

“Let the French troops go into Spain on a revolutionary errand, and become well mixed up with the clashing party spirits of that country, who then shall say when and how they will be able to *tirer leur épingle du jeu*? Napoleon might date his fall from that rash undertaking, why not another individual who has not one-tenth of his resources?

“As to the observation of England and France united destroying the commerce of Europe in the event of war, it would be setting fire to a neighbour’s house which must communicate destruction to your own. The United States would become first the carrier and then the mistress of the world.”

Nothing can equal the veneration which Pozzo di Borgo professes for the character of the Duke, and the anxiety to learn his sentiments on all political subjects, which he said would have the greatest weight with the Russian cabinet; but recollecting, as I do, the feeling which prevailed in Petersburg in 1829 on the subject of his Grace’s policy at that period, when he stopped their possess, has certainly displayed neither the “courage” nor the “daring” with which he is credited in the text, since his accession to the throne.

march to Constantinople, and the bitterness then expressed against him, I must rather impute the present change to a sense of impending danger from the state of Europe, and a wish to gain partisans in any quarter that may be useful. Their intrigues in London were directed against the Duke prior to Canning's administration. They assisted *then* in giving the *first* check to *his* power, and in laying the first stone of *that* bridge over which, aided by unforeseen circumstances, another party has since stepped into office; whose influence, opposed as it is to their own, they will have double cause to rue, from the conviction that they may have, though unwittingly, contributed to raise it, and are now utterly powerless to overthrow it.

*Saturday, 16th.* — This villa [Le Chenil-Marly], belonging to General Sir A. Mackenzie, was formerly the residence of the Grand Veneur of the kings of France, when the palace of Marly was the scene of much splendour, in the reigns of Louis XIV. and XV. The park and the domain of the old palace still form a striking feature in the country, but every vestige of the buildings was destroyed at the time of the Revolution. One magnificent *abreuvoir*, as it is now called, but which, in those days, was a fine *jet d'eau* in the royal gardens, is at the gate of these grounds, and seems alone to have survived the desolating hand of the "*sans culottes*" and the "*bande noire*." Summary vengeance, indeed, was taken by the mob on these scenes of royal luxury and prodigality, whose neighbourhood still recalls to the mind some anecdotes in the memoirs of St. Simon or Dangeau. It is two leagues from Versailles and one from St. Germain, with the Seine winding below through a beautiful country studded with châteaux, villages and campagnes. The drive from Paris may be accomplished in two hours.

I met to-day a French officer who had served in the campaigns of Napoleon, and related many little traits of his character, and anecdotes which proved how completely he knew the way to rouse the enthusiasm of the French soldier. On the morning of the battle of Leipsic Napoleon advanced to harangue the whole line. He addressed himself first to the Saxon and other German auxiliaries, who still remained with him, in a speech that lasted twenty minutes, translated to them by an interpreter, in which every argument was used to excite their ardour and animate their courage; but it was evident with little effect, as they seemed to listen without much interest. Piqued at this result, and at the failure of his eloquence, he galloped up to the French line, who were waiting his arrival. His only words were, "Français, je n'ai

rien à vous dire, vous avez juré de vaincre ou de mourir, faites votre devoir ;” and the air resounded with acclamations of *vive l'empereur* from thousands who were ready to die in his cause — a cause which had already sent so many millions into the other world.

*Monday, 18th.* — I was amused by hearing an account of the balls now given by Louis-Philippe at the Tuileries, which are very splendid as to decorations, but not very select as to company. In order to gain popularity, a certain number of tickets are sent to each of the ten legions of the National Guard. Great part of the society is, therefore, composed of the shopkeepers of Paris, who, even in this scene of festivity, do not lose sight of their own interest. It is said that a lady happened to complain the other night that her shoe pinched her, when her partner immediately presented his card of address as *cordonnier du roi*, and offered to wait upon her the next morning.

There was a grand review the other day at Paris, and it must be allowed that the French troops are very much improved in appearance within the last twelvemonth. Their cavalry is not so well mounted as ours, but the regiments of infantry were composed of good-looking young men, generally short in stature, but active, well disciplined, and all seemed animated by a good spirit, and cheerful.

*Wednesday, 20th.* — I went to Paris and dined with J. King. It appears that a division exists in this cabinet as to the military intervention in Spain. It is advocated by Marshal Soult and Thiers, but opposed by the Duc de Broglie, who is apprehensive of the consequences ; owing perhaps to the readiness with which the Three Powers have seemed to accede to the measure. It is now generally known that, when the subject was proposed to them by France, their answer was, “You may do as you please.” At the same time this permission has been coupled with a decided notice that, *arrive qui voudra*, they will not suffer another military interference in Belgium. I understand, likewise, that one or two other points have been stated, on which they have now made up their minds — to declare war in case France should attempt to go counter to their wishes. They are united and agreed in their policy, and the period is arrived when they mean to make a stand. The reference to Belgium at such a moment is worthy of remark, and, as the King of Holland still shows no disposition to come to a final accommodation with Leopold, should he once see the French armies well entangled in a Spanish war, he will probably avail



himself of that opportunity to create a ferment and revive his claim on his lost provinces.

My letters from England are gloomy; both parties seem apprehensive of a crisis. F. Byng said to Cooke, "The Tories have brought to pass all that may happen; we have merely delayed it." The cabinet is divided on one question among themselves, — Shall Lord Durham come into power again? shall E. Ellice have a seat in the cabinet? They have decided not to touch the corn laws or the malt tax, but who shall say they have the power to maintain their decision?

*Sunday, 24th.* — Received this morning from C—— the Duke's opinion on my communication of the interview with Pozzo on the 13th. He writes thus to C——:—

"Strathfieldsaye, 20th November.

"I return the enclosed, which is very curious.

"You recollect what I told you about Spain. The truth is, that the war in Spain suits nobody. It is weakness to France. Louis-Philippe will not engage in it if he can avoid it. The moment he does, the Continent are more than a match for him, even with England on his side. But I think that Pozzo has left one element out of his calculation, that is Portugal.

"In Napoleon's time Portugal was not only sound, but, with our assistance, formidable. It was the basis on which the machinery was founded which finally overturned the world. Portugal is now in a state of revolutionary confusion. But wait a moment! We shall presently see the sale of the estates of the church and nobility in Portugal; loans negociated upon that security; revolutionary armies raised in England, France, Belgium, and Poland, and paid with that money; and, I fear, the whole Peninsula revolutionised by the aid of these means, and by following this example in Spain. This is the result to which our revolutionary Government is tending!"

*Wednesday, 27th.* — The park of Marly is an object of curiosity, if only as a record of past magnificence; but the avenues, the drives, the woods, the lakes, the hills, and dales alone have survived the hand of the destroyer. The grand entrance to it was from the Versailles road, and must have been very striking. From the great gate you enter into what was once a vast circular court, the walls of which still in part remain. Here were the barracks and stables of the French king's body-guard; from thence you descend by a straight, broad avenue into the vale,

surrounded by woods, where formerly stood the palace; a mere mass of rubbish now alone remains to mark its situation. It consisted of one large pavilion, the offices of which were detached, but so numerous that they extended to a great distance. In the front was a lake containing an island, now choked up with high grass and weeds, but in those days ornamented with *jets d'eau* and waterworks. On each side of this lake a triple avenue of lime trees, which was a favourite drive of the old court, and served as a screen to six smaller pavilions on the right, and six on the left, ranged in a straight line, and appropriated to the reception of the court. Here one may stand, amidst heaps of broken stones, and picture to the mind what may have been the scene in the beginning of the last century:—the magnificent apartments, the royal retinue, the sumptuous banquets, the smooth lawns, the gay parterres, and the princes, the ministers, the courtiers; while, on the brow of the hill, the guard, drawn out, salutes the ponderous coach, with eight horses, containing Louis and the Widow Scarron, which rolls down the broad paved avenue, followed by a clattering train of gorgeous satellites.

Hardly one stone now remains upon another to mark the spot where luxury and splendour held their reign.

Whenever I make my inquiries in the neighbourhood, I am pleased to observe a general feeling of regret at the surrounding ruin. Some indeed still exist who witnessed and perhaps assisted in this work of desolation and havoc; but the intoxication is passed, the resentment against the aristocracy of the land has subsided, and the national pride now regrets the lost monuments of former grandeur which revolutionary madness has levelled with the dust as a froward child cries for a toy which a fit of passion has destroyed. Would that England at her present crisis could take warning from her neighbours, and reflect for one instant, in this her ardour for constitutional innovation and destruction, that a time may come, and that not very distant, when she may rue with bitter tears “the ruin it has left behind.”

*Friday, 29th.*—The English papers announce that Mr. Daniel O’Connell has recommenced his system of agitation in Ireland since the recess, to enforce the repeal of the Union. The following character of him appears in the *Post*: “There is one man in Ireland whom neither Whig nor Tory loves or esteems or trusts. Gifted with powerful talents, he has almost made us forget his talents in the profligacy with which they have been exerted. Possessing extensive influence, he has employed that influence in fomenting the mischief which it ought to have been

used to allay. He has been successively the rancorous enemy of every administration, the slanderous reviler of every public man. He has made the King and the Parliament by turns odious and contemptible; he has defied their authority, and derided their indulgence. He has invented a legal resistance to the law, and organised a system of anarchy. From him the noon-day assassin and the midnight incendiary derive, if not their guilt, at least their impunity. Professing patriotism, he has made patriotism a profit to himself; professing religion, he has made religion a curse to his country. To receive praise from him is degradation; to covet support from him is guilt. Strongly as we express ourselves, we write only what all honest men know and feel. Upon the principles and the purposes of the man we describe there is no difference of opinion. Censure is unvaried by one phrase of apology; detestation is unanimous. Lord Grey condemns with the Duke of Wellington, and Mr. Stanley denounces with Sir Robert Peel.

“This man, who if he cannot be visited with judicial vengeance, ought at least to be distinguished with moral reprobation, the Whigs have courted ever since their accession to office with a laborious sycophancy which would have been despicable even if it *had not failed*. Promotion is offered to his ambition, and pay to his cupidity; the loyal are affronted at his bidding, and the guilty are pardoned at his intercession; Lord Grey sues for his assistance, and Mr. Littleton invites him to his table.

“When we see the offers made which have been rejected, the compliments paid which have been mocked, the favours granted which have been scorned,—when we find noble lords and right honourable gentlemen labouring to persuade into virtue, or to conciliate into forbearance one of whose tried depravity they judge as we judge, and speak as we speak, — we despair of experience, and think that history has been written in vain.”

*Saturday, 30th.* — Was in Paris, and saw Pozzo. Notwithstanding the gasconade of entering Spain, this Government becomes apprehensive of the consequences, and is no longer anxious to interfere. Affairs in that country are taking an unfavourable turn for the Legitimist party. M. de Cruz has been dismissed, and the fall of M. Zea seems probable. The exertions of Don Carlos seem paralysed; he is living the life of a monk, and his followers are disheartened. Many of the nobility have been made captains-general of the provinces by the Queen; which, being offices of considerable power and emolument, have secured their allegiance to the new order of things. Saw Lord Granville,

who says Durham is expected here ; he, therefore, is not returning to office.

The other day we drove over to Versailles. Here are again all the scenes of St. Simon's reminiscences, and here is, as it were, the history of the last three monarchs previous to the revolution in 1789.

This palace was the seat of their grandeur, the scene of their pleasures, and the witness of the downfall of their race. Here fortune smiled on the long and splendid reign of Louis XIV. ; here the *parc aux cerfs* and Madame du Barry stigmatised the luxurious reign of his successor ; and from hence the unfortunate Louis XVI. was hurried away by a relentless mob to pay the forfeit of his life on a scaffold for the prodigalities and faults of his predecessors.

While I was still in the great court before the palace, a bystander, who remembered and seemed to regret the splendour of former days, probably an inhabitant who had been ruined by the departure of the court,—told me that he had stood on that very spot the day of the first convocation *des Etats généraux*. Early in the morning all the princes of the blood were assembled round the king, and in that court he had seen thirty-six carriages, each with eight horses, waiting for their respective owners.

Under the present *régime* Versailles has been found to require an establishment too expensive for a *Roi citoyen* ; it is, therefore, now in contemplation to convert this pile of building into a suite of museums for works of art and antiquity, which it is thought, by attracting an influx of curious strangers, may in some measure indemnify the inhabitants for the loss of a royal residence.

*Tuesday, 3rd December.*—On the 29th ultimo died, at Brighton, the Marquis of Funchal, while on a special mission from Don Pedro and now from Donna Maria to the court of London. He was seventy-five years old ; had passed many years in England formerly as Portuguese minister, where his grotesque little figure and animated manner had made him very notorious in society. He was then succeeded in his functions by the younger Count Souza, now Count Villa-real, who since the revolution has taken as decided a part for Donna Maria, but opposed to Pedro.

*Wednesday, 4th.*—To those who persist in holding out the hope that our Whig government will obtain a commercial treaty from France, in return for the concessions already made by them to French commerce, and the promotion of free trade principles,

the following article in the papers this morning may show the fallacy of their opinion :—

“The councils general of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce assembled together yesterday for the opening of their sittings by the minister of commerce. M. D’Arblay, in defending the agricultural interests, having expressed a hope that the government would not enter into any treaties with other countries which might prove ruinous to those interests, the minister of commerce declared that no engagements whatever had been entered into with any foreign country, and that the councils and chambers were at full liberty to stipulate for the interests of France in such manner as should be most suitable to their views. He added that neither his journey to England nor the tours of Dr. Bowring and Mr. Villiers on the Continent had led to any conclusion whatever.”

*Monday, 9th.*—We went to Paris for a few days, at the Hôtel Bristol, and found several friends. The only political news from England is, that a serious misunderstanding exists between our cabinet and Russia: the latter holds high language, even warlike, and Lord Palmerston finds he dares not hector in the Turkish as he did in the Belgian affair.

*Tuesday, 17th.*—Mr. Hume, M. P., has been here: he fell into the society of the *journalistes*, and is gone away to England with the impression that the present order of things cannot last. He was to have been presented by Lord Granville, but was obliged to leave Paris the day preceding. Louis-Philippe, who had seen the list, was disappointed, and said, “Où est Mr. Hume?” He wished to have got a word said for him in the House of Commons. The trial of Raspail and his associates, *les amis des droits de l’homme*, is going on daily, with little prospect of a verdict against them: they have much more wit and talent than their accusers, and treat the king’s advocate with great levity. This government will not take lessons from past acquittals, and still persists in these frivolous accusations which only turn to their own disparagement.

Talleyrand set off on Monday night, to resume his post at the English court. The papers say he had an interview of six hours previously with Louis-Philippe.

The weather all this week uncommonly tempestuous, and interrupting the communication with England.

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Paris, Hôtel de Breteuil, Rue Rivoli.

*Sunday, 22nd.*—The trial finished to-day, with the acquittal

of all the prisoners. The president made some severe animadversions on the counsel for the accused, and proposed to take down the words of M. Dupont as treasonable; upon which all the other advocates, twenty-five in number, rose up and desired that the words might be registered also as the opinions of all. The court broke up in some confusion.

*Monday, 23rd.*—The king went, *but with no state*, to open the chambers. There was no crowd in the streets, nor any demonstration of interest. The speech said nothing.

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1834.

*Tuesday, January 7th.* — “Bertrand and Raton,” at the Théâtre Français, which everybody goes to see, is a play by Scribe, alluding to the late revolution, and full of point. The character of Talleyrand is drawn with humour, and his impassible manner is well represented by Samson; the position of Lafitte, as Raton, employed as a tool, and gaining no advantage from his exertions, is described with some *finesse*.

*Wednesday, 8th.* — The club here, in the Rue de Grammont, is established on the same footing as those in London, with the exception that no games of chance are permitted. The society is composed of half French and half foreigners, but in attendance the latter predominate.

*Thursday, 9th.* — There was a grand ball last night at the Tuileries; near 4000 persons were present, the apartments were splendidly illuminated, and the supper very magnificent. To give an idea of the company, Yarmouth said that he called in the morning on his coachmaker, to desire that his carriage, which required some little repair, might be ready at night, as he was going to the ball. The coachmaker said, “That puts me in mind that I am also invited, and I must get my own carriage ready likewise.”

*Saturday, 11th.* — Stratford Canning has resigned his post as ambassador to St. Petersburg. Russia stood firm and would not receive him, and Lord Palmerston has been obliged to bow to the will of the autocrat.

A pert note given in by the French *chargé d'affaires* at St. Petersburg to Count Nesselrode, on the subject of the Turkish treaty with Russia, has received a most decided answer, which,

after repelling the right of any other power to interfere in the matter, concludes thus:—"It is under this conviction, and guided by the most pure and disinterested intentions, that his Majesty the Emperor is resolved, the case occurring, faithfully to fulfil the obligations which the treaty imposes on him," acting thus, as if the declarations contained in the note of M. Lagrenée did not exist.

*Wednesday, 15th.*—I called this morning at the Hôtel du Rhin, Place Vendôme, to enquire after Lady Lyndhurst\*, who has been dangerously ill for the last three days. The reply was, that the case had become desperate, and the physicians had prescribed morphine as a last resource. At four o'clock this day, after much suffering, she died.

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The civil war in Spain is raging with great violence, and the Carlist party is rising in the scale. Their partisans are becoming so numerous and so powerful, that the Cabinet messengers cannot proceed on the public roads without strong military escorts, which in some instances have been unable to preserve them from violence, and their despatches from plunder.

Lord Grenville is dead, after a long lingering illness; his place of Auditor of the Exchequer is given to Lord Auckland *pro tempore*, and, it is said, without salary, till some new arrangements are made in that office. Earl Grey has given his son, Lord Howick, the place of Under Secretary for the Home Department, *vice* George Lamb, deceased.

*Monday, 20th.*—Letters from England. The ministers have been on the totter: serious differences arose in the Cabinet, on the question of sending troops to Portugal to assist Don Pedro, and Lord Grey, who was opposed to the measure, was left in the minority. He went down to Brighton to consult the King, who sent him back with orders to arrange the matter with his colleagues, as no troops should be sent. The Whig emissaries at the clubs now disclaim, on the part of their principals, any intentions of the sort.

The Duke of Wellington, it is thought, will be Chancellor of Oxford, in the room of Lord Grenville.

*Tuesday, 21st.*—Zea Bermudez, the Spanish Minister, is dismissed by the queen, and Martinez della Rosa appointed in his place.

\* Lady L., early in life, was married to a Colonel Thomas, who was killed at Waterloo.

*Thursday, 23rd.*—The Duke of Orleans gave a ball on Sunday night at the Tuileries, to which the English ladies declined going on account of the day; but, as some of their husbands accepted the invitation, the question was naturally asked, What is the English religion, which forbids the women and permits the men to go to balls on a Sunday?

*Wednesday, 29th.*—This day a duel took place, in the Bois de Boulogne, between General Bugeaud and M. Dulong, members of the Chamber of Deputies, in consequence of a dispute arising out of the debate on Saturday, on the limits of military obedience. The parties were placed at forty paces. They were advancing and taking aim at each other, but had scarcely moved two paces, when General Bugeaud fired, and M. Dulong fell. The ball entered the forehead a little above the left eyebrow, and remained in the head. He was still living at midnight, but unable to speak.

*Thursday, 30th.*—M. Dulong died this morning at six o'clock, and the funeral takes place on Saturday. There is some idea that the Liberals will make an attempt to disturb the public tranquillity.

*Saturday, February 1st.*—The funeral of M. Dulong took place without any disturbance, as 20,000 men were under arms, and cannon placed in different quarters of the town. The *cortège* itself was followed by troops, and two pieces of artillery with matches lighted—such are the precautions of a Citizen King.

*Sunday, 2nd.*—The Duc de Mouchy was seized last night with an apoplectic and paralytic fit, and lies in the utmost danger. He was formerly well known in England, before the first revolution, as Charles de Noailles.

*Monday, 3rd.*—The Duc de Mouchy is dead; and the papers mention that my old friend Mrs. Orby Hunter died in Grosvenor Place on Thursday last.

*Thursday, 6th.*—The King's speech arrived, as Parliament opened on the 4th. It is not otherwise important than as it betrays an evident wish, on the part of Government, to stop in their revolutionary course.

*Tuesday, 11th.*—Being *Mardi gras*, and the conclusion of the Carnival, the whole town was in movement; the Boulevards and principal streets were crowded with carriages; and processions in masques,—that of the *bœuf gras* attracted the chief attention.

*Wednesday, 12th.*—M. de Bourrienne, ex-minister of the Emperor Napoleon at Hamburg, and author of the Memoirs which bear his name, died on the 7th inst. of apoplexy at Caen, in Normandy. The loss of his fortune and the revolution of July



deprived him of his reason, and the latter part of his life was spent in a *maison de santé*.

*Thursday, 13th.*—Count Kergolay and M. Dieudé, the responsible editor of the *Quotidienne*, were tried this day before the Court of Assize for libels on the Government of Louis-Philippe, and expressions of devotion to Henri V. M. D'Aglées, substitute for the Procureur du Roi, concluded his speech for the prosecution with the following appeal to the jury:—"If you deliver a verdict for acquittal, you will have thrown the elements of disorder and anarchy into society." The jury retired, and, after an hour's deliberation, pronounced a verdict of "Not guilty," in favour of both the accused.

*Monday, 24th.*—We hear that last week the English Ministry had only a majority of eight on the division about the Pension List, in which they reckon fifty Tory votes, who sided with them to preserve the King's prerogative; and on O'Connell's motion to arraign Baron Smith (which in their mean, truckling spirit they supported), they were left in a minority of six.

Anteuil.

*Tuesday, 25th.*—The peculiar state of this government, and the position of Louis-Philippe, are very obvious to all. Heaven knows if they will last, but both are unnatural, and grounded on false principles; both are highly unpopular, because they seek for their support in resources which are essentially unnatural, and opposed to all the principles which caused the revolution of July, to which they themselves owe their existence. There exists in no country in Europe a government so little respected abroad, or a king so little respected at home, as is the case in France at the present moment. The government of the *juste milieu* only ventures to act openly, when sure of the connivance or approbation of England to their foreign policy; Louis-Philippe only trusts a garrison of 60,000 men near Paris, to gradually undermine the liberties of the nation. Strange as it may appear, and anomalous in the extreme, the one with the high-sounding watchword of liberal principles, would gladly, if it dared, join with the Holy Alliance; and the other, with liberty and the charter in his mouth, would go any lengths, as far as his own safety would permit, to establish a military despotism. But public discontent is a warning to which both must lend an unwilling ear. At this present moment, under the reign of the Citizen King, above 100,000 troops are occupied to keep in awe only three cities in this kingdom, Paris, Marseilles, and Lyons.

Here indeed it seems the policy, when pretexes are wanting, to create artificial excuses for additional rigour. The town has been infested for the last six weeks with wretched itinerant venders of the most disgusting trash, and abuse against the royal family,—the lowest species of caricatures. I have watched them in the street; no one noticed them, none purchased their wares: it seemed indeed a most unprofitable trade; but still it was continued, without check on the one side, or encouragement on the other. I at last expressed my surprise to a friend at their impunity. "Oh," said he, "it is an *attrape*; they are agents paid by the police, to sound the feelings of the multitude." In a week afterwards came out a bill of the most sweeping nature against the public criers, interdicting them from selling even the public journals. Since that has appeared, an *ordonnance* requiring the theatres to close their doors at eleven o'clock, which has been treated with contempt; and yesterday was brought into the Chambers a most arbitrary law against associations of every description, on which the *National* makes the following remark:—"The law which shall destroy open associations, will found secret ones. Every political association will henceforth have subversion for its aim: it will conceal its existence only to march more resolutely and surely to its end."

There have been some trifling appearances of discontent shown by the people on the Boulevards and on the Place de la Bourse; but the military are always on the alert, and the sober *bourgeois* who thinks only of preserving his shop from pillage dreads a *mouvement*.

*Wednesday, 5th March.*—The meetings on the Place de la Bourse have been put down with much severity, and several people have been wounded by bludgeon men employed by government, just as it happened with our policemen in Coldbath Fields. It is singular to observe how events in the two countries respond to each other. M. Salverte made a motion in the Chamber of Deputies to investigate the conduct of ministers on this occasion, but it was overruled.

*Sunday, 9th.*—There is a club established here\*, on the same footing as White's or Brookes's, where the dinners are moderate as to price and quality. One half of the members are foreigners, chiefly English; and now that the ballot is general, the admissions are become difficult; but the French character does not seem formed for such establishments. Whenever a general

\* Le Cercle, Rue de Grammont.

meeting of the club is called to frame any new resolution, the noise and clamour preclude all rational discussion: political feeling interferes likewise too much at these meetings, and prevents either party from introducing their friends. The chief advantages of living here are, that the climate is better, the living is cheaper, and you may regulate your expenses on any scale you please without remark or reference to your neighbours, which we all feel in England is hardly practicable.

*Tuesday, 11th.* — Mr. Hume's long-expected motion for the repeal of the Corn Laws was rejected on Friday (7th) by a majority of 157, being 312 to 155. The most curious incident in the debate was, that two members of the Government, Sir James Graham and Poulett Thomson, were violently opposed to each other on the subject; and the latter was not a little personal in his attacks on his colleague.

*Sunday, 16th.* — While sitting with Lady Julia L——, the Prince de Bauffremont came in, who had lately heard from Naples that Lady Strachan had bought a palace in that city, and the patent of a title of Marchesa Salza; and that she was married to an Italian named Piccalillo.

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The conversation turned to the frequency of poisonings in Italy. M. de B. said, that he last year remarked to a certain Cardinal at Rome, how much fewer assassinations were heard of now than formerly. His Eminence replied, "Oui; il est vrai que le chocolat noir a fait éviter de grands scandales dans les familles."

*Monday, 17th.* — Two remarkable divisions have just taken place in our House of Commons: a Mr. Cuthbert Ripon moved that the archbishops and bishops should be deprived of their seats in the House of Lords, which was negatived by 125 against 58, neither the Government nor the Tories taking any share in the debate. This minority may still be considered formidable. The other motion was by Major Fancourt to abolish flogging in the army; negatived by 227 *versus* 98.

A commercial treaty has been made between Russia and the United States. This circumstance, combined with the new commercial regulations organising in Russia and Austria, and the secret negotiations now pending in the Congress at Vienna, corresponds perfectly with the confidential avowal made to me in October last by P. di B. of the retaliations meditated by the Three Powers against England, in the point where she would be the most vulnerable. The foreign policy of our Government has

gained us many bitter enemies, and at best only one very doubtful friend. All will be unveiled at last; but Louis-Philippe, who in the hour of danger clung to England for protection to maintain him on his throne, could he now see an opportunity of identifying himself with the hostile system, and consolidating his royalty by a closer union with the Holy Alliance monarchs, would be restrained by no ties of gratitude from leaving us to struggle alone against the machinations of combined Europe; nay, more, would have little hesitation in joining their ranks against us.

*Tuesday, 18th.* — The French and English newspapers present another instance of the similarity which exists at present between the two countries in this new æra of intellect. They are each entirely filled with the debates in the Commons and Deputies, while a very small space is allotted to the proceedings of the Peers, who seem only to meet and separate, in order that the world may know that they still exist. In England the Peers are gradually losing their legislative influence; but their great wealth, and local influence in the country, will maintain their pre-eminence in every crisis short of a sweeping revolution. Their brethren here are in a very different position; exheredicated by the law, and impoverished by various circumstances, they are become mere cyphers in the State, neither objects of respect nor of regard; and what is the result? They have only made way for the upstart aristocracy of wealth, the most unworthy of all distinctions, which has not failed to produce in France its natural consequence, — a *general* and debasing system of selfishness and egotism throughout the country. It matters not who they are, or whence they come, — Jew, Prussian, or Spaniard, Rothschild, Delmar, or Aguado, loan-monger, stock-jobber, or cigar-merchant, it is all one, — their *salons* will be filled with the highest society in Paris, and their smiles courted by the most illustrious sycophants. “Dat census honores, census amicitias, pauper ubique jacet.”

*Tuesday, 25th.* — The bill against associations was carried in the French Chamber of Deputies. Mr. Shiel has lately attacked the Government in our House of Commons, on their foreign policy with regard to Turkey and Russia. Lord Palmerston made a very long defence, resting chiefly on the good understanding which he had maintained with France. The “Standard” makes the following observation: — “Lord Palmerston has but one answer for everything that could be said against the foreign policy of the Government — The French Alliance. True, Russia

had obtained full possession of the remnant of the Turkish empire, but then King William and Louis-Philippe are on the best possible terms! True, France had obtained Belgium; true, the French government had converted Egypt, their so long coveted object, into a French province; true, France had laid the foundation of a colonial empire at Algiers; true, France had drawn upon Great Britain the hatred of all the rest of Europe, the most anxious desire for our destruction; true, that if France were tomorrow to propose a combined attack upon England, the ruin of her trade, and the partition of her colonies, all the powers of Europe would most cheerfully attend the feast; but, then, King William and Louis-Philippe are on the best possible terms! Now, this is all very well; but the best things may sometimes be bought too dear, and they are always bought too dear, if they might be had for less than we pay for them. Could we not have had the friendship of France, without surrendering to her Belgium, Egypt, and Algiers; without making it the interest of all Europe to give Turkey to Russia; without drawing upon ourselves the hatred of the whole European family; and without surrendering our own national independence, as we have done?

*Friday, 28th.*—Longchamps. An annual procession of carriages from Paris to the Bois de Boulogne, in which the hackney carriages were by far the most numerous.

*Sunday, 30th.*—In talking to Ellice, after dinner, I told him that our foreign policy was much abused, that we were hated all over Europe, and that his friends the *doctrinaires* here would not stand by the Whig Government in England longer than it suited them. I was surprised to find that he did not absolutely deny this. He replied, "*We do not care*; England is powerful enough, and strong enough to stand against them all." I merely rejoined, "You remember the fate of *don't care*."

When he remarked that England never was so flourishing, or the Government so strong, I said, the trial was beginning now; that they evidently wished to *stop*. His reply was, the Government never will *stop*.

Durham is here, in constant communication with M. Thiers on the old topic of a commercial treaty; but there seems little chance of his succeeding better than P. Thomson, Villiers, Bowring, and all that party. The prejudice is far too strong against it here.

*Tuesday, 1st April.*—The Chamber of Deputies rejected the proposal of ministers to grant twenty-five millions as an indemnity to the United States for claims during the Empire.

*Wednesday, 2nd.* — In consequence of this defeat, the Duc de Broglie and General Sebastiani have resigned their seats in the ministry.

*Thursday, 3rd.* — The very un-Gallican spectacle of a steeple-chase took place in the Valée de Bièvre, near Jouy. There was as much scrambling and as many falls as might be expected amongst so many novices in such an amusement, and all, generally, very bad horsemen. The race was won by M. de Vaublanc. In the evening, at the opera, some discussion took place amongst themselves as to the merits of the riders, when M. Manuel observed, that the winner was more indebted to chance than to his skill in riding for success. This immediately produced a personal quarrel on the spot with M. de Vaublanc. A challenge ensued; the next morning M. Manuel was run through the body for making the unlucky observation.

*Sunday, 6th.* — The French ministry is made up by putting Admiral de Rigny in the place of M. de Broglie, and by some other changes. Durham and Ellice went yesterday, under the guidance of the celebrated Vidocq, to see all the prisons in Paris. To show them the process of the guillotine, he had a mannequin of straw beheaded in their presence. Ellice said, "I hope the Tory prints won't get hold of this; they will assert that we are going to introduce the guillotine into England, and are come over here to take a lesson." They both seemed pleased with their journey, and are very good-humoured.

*Tuesday, 8th.* — There have been riots at Brussels during two days, and much damage done by the mob. A stud of horses which belonged to the Prince of Orange, at Tervuyren, was confiscated, and ordered to be sold by public auction. Some of the Flemish nobility, still attached to that family and struck by the injustice of the proceeding, had subscribed to purchase the horses, and return them to their rightful owner. This, perhaps indiscreet, determination got wind, and the houses of the authors were immediately singled out for pillage and destruction.

Those of the Prince de Ligne, Marquis de Trasignies, Counts d'Oultremont, de Bethune, de Vinck, de Wert, Wezel, M. de Wusme, and Weerszaels, with many others, were nearly destroyed. The tumult was at last suppressed by the interference of the military; but might with ease have been entirely prevented, if the government had not, for some time, looked on with apathy, perhaps with satisfaction, at proceedings which inflicted such signal vengeance on their own political opponents, — an

example which had been previously shown them by Lord Grey's government, during the Bristol riots.

*Thursday, 10th.*— Fresh disturbances have broken out at Lyons among the workmen, who, under the name of *Mutuelistes*, form the same bands as the trades' unions with us. The town is completely occupied by the military.

*Saturday, 12th.*— The accounts from Lyons are alarming; and the explanations given by the ministers in the Chamber of Deputies very unsatisfactory. The fighting in the streets with the military force had not ceased up to Thursday night. The rioters had retired into the narrow lanes; and General Aymon had taken up a position which he called *inexpugnable*, but is not quite *intelligible*. There is much apprehension of some movement here, and the troops are on the alert.

*Sunday, 13th.*— Force has prevailed; and, after a bloody resistance, the workmen at Lyons seem to have been vanquished. Last night the *rappel* was beating in every quarter of Paris. Some trifling skirmishing took place in the street, and above one hundred *suspects* were privately arrested by the armed force.

*Monday, 14th.*— Early this morning the rioters were in full conflict with the armed force. Barricades were erected in the small streets near the Rue du Temple and St. Martin. A great carnage ensued. Two or three shots were fired at the Duke of Orleans, as he rode by with his staff; the troops immediately rushed into the houses from whence the attempts were made, and put all the inhabitants indiscriminately to the sword. In a few hours all was still: 30,000 troops and 50,000 National Guards soon exterminated the mob; but some officers and men were killed. In the evening, Paris was as gay and as thoughtless as ever.

*Wednesday, 16th.*— The fighting at Lyons continued till Monday night, and several thousand lives have been lost. The following curious fact appears in this day's journal:— "M. Marchand du Breuil, prefect of the Ain, came lately to Paris, and was on the point of being married. On Sunday he accompanied his brother, who is captain of the 2nd battalion of the 11th Legion, to the scene of action, and returned safe; but on Monday morning, as he was hastening to quit his apartment, in order to enter the carriage which was to convey him to the mayoralty with his intended bride, he stumbled against a piece of furniture, and threw down his musket, which he had left there loaded the day before. The piece went off, the contents entered his body, and he expired instantly.

*Wednesday, 16th.* — I dined at Glengall's; met Madame de Flahault, Mrs. Damer, Lady Hunloke, Montrond, Stanley, Sheridan, de St. Marsan, and Lord Francis Egerton. Talking about riots, the latter said, that, some time back, during the struggle between the Whigs and Tories, a mob broke into Downing Street, and approached the sentinel posted at the door of the Foreign Office, crying, "Liberty or Death!" The soldier presented his piece, and said, "My lads, I know nothing about liberty; but if you come a step further, I'll show you what death is."

The Dowager Marchioness of Hertford\* is dead. She was married to the late Marquis, 1776, — a well-known beauty in her time, and possessed of vast wealth, which, with the estate at Temple Newsam, reverts to her own family.

*Friday, 18th.* — Durham and Ellice left Paris for London, having given up the plan of going to Brussels.

*Saturday, 19th.* — M. de Fitz-James, son of the duke, has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment, for some childish Carlist demonstrations at Rouen some time ago. He had been acquitted, but the sentence was changed by an appeal to the Cour de Cassation.

Few or no Carlists have been arrested during the late riots. The movement was entirely Republican, and so sudden, that the other party had not time to join them, though it is believed that they furnished money. One Carlist was searched, and epaulettes were found in his pocket. He owned, that if the rising had been deferred only fourteen days, he should have had 10,000 men under his command.

*Thursday, 24th.* — The procession of the Trades' Unions, with a petition on behalf of the Dorchester convicts, to the Home Office, passed off quietly. Much praise is due on both sides; — to the great masses, who conducted themselves with so much order and decorum to the Government, who, well prepared to maintain the public peace, still avoided any irritating display of precautionary force on the occasion. What a contrast, and, indeed, what a satire on the proceedings here. There is something awful in these great assemblages, which seem to have kept London for twelve hours in a state of much anxiety; even their discipline and order bespeak a more formidable resolution and unity of purpose than the efforts of a lawless mob. Lord Althorpe may now begin to find his mistake.

\* Daughter of Lord Irwin, of Temple Newsam, Yorkshire, sister to Lady William Gordon, Mrs. Meynell Ingram, Mrs. Hervey Aston, and Lady Ramsden, all great heiresses.



*Wednesday, 30th.* — Lord Wenlock, late Sir R. Lawley, one of the Peers in 1831, died on the 10th July, in the neighbourhood of Florence, without issue.

Paris as a city and as a capital is certainly far superior to London. There is an air of ancient grandeur in the monuments, the palaces, the hotels of the nobility, the long avenues, and the spacious quays, the gardens, and the statues, which must strike every foreigner with admiration, and some with subject for reflection. *Tout est en grand*, and fallen as the nation is from its former aristocratic splendour, the *locale* still remains a sturdy testimony of former magnificence. Paris is now the reverse of the Castle of Otranto, — it is the abode of giants inhabited by pigmies. I do not mean to say that the positive situation of the country is not improved: that, as thinking and independent beings, the French nation generally has not advanced in the scale of rational existence, since the Revolution of 1789, but Paris itself was adorned and beautified with other views, and for another race. It has risen at the nod of monarchs, mighty and despotic, of a nobility wealthy, prodigal, and luxurious. Times are now altered; that system of government is destroyed, and the fortunes of its satellites are scattered to the winds. The privileges of the few are dissolved, and the rights of the many are established; but Paris and Versailles will long tell the tale of fallen grandeur, and the taste of that æra which Louis XIV. has made his own, and which, under the levelling circumstances of the present day, can never rise again.

*Thursday, 1st May.* — Madame Walewski died yesterday morning, having never recovered from her late *accouchement*. She was surrounded by her family, as Lady Sandwich, her mother, Mr. and Lady Harriet Baring, and Lord Sandwich, are all in Paris.

A discussion has been going on for several days in the Chamber of Deputies, whether the colony of Algiers shall be retained or abandoned. Many disclosures have been made by the Committee of Inquiry, as to the expenses of this new establishment; and, also, as to the flagrant instances of mal-administration of which the French authorities there have been guilty. To the public discussion of these latter disgraceful transactions, Marshal Soult vehemently objected, by citing the homely proverb, “On doit laver son linge sale en famille.” The case, as at present, lies in a short compass. The expense is enormous, and hitherto without advantage: the surrounding population hostile and irreclaimable. In the event of a war, the naval power of England would easily intercept all communication with France; but Polignac promised

the British Government to abandon it, and therefore French pride and obstinacy are determined to retain it. The Whigs dare not insist, and the French, as Dr. Franklin used to say, will pay dear for their whistle.

In England the Commons have been occupied with O'Connell's motion for a Repeal of the Union, which has produced a tedious and tiresome debate for several days, and only places the leader in an even more contemptible light than before.

General Goblet was sent by Leopold as his minister to Berlin ; but M. Ancillon declared to him, that the King of Prussia would never receive at his court a man who had quitted the service of Holland, without having obtained his dismissal from King William. He therefore returns to Brussels. General Bourmont and Count d'Haussez are now at Rome, and highly esteemed by the Pope, which has excited the indignation of the French ambassador, who addressed a note to Cardinal Bernetti, demanding the expulsion of the two Legitimists. The reply was, that his Holiness considered General Bourmont as having rendered the greatest service to the church, by the conquest of Algiers, and had the most sacred claims on his protection. As to Count d'Haussez, the pontifical cabinet replied, that it could not discover any reason why an asylum in the States of the Church should be refused to him. As soon as this step and its results were known, the representatives of almost all the other powers took a malignant pleasure in going with parade to congratulate the two ex-ministers of Charles X. The most singular feature in the occurrence is, that the French ambassador wrote again to Cardinal Bernetti, requesting that he would consider his preceding note as if it had not been written.

*Saturday, 3rd.*—O'Connell's motion for the repeal has met with a signal discomfiture, by a majority of above 500.

*Sunday, 4th.*—Went to St. Cloud, to see the waterworks and dine. There were not many visitors, but the park looked well and in good order.

*Monday, 5th.*—After all the negotiations and discussions at the Belgian Conferences in London, on the necessity of dismantling the frontier fortresses, they prove to be merely a tub thrown out to the whale. The Brussels paper of the 3rd announces, that there is no longer any intention of demolishing them, as contracts have just been entered into for the military repairs of Mons, Charleroy, Philippeville, Marunberry, Namur, Dinant, Arlon, Tournay, and Ath. A quadruple treaty is signed by England, France, and the revolutionary governments of Spain and Portugal,

to put down all opposition in the peninsula. It is meant also as a counterpoise to the league of the Northern powers: their reply to it is not yet known.

On a fresh loan being made by Austria, it may be inferred that the general disarmament in Europe is less probable than ever. France contemplates the same measure to a large amount. This is the great sore of the states of Europe, but particularly here. Governments begin by making themselves unpopular, and then require large armies to protect themselves; and as these large armies occasion great expenditure and heavy taxes, their unpopularity increases. They thus run round in a dangerous circle, till they fall into an abyss.

*Friday, 9th.*—The Whigs have had a nervous attack again, on D. W. Harvey's motion for the repeal of the pension list, and the old threat of resignation was held out; but Sir R. Peel and the Tories brought them through with a large majority.

*Saturday, 10th.*—The Duchesse de Berry is arrived at Vienna, and has been received there in the most distinguished manner, apartments being allotted to her in the Imperial Palace. A body of Spanish troops has marched into Portugal, nominally in quest of Don Carlos, but with a view of intimidating the Miguelite party, between whom and the Pedroites the contest is still maintained with great obstinacy, notwithstanding the secret assistance given by France and England to the latter.

*Sunday, 11th.*—Don Pedro, in return for the protection afforded him by England, has put all the other Powers on the same footing as to duties in Portugal, as we have hitherto been by favour. Mr. Robinson made a motion for papers on the subject, and during the debate Lord Palmerston's foreign policy was stigmatised with weakness and ignorance, in which the feeling of the House generally seemed to concur.

*Wednesday, 14th.*—A duel took place in Paris the other day, under the following circumstances: Madame de C—— has a mother, who wished to make a second marriage with Mr. R——, a gentleman of proportionate age, but the step was highly displeasing to the daughter, who determined to prevent it, and in order to effect this object, she instructed all her male friends in society, to abuse and calumniate the character of Mr. R——. Among the foremost in this cabal was her own lover, Mr. de F. This soon excited the attention of the intended bridegroom, who called upon his assailant to say whether he had really uttered such and such atrocities; the only reply was, that he should not take the trouble of giving any explanation, and that the other

might act as he pleased. A meeting therefore took place, and the injured party, as often happens, was wounded in the groin, and lies in great danger: that very night the aggressor was dancing in public with his *chère amie*, having apparently gained stronger claims on her affections and gratitude, by what was, in fact, little better than the conduct of a brigand. This may be called a trait worthy of the Mémoires de Brantome and the times of François Premier.

*Thursday, 15th.*—Lord Burlington is dead in London: he was brother to the late Duke of Devonshire, and a great patron of the turf at Newmarket; he is succeeded by his grandson, Lord Cavendish.

*Friday, 16th.*—The Duke of Richmond is arrived in Paris, to defend his title to the estate of Aubigny in France, against the claims of his family, who consider themselves legally entitled to share it with him, according to the laws of France. This estate was granted by Louis XIV. to Charles II., and to the first Duke of Richmond, natural son of Charles by Madame de Kerouailles, Duchess of Portsmouth, his mistress. The suit involves a considerable interest, the rental of the estate valued at 2000*l.* a year, and a sum of arrears to be refunded of near 30,000*l.*

The trial will shortly come on in the French courts.

The following grants have been voted this year to the royal theatres:—

For the Grand Opera	670,000 fr., and for the pensions	
	of retired artistes 180,000 fr., making together	- - 34,000 <i>l.</i>
For the Théâtre Français	- - - - -	8,000 <i>l.</i>
Opéra Comique	- - - - -	7,200 <i>l.</i>
Italian Opera	- - - - -	2,800 <i>l.</i>
		<hr/>
		52,000 <i>l.</i>

*Sunday, 18th.*—A bill for making parliament triennial was only thrown out by a majority of fifty, when 420 members voted in the House. Colonel Caradoc has been sent on a private mission to Spain, it is said to the head-quarters of the Spanish army, under Rodil, on the frontiers of Portugal.

*Tuesday, 21st.*—This morning at five o'clock died General Lafayette, aged seventy-seven. His name has been prominent in the defence of liberty, both in the Old and New World; he was a well-meaning man, but his talents were of the second order, and his career through life has been proportionally unimportant.

*Thursday, 23rd.*—The funeral of Lafayette passed off very quietly; the procession was attended by an immense military force, which had more the air of menace to the living than of respect to the dead. He was interred, according to his own request, in the private cemetery of Picpus, which belongs to a very few families of old date. The following are among the names on the tombs:—Françoise de Lamoignon de Malesherbes; Count Ferrand, Lepelletre de Rosambo, Deourg d'Arcy, the daughter of General d'Eblè, Count d'Escars, Marie-Françoise de Noailles, Duc de Levis, Prince de St.-Maurice, and Princesse de la Tremouille.

*Friday, 24th.*—The King has made Miss S. E. Wykham, of Thame Park, a baroness by the title of Baroness Wenman, in token of old recollections. I well remember the time when, as Duke of Clarence, he was anxious to marry an Englishwoman of large fortune, and made his proposals to this lady, as well as to the Wanstead heiress, the late Mrs. Long Pole Wellesley, with the same unsuccessful result. It proves that he does not bear malice for the refusal.

*Saturday, 25th.*—Went with the Glengalls and Lockwoods to St. Cloud, and returned at night. This château has been a favourite summer residence with many of the different sovereigns who have reigned over this fickle nation. Napoleon was very partial to St. Cloud: Charles X. took his flight from hence to Rambouillet, and then to the sea-coast; Louis-Philippe, though attached by habit to Neuilly, passed here a part of the season, and there is an air of comfort about the apartments which justifies the selection.

Prince P. Esterhazy, the Austrian Ambassador at London, is arrived here on his way to Vienna, and has been received with the most marked attention at the Tuileries; he had a long interview with the King, who, he says, is in heart a most ultra-conservative: so, indeed, was Napoleon at last. In all the new-fangled revolutionary ideas and changes of later days, it appears that what is called the people are the only dupes. They are cajoled, and set in motion by specious prospects of advantage to themselves, and find at last that they have gained nothing but a new master, perhaps worse than the last; they are then laid on the shelf till fresh circumstances, or fresh excitement, may require the puppets to act another drama, with precisely the same results for themselves.

After nineteen years' residence as Russian ambassador at our Court, Prince Lieven has been recalled home by his Emperor.

Attached as he and the Princess are to English society, customs, and refinements, not only by habit but by taste, a return to such a country as Russia, however honourably they may be greeted by their imperial master, must be intolerable. No foreigner, perhaps, ever before gained such influential footing in our best English society as the Lievens have acquired, from long residence, large fortune, and an important political post. The gentlemanlike manners and hospitality of the Prince, combined with the talents and grand air of the Princess, rendered their house, not only the resort of the most distinguished society, but the rival of our own most magnificent establishments,—while the Princess, identified with all our English ideas, and occupied with all the passing intrigues of the day, both in politics and society, created for herself an influential position in the *grand monde* which no foreign ambassadress had ever previously enjoyed in this country. She was deeply engaged in all the cabals with Mr. Canning in the year 1827, which ended in the resignation of the Duke, and the short-lived administration of the other. On his Grace's return to office in 1828, she was anxious to regain his friendship, but the breach had been too flagrant ever to be entirely made up again. That event and the death of the Empress-mother, with whom she was long on the most intimate terms of correspondence, latterly very much diminished her political importance in London. Prince Lieven was always very much supposed to act according to her suggestions. She was a great favourite of George IV., who much admired her musical talents, and in those days she was a constant visitor at the cottage in Windsor Park. I have occasionally seen her at the Duke of York's at Oatlands; but that was seldom, as the duchess rarely admitted female society besides the household. Madame de Lieven is a Livonian by birth, and is remarkable for the distinction of her appearance as well as for her general talents. The reason of this recall is not known. She is the only foreigner who was ever made a patroness of Almack's, into the *tracasseries* of which establishment she entered very cordially, and as her manner at times is tinged with a certain degree of *hauteur*, she has not failed to make many enemies.

Madame de Lieven is, however, in every sense of the word, a *très-grande dame*, and has formed friendships and intimacies with the highest persons of all parties in England.

*Monday, 27th.*—The accounts from London of the King are rather extraordinary; his mind appears to be under excitement; every day is occupied with some fresh scheme or party to visit some place or establishment, which generally, as at Sandhurst,

concludes with a speech, not always the most appropriate. At the levee a considerable sensation was created the other day by his insisting on an unfortunate lieutenant in the navy, who had a wooden leg, kneeling down to kiss hands: it was impossible; but the Sovereign would not concede the point, and the other was obliged to hobble away without going through the ceremony.

*Tuesday, 28th.*—We went with the Glengalls to see the cathedral at St. Denis, the burying-place of the kings of France from the earliest ages. The vaults are full of tombs and monuments from the reign of Clovis, which were repaired and preserved in Paris during the Revolution, after they had been broken open and the mortal remains contained in them scattered to the winds; they are now replaced here and classed in order. The principal vault was constructed by Napoleon for his own family, but none were doomed to become its tenants: Louis XVIII. was buried there, and it will be reserved for the present family, if *they remain*. The church itself is a beautiful structure, and the painted windows very fine: the workmen are now occupied in restoring it upon the ancient plan. A chapel called that of Expiation for the Crimes of profaning this Sanctuary of the Dead, during the first Revolution, is also constructed in it.

Another duel took place yesterday morning between M. Damoreau Cinti, husband of the famous singer, and M. Manuel (whose father was killed in a duel twelve years ago), on account of his attentions to the lady: the husband was the victim, and received three severe *coups d'épée*.

*Thursday, 29th.*—More disunions in the Whig cabinet. A motion in the Commons by Mr. Ward, on the established church of Ireland, is bringing their radical feelings to the test; Mr. Stanley and Sir James Graham are averse to the spoliation proposed, and the result of the debate is expected to produce some resignations. The names of the Duke of Richmond, Earl of Ripon, and C. Grant are also mentioned among the dissidents.

*Friday, 30th.*—The resignations are confirmed, and the discussion on Mr. Ward's motion has been postponed to Tuesday evening, at the request of Lord Althorpe: in the meantime there is much confusion in the cabinet, and indecision as to the new men who are to be called to office.

The Prussian ambassador, M. Arnheim, is about to leave Brussels, under pretext of family affairs, but in reality to obey the laws of etiquette. The Belgian government, dissatisfied at the non-reception of Goblet at Berlin, appears decided to accredit in that

capital only a *chargé d'affaires*. The Prussian cabinet will imitate this example.

*Monday, 2nd June.* — The English papers are full of the hesitation and difficulties which occur in patching up Lord Grey's cabinet, and the consequent anxiety expressed by the public. The proposed new appointments of Spring Rice to the Colonies, Lord Auckland to the Admiralty, and Ellice to a seat in the cabinet, seem to give general dissatisfaction, while Lord Brougham's manœuvre to exclude Durham, and create unnecessary confusion, prove his secret ambition

“To ride the whirlwind and direct the storm,”

as head of a government of his own creation.

The Conservatives look on in silence and anxiety for the result, while the Radical party is clamorous for men who will promote the movement by which they may ultimately swim to the top. The Whigs must see the gradual accomplishment of those predictions which they have affected to ridicule and despise.

*Wednesday, 4th.* — The “Times” is very indignant at the omission of Lord Durham in the new-fangled cabinet, and vindicates Lord Brougham from the suspicion of being accessory to it. In reply to this, the “Globe,” as the Government organ, says, “We may specifically state, that owing to causes connected more with temper than with principle, no member who has been in the cabinet with Lord Durham is disposed to act with him again, and we defy the best informed journal in existence to prove, that in this respect Lord Brougham is of a different opinion from his colleagues.”

*Thursday, 5th.* — The ministers have got rid of Mr. Ward's motion, by the old manœuvre of moving the previous question, by which means they secured the votes of 120 Tories, who of two evils chose the least, and gave them a large majority; at the same time they have issued a commission under the King's seal, as a tub to the whale, for the Radical side of the House, — a proceeding which neither quiets the apprehensions and fears of the one party, nor satisfies the clamour and rapacity of the other.

Accounts have been received from Lisbon, stating that Don Miguel and Don Carlos have surrendered at Evora, and are to be embarked on board an English ship for England.

*Friday, 6th.* — Letters from England mention that on the late division, the Duke and Peel had come to an understanding with Earl Grey, that they would support a moderate Whig government, provided no further innovating measures were proposed, and



Durham, Duncannon, and O'Connell still excluded from any share in the Government. An address was got up at Brookes's signed by a number of members of the House of Commons, expressing their confidence in the present administration, and presented to Lord Grey. His lordship's reply, in consequence of the above agreement, was couched in a very conservative sense, and in almost a plaintive tone deprecates, "that constant and active pressure from without, to the adoption of measures, the necessity of which has not been fully proved, and which are not strictly regulated by a careful attention to the settled institutions of the country, both in Church and State," &c. Thus the Whigs now only hold office by the disinterested influence of their Tory opponents, and owe their very existence to the men whom they have never ceased to revile and calumniate. A more humiliating position cannot well be imagined.

Dr. Doyle, the Catholic Bishop of Kildare, is dead. He was one of the Catholic party whom Lord Anglesey tried to propitiate, but in vain.

*Monday, 9th.*—An interesting debate took place on Friday night in the House of Lords, on the subject of the Irish Church Bill: Earl Wicklow, in moving for the production of the King's commission, accused the Government of wishing to apply the funds of the Church, under moral and religious pretences, to secular purposes. Earl Grey in reply strenuously denied this intention, but urged the necessity of every Government proceeding in conformity with the spirit of the age, which is the present plea for all fresh innovation. Unfortunately for his Lordship, Earl Ripon and the Duke of Richmond, in stating the reasons of their late resignations, asserted, as openly as Sir James Graham and Mr. Stanley had done in the Commons, that in quitting their seats in the cabinet, they had been actuated by no other feeling but that of conscientious opposition to the measure now adopted by the Government, which, notwithstanding the denial of their late colleague, went to nothing less than destroying the principle on which alone the Established Church existed. He further adds, his noble friend has said that it was not safe to rest. He knew, "That it was in difficult times often very difficult to rest; but if they were to act on that principle, they would rest on nothing; they would still go on to rest nowhere. If this were the consequence, was he not justified in saying that he would take on himself to try if they could not rest here? If they did not here, he knew not where the resting place would be. He had no particular desire to avail himself of the compliment that he and his

colleagues had been paid in adverting to their having been described as the 'drags' of the Government to which they had belonged; but he might remark that possibly they had been useful 'drags.' He certainly did feel, with regard to the commission, that if he assented to it, the question as to the appropriation of the revenues of the Church to secular purposes was settled."

This evening we drove to Bagatelle, in the Bois de Boulogne. It is another of the royal residences before the Revolution, or, I may rather say, a retreat, as the house consists only of an entrance-hall, an immense and beautiful saloon, with a dining-room on one side and billiard-room on the other, hardly any bed-rooms above, and those very small, low, and confined. It must have been used chiefly as a banqueting-house. The grounds and park, consisting of forty acres, are laid out with great taste, and form a delightful spot. An artificial piece of water, supplied by an aqueduct from the neighbouring Seine, flows through majestic rocks, under Chinese bridges, and round constructed islands, till it appears again in the shape of a cascade, which rushes like a cataract from a rocky precipice into the basin beneath. It is quite a fairy scene; and though the house is fast going to decay, the grounds are still kept up in good order. There are some pretty buildings attached to it, as *vacherie*, *laiterie*, stables, and offices of the rustic order, which give it the air of a *ferme ornée*; though frequently mentioned in St. Simon, it was repaired and beautified by Charles X., when he was Comte d'Artois; after the restoration, it was a favourite retreat of the Duc de Berri, and now belongs to the Duc de Bordeaux, though the new *régime* has appropriated it to the State. Two attempts have been made to sell it by auction; but as the land is bad, and the expenses of repairing and keeping up the place would be very great, no buyers appeared at the set up price of 300,000 fr. The hay has just been sold, this year, on the ground, for 104 fr.\*

*Wednesday, 11th.*—The Church Question, and the late debate on it in the Lords, will render the existence of Lord Grey's Government more precarious; but if there be any force in words, the day cannot be far distant when a motion not merely in form, but in substance, will put the fate of the question, and of the Ministry, at issue together. Lord Winchilsea has published a letter, or rather a manifesto, to his countrymen, calling them to stand up and protect their religion from Popery, scepticism, and infidelity.

\* Bagatelle is now the property of the Marquis of Hertford.

The agitation produced by this question will not render the House of Lords, and perhaps the country, more disposed to accede to the continually encroaching demands of the Dissenters.

*Thursday, 12th.*—Our two great Universities present, at this moment, a remarkable exhibition of political feeling, aggravated, no doubt, by the late unfortunate agitation of the Church Reform Bill by the Whig Government; and the effervescence in favour of Tory or Conservative principles is equally striking in both. The inauguration of the Duke of Wellington, as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, has collected in that city as large an assemblage of the highest families, all in the Tory interest, as ever was known on such an occasion. The Duke has been received with the greatest enthusiasm, and as much respect shown by all the colleges to his public political principles as to his high independent private character.

At the same moment, the contest between Mr. Spring Rice and Sir Edward Sugden, to represent the town of Cambridge, has called forth a similar exhibition of feeling from that University, and the Tory candidate appears to be supported with as much eagerness in one seat of learning as in the other. Mr. Abercromby is appointed Master of the Mint, with a seat in the Cabinet.

Lord Grey's answer to the address from Brookes's has enraged his democratical friends, who are afraid that he is trying to slip through their hands. Their abuse of him is unqualified; but, like Faust, he has sold himself to the Evil Spirit, and he must either go on or go out.

*Friday, 13th.*—We went with the Damers and Glengalls to the Faubourg St. Germain to see the Hôtel de Cluny, built in the fifteenth century, the old architecture of which is still preserved. Here resided Mary, wife of Louis XII., and sister to our Henry VIII. Mrs. D. showed me a letter from —, which says, "I went, yesterday, with their Majesties to the private exhibition at Somerset House. We were received by the president of the Royal Society, who, among other portraits, pointed out to the King that of Admiral Napier, who has been commanding the fleet for Don Pedro. His Majesty did not hesitate to show his *political* bias on this occasion, by exclaiming immediately, 'Captain Napier may be d——d, sir, and you may be d——d, sir; and if the Queen was not here, sir, I would kick you down stairs, sir!'"

*Saturday, 14th.*—F. Byng arrived this week in Paris, to look over the accounts of the embassy for the Foreign Office. He is forward in maintaining the doctrine, that a Whig Government

should not allow even the subaltern places under them to be held by a Tory; always forgetting, that he himself, though a declared Whig, was always permitted to remain in the Foreign Office, under every Tory Government.

The French Government has made some slight concessions as to duties, on a few articles, imported from England, rather to meet the clamour of the nation on these points, than to promote any new commercial intercourse between the two countries. They are, in fact, unimportant; but Dr. B., delighted, after three years' ineffectual pressing and supplication here, to have obtained even this slight relaxation, is gone over to London with the proposal. Of all the men, high or low, whom I ever met in society, this Dr. B. is the most presuming and the most conceited. He is a fit *charlatan* for Whig employment; pushing and overbearing in his manner, and, like other *parvenus*, assuming an official importance which is highly ridiculous. Some years ago he was arrested by the French Government at Boulogne, and his papers seized. Irritated at this embarrassment, he wrote a most violent letter to the police, in Paris, in which, after bitterly complaining of this infraction of the Law of Nations, he concluded by saying, that the Bourbons had committed an act on his person which might hurl them from their throne.

*Sunday, 15th.* — Went with Glengall to Versailles. We walked over the gardens of the Petit Trianon, which are kept in excellent order. The Swiss village still remains, where Marie Antoinette and her favourites used to dress themselves up as rustics, and pretend to inhabit the little cottages bordering on the lake, where the *blasés* inhabitants of the palace at Versailles, under the garb of Maître Jacques le Meunier, or Fanchette la Laitière, &c., found a new zest for their amusements in personating their inferiors. In all these *fêtes*, Charles X., as Comte d'Artois, acted a principal part; and while the actors in this comedy were pursuing their rural revels, a revolution was brewing under their feet, which already had marked them for her prey.

Notwithstanding the reception of Sir Edward Sugden at Cambridge, he has lost his election by a majority of twenty-nine for Spring Rice. It is feared that the indiscreet interference of the vice-chancellor in favour of Sir Edward did much harm to his cause.

Don Miguel is to go on board a British man-of-war to Genoa; and Don Carlos is shipped in the *Donegal*, with a numerous suite for England.

In Portugal, the convents, monasteries, and all religious estab-

lishments of monks are abolished, and their estates incorporated with the national domains. If a proper use is made of these funds, if they are not destined to excite revolution elsewhere, no one can regret the destruction of these bigoted and corrupt institutions, which, for so many centuries, have tyrannised over the Peninsula and their South American dependencies.

*Monday, 16th.*—The elections for the new Chamber of Deputies are beginning throughout the country, and the government is straining every nerve to preserve the majority in the new, which they obtained in the last. The two parties of the Carlists and Republicans have little weight now, and are little feared; but the main object seems to be the exclusion of those men who profess independent principles and a wish to act as a check on the expenses and encroachments of the present system. To this point, all the machinery of threats and cajolery is put in motion by the ministry; and when to this is added the known bribery which takes place when the deputies are assembled, it is not difficult to surmise what will be the result of the present canvass. Louis-Philippe is working steadily to bring about a despotic monarchy, the first step to which is now secured by a numerous, well-appointed army, which is attached by flattery and favours to his interest. He has two other powerful engines working in his favour, which rally round him the National Guard, or what may be called the middling classes, and of which he is availing himself adroitly and constantly,—the fear of revolution and pillage with those who have property, and the allurements of favour and patronage with those who wish for advancement. He is carrying everything by degrees; and though by no means increasing his popularity, if no unforeseen event occurs, he may probably succeed in his objects.

He is aiming a bold stroke at Versailles, which the last Bourbons could never accomplish. Permission was given some time back to fit up that palace as a great national museum for works of art, to be brought from the various residences and *gardes meubles* of the civil list, and kept as a public exhibition. This is in part arranged, and will be opened shortly to the public. I was surprised, however, to learn, during our visit on Sunday, that advantage has been taken of this circumstance to fit up the private apartments of Louis XIV. precisely as they existed at that period. The identical bed in which he slept has been repaired and put up, as well as many other fine pieces of furniture which had been laid aside and forgotten. What was wanting has been supplied from other quarters, but all harmonising with the

taste of that day; and the effect is said to be really superb. Neither money nor interest can obtain a view of this collection from the guardians, to whom the king has given the strictest orders that no one shall be admitted; indeed, M. Montalivert said to Glengall the other night, that if any one dared to show it, he would be instantly dismissed. I could not help asking my informant, if it was the king's intention to reside in it? He only said, with a significant look, "Not yet!"

The gardens are all kept in excellent order, and the waterworks play on the first Sunday in the month during summer. The exterior and interior decorations of the palace have been restored. Under one pretext or another, furniture may be gradually introduced, till some fine day the monarch of July may find himself installed in that gorgeous abode, the reckless and enormous cost of which contributed much to hasten that series of changes and misfortunes which have at length placed him on the throne of his ill-fated relatives. It is said that the expense of creating this royal residence, which was constructed under the most unfavourable circumstances of nature, on a tract of marshy land, so much exceeded all possible calculation, that even Louis XIV. was ashamed of the prodigality, and ordered the accounts to be destroyed.

But supposing for an instant that Louis-Philippe should succeed in his object, if it is his ambition to occupy the seat of Louis XIV., where will he find the brilliant court, the splendid fortunes, the high-bred nobility, which reflected so much lustre on the monarch of that era? Not in the parsimonious, money-loving, self-opinated, plebeian ranks of lawyers and editors by whom he is surrounded. The days of courtly magnificence are gone for ever.

*Wednesday, 18th.* — A curious statement has been published by one of the papers in Madrid, respecting the number and revenues of the Spanish clergy. It appears that the number of buildings appropriated to religious purposes throughout Spain is 28,229; that of the clergy is 159,322; that of the friars and nuns is 96,878. The entire revenue of the ecclesiastical orders is 50,000,000 dollars (300,000,000 f.); and of this sum the part consumed by them is shown to exceed the whole revenue of the state by some eight millions of dollars. How many years' purchase is it now worth? *Quære*, one year?

Earl Grey has *strengthened* his Government by appointing Marquis Conyngham Postmaster-General, and Colonel Byng a Lord of the Treasury. A learned lord, on these appointments being notified to him, is said to have asked, "What is the humour

of all this; and in the name of all that is ridiculous, what are we to do with these two geniuses?" It may be thought that Lord Anglesey has been pacified at somewhat too dear a rate, for the production of his letter, by the promotion of his two sons-in-law.

Mr. Cutler Fergusson is made Judge-Advocate-General, in the room of Robert Grant, who is to be Governor of Bombay, *vice* Lord Clare.

*Thursday, 19th.* — Went with the Glengalls, Damers, and Lady Sandwich to see the Hôtel de Cluny, for the interior of which we had now a ticket of admission. The furniture, though collected at a considerable expense, is more curious than valuable, more suited to the antiquarian than the man of taste. Every broker's shop in Paris seems to have been ransacked for remnants of worm-eaten furniture, to complete the collection with which this old Gothic building is literally stuffed; and as the era of Francis I. was not distinguished by much refinement in the arts of comfort or splendour, the Hôtel Cluny is only remarkable as a contrast to modern improvements. There is a profusion of old carving in ebony which does not enliven the picture; one fine cabinet, in *pietra dura*, evidently of Italian manufacture at that period; the bed of Francis I., carved in oak, with tapestry hangings; a chess-board and men in *crystal de roche*, at which two men in armour seem to have been puzzling themselves for the last four centuries; the chapel as it then existed, with a *mannequin* priest in *chasuble et étole*; the dining-room, with the buffet, and the table laid with plates and dishes of Dutch *faïence*; and in every room a profusion of ancient household furniture, from the massive *armoire* with carved pilasters, to the rusty snuffers or worm-eaten bellows which the indefatigable collector could discover in the garrets and lumber-rooms of the broker or the antiquary.

It is said that he has invested a considerable fortune in this burlesque exhibition, which the worms and moths hold in disputed possession with him.

The Government are continuing their intrigues to bias the elections; and, as it is asserted that 32,000,000 Frenchmen are bound by the acts of 200,000 electors, their task is not very difficult. The following letter sent from the Ministère de l'Intérieur to an undecided voter has been published in the *Courrier Français*:—

“Paris, 17 Mai.

“On voit toujours avec douleur un homme de bien, mû sans doute pas des sentimens louables, se mêler à des intrigues qui peuvent compromettre l'avenir de ses *parens*. C'est pourquoi je

crois rendre service à M——, en le prévenant que le ministère étant instruit des courses et démarches qu'il fait pour le triomphe de l'élection d'un candidat qui lui sera hostile, il ne doit espérer aucun avancement pour les siens, employés dans l'administration de l'état et peut-être doit il avoir des craintes pour la *conservation* de leurs emplois. S'il continue le même rôle, il doit sentir qu'un gouvernement quelconque ne peut conserver en place les parens d'un citoyen, qui agit ouvertement contre lui."

*Saturday, 21st.* — After some difficulties being started by the English Government, who sent Mr. Backhouse from London to negotiate with Don Carlos on board the Donegal man-of-war at Portsmouth, permission has been given to him and to his family to land. Every attempt to induce him to abdicate his claim to the crown of Spain has been fruitless. The King dined with the Duke of Wellington on Wednesday, the eighteenth anniversary of the battle of Waterloo.

The prosecutions against the press are going on with unceasing vigour, and fines and imprisonment are visited on the editors. M. Conseil and M. Carrel, proprietors of the *National*, were to take their trial before the Court of Assizes at Rouen, in pursuance of a decision of the Court of Cassation, on Monday last; but on the preceding afternoon, while taking an excursion on the Seine with some friends, the boat was upset by a sudden squall of wind, and all thrown into the water: M. Conseil was unfortunately drowned, and M. Carrel so severely suffered from the accident, both in body and mind, that the hearing must be put off.

*Monday, 23rd.* — On Friday the Dissenters University Admission Bill was carried in the Commons by a large majority. Sir R. Peel declared that he regarded this bill as a blow at the security of the Church.

*Wednesday, 25th.* — Clanricarde has resigned his post of the Yeoman of the Guard, from *religious scruples* as to the Church Question.

*Quære,* Does he think the House tottering?

*Thursday, 26th.* — We drove over to St. Cyr, a large blank white building, like a manufactory: no traces left of Madame de Maintenon and her young *élèves*; it is become a military school for young cadets, who represent battles and sieges instead of Esther and Athalie. There are only 250 students at present, whose conduct is at times refractory and displeasing to the government; nineteen were cashiered the other day. The distance is not above two miles from the palace.



*Friday, 27th.*—Visited the Grand and Petit Trianon, which are only costly accessories to the grand palace, and are still well kept up. There are some good pictures of the Bourbon family still remaining—Louis XIV. ; Louis XV., and his two daughters, one of whom is playing on the violoncello ; some fine views of the palaces, particularly of Marly as it then existed ; a scene, on the terrace, of courtiers playing at *cache cache*, in which Madame de Montespan, apparently watching the game, is evidently more occupied by an earnest conversation going on in another quarter between Madame de Maintenon and Louvois. The costume of the time is well represented, and the latter lady is easily recognised by her black *coiffe* and gown. We saw the noble chapel at Versailles with its painted roof and splendid decorations : all these costly monuments of art are gradually resuming their former splendour, and owe their restoration as much to Napoleon as to the later care and attention of the Bourbons on their return.

At night we came back to Auteuil.

*Saturday, 28th.*—The elections are finished, and the government candidates have been generally successful. The opposition has lost strength, and many of its members have not been re-elected.

A meeting took place the other day at Clichy between two professors of the English language, Messrs. Robertson and Glashin, when the former quarrelled with the latter's second on the spot ; a duel ensued, and the second was shot : the other party was adjourned.

*Sunday, 29th.*—We went to Versailles to dine and sleep at the Glengalls'. There are various *bosquets* in the gardens, railed in and locked up, to which the public are not admitted, but are privately shown. We saw this morning the colonnade temple, which is a large circular construction of arches and marble columns forming an amphitheatre, with thirty-six recesses, in each of which are marble basins and fountains supplied with water from the great reservoir, which play at the same time with the other water-works. In the centre of this temple is a fine *groupe* in marble of the Rape of Proserpine, by Girardin ; the bas-reliefs on the pedestal are beautifully executed. The whole is without a roof, and open to the sky. Louis XIV. in those days frequently gave concerts to his court in this temple, at which time large crystal chandeliers, with innumerable wax candles, were suspended from the centre of each arch, while underneath, the marble fountains spouted up cascades of water in

which the lights were reflected in all directions like streams of diamonds. In another *bosquet* is the bath of Apollo, formed of massive rocks, in the centre of which is seen the marble *groupe* of Apollo with Thetis and her attendants; in recesses on either side are the horses of the god in very spirited attitudes; below is the basin which is fed by waters from the surrounding cascades. The immense mass of rocks was brought from Fontainebleau, and erected here by Louis XVI.

*Monday, 30th.*—Went to Fontainebleau, by a cross road which joins that from Paris, about a league on this side of Fromenteau: we travelled through a pretty country, with occasional views of the Seine, which winds its course to Paris on the left, through all this department. About a league on this side of Essonne is Petitbourg, a fine *château* and estate formerly belonging to the Duc de Bourbon, now the property of the Spanish banker Aguado, who from being a retail dealer in cigars and sherry at Paris, has made a colossal fortune by speculations in the Spanish funds within the last ten years, which he spends with great liberality. The last stage is through the forest, and the approach to the town very striking.

*Tuesday, July 1st.*—The town and *château* of Fontainebleau is situated in a valley, placed in the middle of an immense forest, consisting of 33,000 acres, spreading over hill and dale, and abounding with gigantic rocky promontories and scattered masses, which diversify the scenery in every direction; at one time looking from the eminences, like distant cities; at another like frightful cliffs, or precipices, hanging over the immense ocean of green shade which is waving below in the valley, and curling to the wind. The timber is of the finest description; the most magnificent lofty oaks, beech, chestnut, &c., kept with great care and diligently pruned, present in every direction to the traveller avenues and drives intersecting each other through the extensive *massifs*, and opening at every turn upon the most beautiful pictures of forest scenery, or the wildest views of savage nature. The forest has indeed been called tremendously beautiful. The great desideratum which appeared to me was the absence of game: herds of deer and wild animals roving amid such picturesque scenery, would have completed the *tableau*; but they were all destroyed in the first Revolution, and there are now scarcely sufficient to afford an occasional scanty *chasse*. In former times these woods abounded in every species of game. There are several beautiful points of view in this forest, to which the attention is directed by the guides, among which

Frenchard, la Madeleine, and particularly le Rocher des deux Sœurs, are the most striking and attractive. In the whole of this woody tract, equal in extent to some counties, not even a village has been built.

Colonel and Mrs. Damer joined us to-day.

*Wednesday, July 2nd.*—This day was dedicated to seeing the castle, which, though not so fine as Versailles, is infinitely larger and more curious. It represents, within and without, the different styles of architecture from Francis I. to Louis XVI. The etymology of the name was at one time supposed to be *fontaine de belle eau*; but historians now assert it *fontaine Bliand*, from an individual of that name, who originally held the property before the time of St. Louis. Long previous to François Premier it had been a royal domain; but he first gave it celebrity as a royal residence, by building the present front, and various other wings, which still attest the founder by the F's which are let into the brickwork.

The principal entrance is by the Cour du Cheval Blanc, which is extensive, and enclosed by an iron railing: it leads to the great stone staircase (*à double rampe*), of a circular form, communicating with the principal apartments: this spot is now become historical. By this staircase Napoleon descended to take leave of his Guard assembled in the court, while his travelling carriage, and that of the commissioner, waited in a corner to convey him on his journey to Elba in 1814. One side of the quadrangle is a range of small houses which were used for the establishments of the different ministers of state; the other was for various officers. Some idea may be formed of the immense size of this palace when you are informed that it contains 1500 *lits de maître*. Besides this court, there are the Cour d'Honneur, Cour de Princes, Cour Ovale du Donjon, Cour de la Fontaine, and Cour des Cuisines. The apartments, as may be supposed, are innumerable: that which was appropriated to the reception of Pope Pius VII. is very handsome; the principal rooms are hung with fine specimens of the Gobelins tapestry. A small drawing-room is shown, in which Napoleon prevailed on the Pope to sign the famous concordat, which he afterwards was so unwilling to ratify. He was attended by sixteen cardinals, and served by his own attendants, but an establishment of servants and equipages was placed at his disposal, which he declined to avail himself of. He never once during his stay crossed the threshold of his abode. Not so the cardinals, particularly Ruffo, who went to the *chasse*, and beguiled the time as well as circumstances would permit. Mass

was daily celebrated in the *Salon*, hung with tapestried representations of the banquets of the heathen gods.

Napoleon seems to have been very partial to this residence, which suffered more during the havoc of the Revolution than any other; the furniture, glasses, and ornaments of every description being pillaged or destroyed. His hand restored much of the damaged decoration, and he furnished it entirely at an enormous expense; but the furniture, though handsome, is modern, and ill accords with the ancient style and decoration of the walls, much less can it replace those magnificent works of art, with which Louis XIV. and XV. had made it their pride to adorn it. The artists of that time have established their fame; but even in the time of François Premier, who may be called the founder of Fontainebleau, when French ingenuity and industry had made but little progress, his Italian architect and painter, Primaticcio, employed his own countrymen, who were far more advanced in those arts than their neighbours, to decorate this superb *château*: many invaluable specimens, therefore, of that early period were also destroyed by the ruthless vengeance of the revolutionists in 1792.

The Galerie de Diane has been quite restored, and new gilt, partly in the time of Louis XVIII., who has put up a tablet to record it in the twenty-second year of his reign. There is a fine picture of Henri IV. on horseback, and several modern paintings of different events in his reign.

The Galerie of François I. is well worthy of remark, as giving a specimen of the architecture of that time, enriched with the Italian painting and decorations, which, though injured by time, still retain a fine and even rich appearance: it is the intention of Louis-Philippe to restore this gallery, the proportions of which are very good. There are pedestals at equal distances, supporting the marble busts of every hero or philosopher in every period, —the medley is rather ridiculous; there is also a fine picture of Louis XIV. on horseback, said to be by Vandyke.\*

The Galerie de Cerfs, so called from the stags' heads with which it was ornamented, has been lately pulled down and converted into private apartments. It was in this gallery that Christine, Queen of Sweden, when residing at Fontainebleau, superintended the assassination of her minister Monaldeschi, who is buried in a small church at a short distance from the town.

The Galerie or Ball Room of Henri II. is in the same style, but far handsomer than that of François I., and had suffered still

\* It could not have been by Vandyke, who died in 1642, four years after Louis XIV. was born.

more from dilapidation. The workmen are now employed in thoroughly repairing all the decorations, repainting the fresco designs, and adding a profusion of gilding: the ceiling alone is just finished with gold and silver mouldings to the compartments, which has a novel and beautiful effect. When the entire gallery is completed, it will eclipse every other room in the palace.

What are called the state apartments, are in the richest style of Louis XIV., and still in very good preservation. La Salle du Trône and the Levée Room are rich in gilding and carving, by the first artists; but the throne itself and the furniture, which were put up in the time of Napoleon, have still a meagre appearance when contrasted with the ornaments of the preceding æra.

The state bed-room is fitted up in the same manner. An immense canopy bed, with ostrich feathers at the four corners, and rich silk hangings, in which formerly Napoleon reposed with his empress, is now occupied by Louis-Philippe and his queen when they visit Fontainebleau.

Adjoining to these, are shown the private apartments of Napoleon, which are furnished very richly; but the most remarkable object in them is a small round mahogany claw table on which he signed his \* abdication of the French Empire. A brass plate recording this event is fixed in the inside, and an autograph copy of the document is placed in a frame on the console table opposite for public inspection.

There is a beautiful theatre built by Louis XV., which is still in constant use, when the master resides here; and even the citizen King has not hesitated to follow the example of his predecessor. Actors from Paris are sent down as in the time of Napoleon.

The gardens attached to the *château* are well laid out, but did not present any very striking feature. The repairs, which are carrying on by order of Louis-Philippe, are alike creditable to his taste and his liberality: no expense seems to be spared in giving the old designs their original beauty, while those parts which must be remade are in strict keeping with the old.

In these late repairs we observed that he has not hesitated to restore the *fleurs-de-lis*, which is the more remarkable, as in the

\* Les puissances alliées ayant proclamé que l'Empereur Napoléon était le seul obstacle au rétablissement de la paix en Europe, l'Empereur Napoléon, fidèle à son serment, déclare qu'il renonce pour lui et pour ses héritiers aux trônes de France et d'Italie, et qu'il n'est aucun sacrifice qu'il ne fasse même celui de la vie pour l'intérêt de la France. — 10 Avril, 1814.

commencement of the last revolution he had effaced them from his own arms.

*Thursday, 3rd.* — We returned to Auteuil. The papers mention the death of Countess Antrim. She was the heiress of the great Macdonnell property in the county of Antrim, and widow of Sir H. Vane Tempest, after whose death she married Mr. Phelps: the property goes to her daughter, the present Marchioness of Londonderry. Pozzo the other day was giving a description of the present race of Frenchmen: he said, “Ils sont mal-honnêtes, mal élevés, libertins, arrogans et faux; mais ils sont braves, et de cette manière ils s’en tirent, parce que personne n’aime à avoir une affaire avec un mauvais sujet.”

The English Government seems much embarrassed with their new guest Don Carlos. He has been permitted to come with his family to a house at Brompton; but though driven from his own country, and left apparently without resources, no cajolery or threats can induce him to resign his claims and pretensions to the crown of Spain, which is his by the real laws of the country.

A tragic event occurred here yesterday in the Bois de Boulogne, about two hundred yards from the house. A young hairdresser from Paris brought down a young woman, to whom he was to be married on the following day. After walking about in the most public part of the promenade, and taking some refreshment together at the *restaurant*, they turned up one of the *allées*, when he drew out a pistol, and shot her dead; he then attempted to commit suicide with another, but only wounded himself slightly, and the police immediately took him into custody. Jealousy was supposed to be the cause of this horrid act.

*Saturday, 5th.* — Don Miguel arrived at Genoa on the 20th ult. Immediately on landing he went to the nearest church, threw himself on his knees, and remained for a long time with his face covered with his pocket-handkerchief.

*Sunday, 6th.* — One of the men who has run a long political career, the Duc de Cadore\*, minister and ambassador under Napoleon, died on Thursday, aged seventy-seven.

*Monday, 7th.* — Mr. Stanley made a violent speech, on Friday, against the Government on the Irish Church Bill. The Queen embarked on the 5th, from Woolwich, in the royal yacht, for Rotterdam, on her journey to visit her relations in Germany. She was received with great demonstrations of loyalty by the spectators.

\* Champagny.

*Tuesday, 8th.* — On Sunday last, two young men — one a law student, the other a medical one — repaired to the Bois de Boulogne to settle an affair of honour of so serious a nature (at least in their opinion) that it was resolved that one should die. After a vain attempt at reconciliation, one of the seconds demanded that the delay of one hour should take place before the combat commenced. This being agreed to, he returned with all speed to Paris, and informed a priest, who had been chaplain to the college of the students, of what was about to occur. The worthy ecclesiastic hurried to the spot, and after a vain endeavour to bring one of the adversaries to listen to reason, who insisted on blood being shed, the clergyman said to him, “If you must shed blood, let it be mine: I willingly offer myself as a victim; for I may say, without presumption, that I am better prepared at the present moment to quit this world, than the young man whose life you seek.” This touching apostrophe had the desired effect, and a reconciliation took place, all parties doing honour to the venerable peacemaker.

Extract of a letter from Rome, 24th June:—

“On a créé hier quatre cardinaux, savoir Canali, Bottiglia, Polidori et Trigona, le sacré collège est presque au grand complet. La papauté est comme ces femmes coquettes, qui aiment à être couchées dans le cercueil, ornées de tous leurs bijoux, et dans tout l'éclat de leur parure.”

*Thursday, 10th.*—This evening, at La Muette\*, Lord Leveson brought the account that Lord Grey and Lord Althorpe had resigned. On the 9th inst., Earl Grey in the Lords, and Lord Althorpe in the Commons, announced the complete dissolution of the Whig Ministry. The former rose, under great agitation, to explain the circumstances which led to this event, viz., the impolitic communications of Cabinet intentions by Mr. Littleton to Mr. O'Connell, and the internal dissensions among his colleagues. *This time* the King has accepted the resignations: time only will show the result; but a great change seems inevitable.

Two years ago the Whigs boasted, that, if they were turned out of office by the Tories, they would leave the country in such a state that no other party should be able to govern it: they have

\* In the Bois de Boulogne, then hired by Lord Ranfurly; at one time it belonged to Madame du Barri, afterwards to Marie-Antoinette; and was the scene of many *fêtes* in the time of the Empire, as mentioned by Madame d'Abrantes.

odone their assertions,—they have rendered it ungovernable even by themselves. In the present instance, the Tories have had no hand in their downfall; at no period have they been so inactive, or made so little opposition; upon great questions, indeed, they have more frequently voted with the Government than against them.

*Saturday, 12th.* — There is no ministerial arrangement announced, but the Whigs are struggling to maintain their hold. The Chancellor asserted, in the Lords, that Lord Althorpe had acted under a mistake when he announced the complete dissolution of the Cabinet. *He himself had not resigned* the Wool-sack.

*Monday, 14th.* — The embarrassments in forming a new administration still continue; nothing as yet decided.

*Wednesday, 16th.* — The Cabinet menders are still in difficulty. The King has now empowered Lord Melbourne to form an administration, who best consults the indolence of his nature by persuading the lost sheep to return to the fold. Lord Althorpe is yielding to his seductions; but if anything could prove the dearth of public men and public talent in the ranks of the Whigs, it is the fact that William Lamb should become Prime Minister of England.

In the midst of this confusion, to the great surprise of all Europe, Don Carlos has privately made his escape from England, and is gone to join his adherents in the North of Spain, in defiance of the quadrupartite treaty, signed by France, England, Portugal, and Spain.

*Friday, 18th.* — As if the march of the two countries was to proceed *pari passu*, Marshal Soult has resigned, and is succeeded by Marshal Gérard, as President of the Council and Minister at War. Great opposition has been made to him of late in the cabinet, with reference to the appointment of a civil governor at Algiers, which he would not allow; but the more immediate cause of his secession is the apprehension of meeting the new chamber, which, however it may be of a ministerial colour, is still pledged to economy and the strictest investigation of his military budget. He is said to have realised an immense fortune.

C. Greville writes me from London: "The King wanted to have a coalition, which was out of the question; no party could have agreed to it. He then wished Lord Grey to return; but he was told this could not be. He desired Lord Grey might be consulted, and considered throughout the whole transaction; and it was at his (Lord Grey's) especial request to Althorpe, that the



latter consented to stay with Melbourne. Nobody thinks this Cabinet will last long, still less can anybody guess what will come next. Public men seem generally at a discount; and the late proceedings have certainly not exhibited the candidates for political power in a very advantageous light, either as to wisdom or honour. The Coercion Bill will pass the House of Lords, and the Commons will throw out the three clauses: some think that when it is sent back to the Lords, they will refuse it, which I do not; they will prefer taking the bill without the clauses, to having no bill at all. I cannot say that I ever expected to see Melbourne Prime Minister of England, or its destinies committed to such a triumvirate as he, Althorpe, and Brougham. I am not on the whole, however, a great alarmist; and though fully alive to all the difficulty of forming a government, and the obstacles which the Reform Bill has cast in the way of any that can be formed, I am not apprehensive of a revolution, nor of the decadence of our moral, social, or political condition. It would be a tedious dissertation, if I were to attempt to give any reasons for this impression; and I am not sure that I could do so, nor that my convictions are not rather the result of instinct than of an inductive reasoning process: but after hearing the most elaborate arguments to prove that we are on the road to ruin, I feel tempted to answer, ‘circumspice;’ for I think nobody who does dispassionately, can really believe it.”

*Sunday, 20th.*—The patchwork Ministry is settled *pro tempore*: Lord Duncannon takes Melbourne’s place in the Home Office, and Sir J. C. Hobhouse has the Woods and Forests, with a seat in the Cabinet. Their first act is to expunge from Lord Grey’s Irish Coercion Bill the three most efficient clauses, from a fear of the House of Commons.

Michael Angelo Taylor died, on Wednesday last, at his house in Privy Gardens. He was a good-natured, hospitable man, and a great feeder of the Whig members of the House of Commons, who readily obeyed his invitations to turbot and lobster sauce.

*Monday, 21st.*—Lord Duncannon is made a peer.

*Friday, 25th.*—I had a letter from Glengall. He says, “that Lords Brougham and Holland offered Lord Grey the Privy Seal: he almost kicked them down stairs. \* \* \* \* Durham is gone northward in disgust. The King would not send to the Duke personally, as he has not forgot old grievances; but he desired Melbourne to form a coalition, which the Tories refused.

*Saturday, 26th.*—I called on Pozzo di Borgo, and sat some time with him. He thinks the present state of England worse

than if it was a republic, and the downfall of the House of Lords inevitable. With this exception, the state of Europe, generally, is improved. The Three Powers have completed their measures, and though they do not wish for war, they are now prepared for it, if necessary. The contentions in the Helvetic cantons are settled to their satisfaction; the word was, *faites ça ou la guerre*, and the threat succeeded. There are private accounts from Don Carlos's head-quarters of a favourable nature; but he was afraid of being too confident. The riots which took place in Madrid last week, when four convents were destroyed and sixty monks massacred, were excited by the Urban guard, who lent arms to the populace, while the government looked on and encouraged the excesses. The English, said he, are now suspected wherever they go. At Paris, perhaps, and at Rome, they are well received; but in every other part of Europe they will be subject to the strictest scrutiny as to passports; and, indeed without certificates of good conduct and good intentions, they will be vigilantly watched. They are much more to be dreaded now as propagandists than the French, whom Louis-Philippe is bringing into proper subjection, and is anxious to go with the good cause; while every day proves the mischievous manœuvres of the English Government. He particularly alluded to the recent election for F—— as a proof that they would support any character, however *flétri*, if it suited their purposes; and said (I fear with great truth) that the moral and honourable feelings which formerly distinguished the English nation from all others had undergone as great a change as their politics. The power and wealth of the country were still undeniable, even under the present system, though our late colonial measures might eventually undermine that prosperity; but as to the British Constitution of King, Lords, and Commons, which had for ages been the admiration of the world, it had been destroyed by a stroke of the pen. The only government which remained for England was the reformed House of Commons, or, in other words, a democracy.

I asked him if it was true that Louis-Philippe had just given Montrond a pension: he said 20,000 francs a year, to speak well of him at the Clubs and in England.

*Tuesday, 29th.* — The glorious three days are past, and the farce of commemorating a revolution by which the people have gained no advantages, either moral or political, while the nation has become an object of suspicion to the neighbouring powers, is just finished. The first day (Sunday) was a mourning for the victims who perished in this fruitless cause; the second day was

enlivened by the review of the national guards, and all the troops of the line forming the garrison of Paris, an imposing armed force, ready at the shortest notice to exterminate these sons of liberty, if they should dare to attempt any repetition of the scenes which they are called upon to commemorate. This review lasted several hours. All the troops defiled before the king and his staff in the Place Vendôme, who, by his constant bows and cringing manner, displayed rather too openly his main dependence on them to secure his newly-acquired throne. The queen, the princesses, &c., were stationed on a balcony behind him. They arrived in a most unassuming motley *cortège* of carriages, each with a pair of horses, and a single lackey on the hind seat. The day concluded with a given quantity of puppet-shows, booths, and gingerbread in the Champs-Elysées.

The third day was intensely hot. The *spectacles* were open gratis; a balloon was let off; some ridiculous tilting was exhibited on the river; and at night some beautiful fireworks. A sudden storm of heavy rain and lightning concluded the fête, and sent several hundred thousand spectators drenched and dripping to their beds. Heard of the death of Lord James Fitzroy, after an illness of ten days, on the 26th instant: he was only thirty years old, the youngest son of the Duke of Grafton, and nephew to my brother-in-law Lord W. Fitzroy.

*Wednesday, 30th.*—Earl Bathurst died on the 27th instant: he was one of the Tellers of the Exchequer, and Colonial Secretary from 1813 till 1824, and had been long in office during all the Tory administrations. A blue riband is vacant by his death.

A duel was fought on the 26th instant between Count Prosper d'Aubri, twenty-seven years old, formerly a *Garde-du-corps*, and Count Gustave de Blücher, grandson of the Prussian field-marshal of that name, in consequence of a dispute on the preceding day at Baden, near Rastadt. They fought in the Isle of the Rhine between Strasbourg and Kehl. The duel took place, with pistols, at fifteen yards' distance. Count d'Aubri was killed by the ball of his adversary passing through his chest.

Sir John Hobhouse has gained his election for Nottingham, amidst great popular clamour against him.

*Thursday, 31st.*—Lord Mulgrave appointed Privy Seal in the room of Lord Carlisle. The King of the French went to the Palais Bourbon to open the Chambers. The speech from the throne, insignificant. The expressions are peaceable; and but

little reference is made to the quadrupartite treaty, or the affairs of the Peninsula.

The opening of the Cortès took place at Madrid on the 24th instant. The speech from the throne was delivered by the queen-regent. The Spanish funds have again fallen, from some vague expressions supposed to have reference to a reduction of the national debt.

St. Germain's.

*Monday, 4th August.*—On Wednesday last, in the House of Commons, an amendment on the Irish Tithe Bill, moved by O'Connell, was carried against Ministers by a majority of 82 against 33. It was in substance a reduction of 40 per cent. on tithe compositions. The value of tithes, by the latest returns, is about 670,000*l.*, and it is reduced to 400,000*l.*, the occupiers of the land being exonerated from the payment, which is thrown now on the landlord. There is a strong suspicion that the Government covertly assented to this defeat, wishing the measure to be carried, though afraid openly to sanction it.

Glengall writes on the 2nd instant: "We threw out the bill for admitting Dissenters into the universities with a grand majority in the House of Lords last night. A meeting was held this morning by all the Tory peers at Apsley House, when it was resolved to stay in town to the end of the season."

*Wednesday, 6th.*—A letter is arrived which mentions the death of Mrs. Arbuthnot at Kettering. It is another instance of sudden mortality amongst our acquaintance. She was a very clever, agreeable woman, and, from her great intimacy with the Duke, a prominent feature in the Tory party. Her death was awfully sudden; she left town a fortnight ago in high health and spirits. The melancholy event took place at a farm-house near Woodford, to which she had walked, and was there seized with spasms: an express was sent for Sir H. Halford, but before he arrived she was no more. She was sister to General Sir Henry Fane, and married to Mr. Arbuthnot in 1814.

Admiral Sir Richard King died on the 4th instant of cholera at Sheerness. The disorder seems gaining ground in England.

*Friday, 8th.*—M. Dupin elected president of the French Chamber of Deputies. The civil war continues in Spain with little success on either side. Zumalacaraguy defends himself in the fastnesses against Rodil, who has moved to Elisondo, and Don Carlos meets with little encouragement.

*Thursday, 14th.*—The House of Lords has thrown out Mr. O'Connell's Irish Tithe Bill by a majority of 67, to the great

mortification of the Government, who did not support it in the Commons. Glengall writes to me, "We have bearded the Dissenters, the Catholics, and the House of Commons to the teeth."

According to M. Torreno's *exposé* of the finance of Spain to the Cortès, it appears that the revenue of that country amounts at present to the sum of

	Reals Velon. 715,319,139
The charge of collecting which, with other expenses	195,726,065
	519,593,074
While the presumed expenses for the year are	599,033,274
And a known deficit from various causes -	- 336,264,175

*Friday, 15th.*—The Duke of Norfolk\* has got the vacant Blue Riband, being the only Catholic of the Order. In the evening we went to Tivoli, with the Ashburnhams, Howard, and Sir Cavendish Rumbold.

*Saturday, 16th.*—On the 15th, Parliament was prorogued by the King in person. East Gloucester has returned a Tory candidate in Mr. Codrington.

*Tuesday, 19th.*—Marshal Maison, the French ambassador at Petersburg, has had a narrow escape for his life; he was present at a review on the 1st instant, when he was unexpectedly overtaken by a charge of cavalry, his horse thrown to the ground, and himself taken up violently bruised and insensible: he is now recovering from the accident.

*Sunday, 24th.*—Talleyrand arrived in Paris on Friday from London; and on Wednesday the Queen returned from the Continent, and landed at Woolwich, amidst great acclamations.

Marriages are soon arranged in this country. Lady Virginia Murray, with her two nieces, young girls of seventeen and eighteen years old, the daughters of Colonel Murray, were invited the other day to dine with the Prince de la Trémouille, who is seventy-six; on the following day he proposed to Lady Virginia to marry one of her nieces, which she was disposed to decline on account of the great disproportion of age: but, when the offer was laid before the young lady, she accepted it without hesitation, and last week she was made Princesse de la Trémouille.

*Wednesday, 27th.*—The opening of the Chambers has taken place in Lisbon, and the ex-Emperor Don Pedro has addressed them in a long and boasting speech; it will be seen hereafter how

\* The Duke of Norfolk afterwards renounced the Roman Catholic faith.

far his account of his own illustrious deeds will agree with the character given to them by impartial historians.

*Thursday, 28th.*—One of our best modern English poets, Mr. Coleridge, is dead—and there is little prospect of his place being soon supplied in the literary world. His conversational powers were very great. On an occasion when the doctrine of the Sacramentaries and the Roman Catholics, on the subject of the Eucharist, was in question, he solved the difficulty at once, by saying, “They are both equally wrong,—the first have volatilised the Eucharist into a metaphor, the last have condensed it into an idol.”

*Friday, 29th.*—Dr. Antomarchi, who attended Napoleon at St. Helena during his last illness, has written the following account of a recent storm, when the lightning entered the house in which he was :—“I was at breakfast with my father and family, and a numerous party of friends, at the little village of Santi, when the lightning entered the room where we were sitting. One branch of the electric fluid made its way through the wall immediately above me, at about a foot from my head, without touching me; but it struck Mademoiselle Blassini, a young lady seated on my right hand, and killed her. The right side of her head and her ear were burnt, and her hair was set on fire. The lightning descended by the neck, the breast, the body, and the leg on the same side, leaving traces of its passage by severe excoriation. M. Stella, a young abbé, who sat next to the young lady, was also struck by the same current, which passed from the silk dress and apron of the young lady to his left knee, scorching his leg from top to bottom, leaving a severe bruise on the top of the foot; while his shoe was torn off and rent in pieces. My eldest sister also received the shock, but it only carried away her shoe and part of the stocking, without touching the skin. All the other persons were more or less affected, but we were all thrown down. The bronze mask of the Emperor, which was suspended between two openings in the wall made by the lightning, was untouched. Plates, glasses, and other things were broken; a dog was killed at my feet; the damage done produced a frightful scene of desolation.”

*Saturday, 30th.*—A serious fall in the Spanish funds on the Paris Exchange. The 5 per cents, which, previous to the death of Ferdinand, were above 80, have been down this week at 28, while the Cortès bonds, which had previously risen during the last six months from 14 to 36, have also declined to 31. The ruin on all hands among the speculators is enormous, and the

papers show that many have balanced their accounts by suicide. The mania for gambling in the funds is vastly more extensive here than in London. The women are deeply engaged in it, and had established a *parquet* for themselves in one of the galleries at the Bourse, from whence they were lately expelled by an order of the Minister of Commerce, but they still continue their *agiotage* to the same extent in the outer passages. When Mr. Jauge was lately arrested by the government on the Exchange for supposed communications with Don Carlos, and, aiding in his escape from England, which produced a panic among the bondholders, these irritated viragoes would have torn him in pieces, if the arrival of the gendarmes had not saved him from their fury. Mr. Jauge still remains in prison, though it is difficult to say under what pretence a government in a *free country* could have the right to incarcerate him.

*Monday, Sept. 1.*—Standish came to-day to Paris. He married a French woman, Mademoiselle Finguerlin, a relation of Madame de Genlis, and established himself for ten years in France.

*Wednesday, 3rd.*—I called this morning to return the visit of Count Zamoisky, who is staying at Auteuil in the house of the Prince de Beauveau. His uncle, the Prince Czartorisky, is with him, a melancholy victim of the late revolution in Poland, formerly possessor of an immense fortune, and now reduced to a very small pittance. They are both agreeable men, and live chiefly in English society.

*Thursday, 4th.*—This morning, early, a duel was fought in the Bois de Boulogne, close to our house; one of the combatants was killed on the spot. They both came to the ground with their horses and servants, and were said to be partners in the same business. The cause of the quarrel was not known. The uncle of one of the parties was his second.

We went to see Meudon to-day, which belongs to the crown, and is occasionally inhabited by the Duke of Orleans. It is a good house, but the furniture is modern, put in by Napoleon. The great beauty of the place is the terrace, and the extensive view which it commands for many leagues of the surrounding country—Paris, the Seine, &c. It was built by Louvois, and left by him to his widow, who sold it to Louis XIV. for 400,000 fr. and the palace of Choisy. It then became the residence of Monseigneur le Dauphin; was afterwards pillaged in the Revolution, and then restored in the Empire. Meudon is situated on an

eminence above Belle Vue, two miles from Sèvres, and at an equal distance between Paris and Versailles.

*Sunday, 7th.*—Fête at St. Cloud. Donna Francesca, wife of Don Carlos, died on the 4th inst. of a bilious attack at Alverstoke Rectory, Gosport. She was a Portuguese princess, sister to Pedro and Miguel, thirty-six years old, and has left three sons.

*Wednesday, 10th.*—Glengall writes from Caher:—“This country is improving much, but O’Connell is stronger than ever, owing to the disgraceful truckling conduct of Government; but the Protestants are roused, and will fight to the last: they have refused to surrender the arms of their Yeomanry Corps.

*Friday, 12th.*—Don Pedro has been created Regent of Portugal. In Lisbon, as in London, the cabinet has approved the plan of swamping the Upper House, by thrusting twenty-four new Peers into the Chamber, to liberalise that assembly. A duel took place on Wednesday near Paris, which was attended by singular circumstances. One of the combatants having had the first fire, placed himself in an attitude to receive that of his adversary, who took a long and deliberate aim—the ball passed through his skull, and he died immediately. A few seconds afterwards his adversary also fell and expired, for he had received a ball which traversed his lungs; he had nevertheless retained sufficient strength to execute his deadly purpose. The combatants went into the field to revenge a double and reciprocal adultery.

*Monday, 15th.*—There are no less than five suicides in the paper this morning; and hardly a day passes without an instance of this description, or a murder, though seldom so desperate as that of Mr. Steinberg, of Pentonville, who has killed his wife, four children, and himself. The following disaster is of a different nature. On the 3rd inst., Raymond Coubère, inhabitant of the canton d’Aspes (Haute-Garonne), sent his daughter Jeanne to the Mountain Charouente, at six in the evening, to bring home a mare which had been turned out to graze. The girl took the dog with her. At half-past seven, Coubère seeing that his daughter did not return, and hearing the barking of a dog at a distance, hastened with his son, about sixteen years old, and his son-in-law, towards the mountain, where they remained till near ten o’clock, vainly calling for the daughter. About this time their continued cries attracted to the spot a large wolf, which immediately sprang on the son-in-law, and seizing him by the back, wounded him severely. It then attacked the brother of Jeanne, and bit him grievously on the left hip. Impelled by despair they both seized the furious animal, and at last succeeded in despatch-



ing him and dragging him down to the village. At daybreak Coubère, assisted by the magistrates and the inhabitants of the commune, renewed the search for his daughter. Arrived at the top of the mountain, they found the body in a dreadful state. A part of the head was devoured, the stomach lacerated, the legs and the arms nearly eaten up. A medical man having examined the body of the dead wolf, found in its stomach a part of the skull, to which some hair was still attached, together with the thumb and other parts of the victim.

*Wednesday, 18th.*—Lord Grey has crossed the border to attend a large political dinner at Edinburgh, got up by the Reform *clique* in that city, to commemorate his services as a Minister; Cobbett has crossed the Irish Channel to be greeted by the Unions and Radical Trades in Dublin, who are to present to him an address approving his political conduct.

Colonel D'Este\*, son of the Duke of Sussex, has addressed to the Viceroy of Hanover in Parliament a requisition to obtain his acknowledgment as heir to the throne of that kingdom.

*Friday, 20th.*—The Master of the Rolls, Sir John Leach, died on Saturday last in Edinburgh, to which place he had gone a short time since. His health had been long declining, and he had supported one or more serious surgical operations with great fortitude. He was a kind, hospitable man, fond of society; and though his manner was trifling and perhaps finical, he was esteemed one of the best chancery lawyers in England. No one comprehended more quickly the different bearings of a complicated case. Sir John rose from a very humble station in early life to his late dignified eminence in the law.

*Tuesday, 24th.*—Amongst the political tourists in search of popularity, one of the most conspicuous is Lord Chancellor Brougham, in Scotland. At a late public dinner in Aberdeen, he made a long and flighty speech, the prominent feature of which was an excessive adulation of the King, to whom he informed the meeting he should write by the following post an account of the flattering reception which he had met with in that city. The following has since appeared in the "Examiner," entitled, "Letter from a Gentleman who travels for a large Establishment to One of his Employers, Mr. William King."

"Dear Sir, the account here forwarded,  
Of favours since the 4th,  
Presents a very handsome stroke  
Of business in the North.

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\* Afterwards Sir Augustus d'Este.

Our firm's new style don't take at all,  
 So thought the prudent thing  
 Would be to cultivate the old  
 Establish'd name of King.

“ Believe me, Sir, so great a zeal  
 In this behalf I've shown,  
 Credit's been turn'd to your account  
 Which strictly was my own.  
 Does any one admire my nag,  
 Or think my gig's the thing,  
 This horse and shay, I always say,  
 Belong to Mr. King.

“ If any friend attention shows,  
 And asks me out to dine,  
 When company my health propose,  
 In toddy or in wine,  
 My heart's eternal gratitude  
 About their ears I ding,  
 With, ' Be assur'd I'll mention this  
 Next post to Mr. King! '

“ I met with Grey the other day,  
 Who, since he left the firm,  
 Has travell'd on his own account,  
 And done, I fear, some harm ;  
 So thought it right, where'er he went,  
 To whisper round the ring,  
 ' Perhaps you don't know *how* he lost  
 The confidence of King.'

“ With what I still propose to do,  
 And what 's been done already,  
 I trust the firm will henceforth go  
 On prosperous and steady.  
 Should any chance the senior clerk  
 Into discredit bring,  
 I hope, Sir, you'll remember who  
 Has serv'd the House of King.”

It has been remarked that the demeanour of Earl Grey and the Chancellor towards each other, at the late dinner at Edinburgh, was of such a kind as warranted the conclusion that no very cordial feeling existed between them.

Mr. Augustus Craven, son of the Hon. Keppell Craven, who is a great performer in private theatricals, has married the daughter of the Comte de la Ferronaye, having, as a Protestant, first received the consent of the Pope. When the parties were assembled in the chapel, the Bishop of Caserta, Monsignor Giusti,

refused to give the nuptial benediction, saying, that he would not bless the union of "Una Cristiana con un figlio di Satanasso." The astonishment of the whole assembly may well be imagined, and it was some time before a more tolerant priest could be procured.

*Saturday, 29th.*—A duel has taken place at Madrid, between two Englishmen, correspondents of the *Times* and *Chronicle* papers, which is not otherwise of any importance, than that the latter proves to be Mr. Maberly, the contractor, who, having failed two years ago, has been reduced by misfortune to that means of earning a livelihood.

An ingenious mode of forgery to a large extent has been lately detected at Brest, and has been practised by the same set in other towns in France. One of the parties applies to a banker, and purchases his bills on Paris or Bordeaux for the purpose of remittance at sight, taking care to demand a bill for 10,000 fr. and one for 100 fr. By a chemical process the latter is soon made equal to the former, and despatched first for payment, which meets with no difficulty as corresponding exactly with the letter of advice. That point being accomplished, the real bill is negotiated, for which the drawers must always be liable; in the meantime the parties have had time to escape.

*Monday, 29th.*—The accounts from the West Indian Islands are very alarming. The new law of emancipation came into force on the 1st of August, and great apprehensions were entertained for the result. The slave population in Demerara were in a most alarming state of mutiny and insubordination; that in Grenada had evinced a determined spirit not to work. The accounts from Jamaica were highly unsatisfactory, and the next despatches are awaited with much anxiety.

Don Pedro is at the point of death. The Cortès of Portugal had consequently declared the young Queen of age, and the Duke of Palmella had been charged by the Queen to form a new administration.

The Chamber of Procuradores in Spain has just acknowledged all the foreign debts contracted at different periods, and particularly the loans as well prior as subsequent to the year 1823. This tardy act of justice, in which much hesitation has been shown, originates in the necessities of government, which is anxious to raise further supplies abroad; but the aggregate of their debt will have become so enormous, and so disproportionate to their means of paying the interest, that it becomes a question whether they would go into the market with better credit than if they had

made what Cobbett and Co. call an *equitable adjustment*. Their resource will now be, and in the present times it will not be difficult, to engage the Rothschilds, Aguado, Ardouin, &c., loan-mongers, to come to their assistance with a loan, which the host of speculators will soon take off their hands at a profit, and then woe to the holders of Spanish stock.

The cholera has made great havoc in Sweden. At Stockholm M. D. Tarrach, the Prussian minister at that court, died in twelve hours. The disease had made its appearance in the palace. The Intendant of the Household, the Marshal of the Court, and a valet of the Crown Prince, were carried off after a few hours' illness. The daily numbers, between the 12th and the 16th, averaged from 295 to 383.

*Wednesday, October 1st.*—Accounts are received through Spain by telegraph that Don Pedro died on the 21st ult. at Lisbon.

A most singular trial is to take place in the Cour d'Assises at the end of this month, of which the following is the outline:—

M. Lethuillier, proprietor of a maison de santé near Paris, had an intimate friend, M. Vadebant. Suspicions of an improper intercourse between the latter and his wife induced M. L. to send him a challenge. Nevertheless, some inexplicable motive urged him to insist that, whichever might fall, the cause of his death should remain unknown: and he therefore proposed that the duel should take place without seconds, and that each adversary should bear about his person a written certificate that, in case of his body being found, he had not died by assassination. The parties being agreed on this point, proceeded to the Bois de Romainville, armed with pistols. It was decided that the antagonists from a given point should walk towards each other, and fire as they pleased.

M. Lethuillier asserts that, his attention being diverted by a woman who was walking on the road at some distance, he stopped short, while M. Vadebant continued to advance, and fired when he came near him. M. L., being wounded, fell, and, if he is to be believed, implored the assistance of his adversary without avail.

M. Vadebant, imagining that he had killed him, took up both pistols and disappeared.

The wound, however, of the unfortunate Lethuillier was not mortal; having presented his profile to his enemy, the ball had carried away both his eyes, without injuring the skull, and he managed to crawl from the wood to the high road, where he at last met with assistance. Having recovered from his wounds, M. Lethuillier now brings a civil action, and Vadebant has sur-

rendered himself for trial. Plans of the ground are taken, which, it is said, will be of great importance in the decision as to the good faith of the whole proceeding.

*Saturday, 4th.*—The Spanish financial resolutions, which seem to vary and oscillate by every post, and cause the most fatal fluctuations in the prices of their stock, after having acknowledged the whole debt, then made an exception of Guebhard's loan. Now again, after having relieved the treasury of the burthen of Guebhard's loan, the majority of the Chamber reduced by one-third the loans of which it had acknowledged the totality, by decreeing that the debt shall be divided into two-thirds active and one-third passive. The undue use which has been made here of the telegraph, to procure early information of these sudden and contradictory decrees, for the purposes of speculation in the funds, has excited a general indignation, and has very properly been noticed severely by the public press. The reply to this on the part of the Government has rather confirmed than removed the suspicions of this iniquitous collusion.

The following curious memorandum made at the *École Militaire* by M. de Keralio, the *Inspecteur* of that establishment in 1784, on the character of the *Élève Bonaparte*, is taken from the *Revue Retrospective*:—“M. de Buonaparte (Napoléon) né le 15 Août 1769, taille de quatre pieds, dix pouces, dix lignes, a fait sa quatrième: de bonne constitution, santé excellente, caractère soumis, honnête, reconnoissant, conduite très régulière, s'est toujours distingué par son application aux mathématiques: il sait très passablement son histoire et sa géographie. Il est assez faible pour les exercices d'agrément, et pour le Latin, où il n'a fait que sa quatrième; ce sera un excellent marin. Il mérite de passer à l'*École Militaire* de Paris.”

The suicides in France become daily more frequent; every journal announces fresh instances of this destructive mania, which seems to rage through all classes of society. According to the records of his time, Bonaparte stigmatised this crime by a public order to the army.

“*Ordre du Jour.*”

“St. Cloud, 22 Floréal, An 10 de la République.

“Le *grénadier Groblin* s'est suicidé pour raisons d'amour; c'étoit d'ailleurs un bon sujet. C'est le second événement de ce genre qui arrive au corps depuis un mois.

“Le *Premier Consul* ordonne, qu'il soit mis à l'ordre du jour

de la Garde — Qu'un soldat doit savoir vaincre la douleur et la mélancolie des passions; qu'il y a autant de vrai courage à souffrir avec constance les peines de l'âme qu'à rester fixé sous la mitraille d'une batterie. S'abandonner au chagrin sans résister, se tuer pour s'y soustraire, c'est abandonner le champ de bataille avant d'avoir vaincu.

“(Signé)

BONAPARTE.

“(Contresigné)

BESSIÈRES.”

This document is said to have had great effect at the time. Louis-Philippe, in imitation of his predecessors, has had a voyage to Fontainebleau, with a numerous suite of ministers, courtiers, and ambassadors, to pass a week in a routine of balls, plays, concerts, and festivities. The artistes of the Italian Opera, the actors of the Français, Gymnase, and the Opéra Comique, have been put in requisition to beguile the evenings, while the mornings have been devoted to reviews of National Guards and drives in the various recesses of the forest. The only circumstance which has excited any remark in the society of Paris has been the distribution of the guests belonging to the Corps Diplomatique. The first three days were devoted to the representatives of the Sainte Alliance, the Russian, Austrian, and Prussian ministers; the later period to those of the liberal system, including the English, Spanish, and Belgian diplomatists.

*Thursday, 9th.* — Boieldieu, the celebrated composer, died today at Paris, after a long and painful illness; — the Opéra Comique is shut for one day as a token of mourning.

Our national anthem of “God save the King,” composed in the time of George I., has always been considered of English origin; but on reading the amusing “Memoirs of Madame de Créquy,” it appears to have been almost a literal translation of the cantique which was always sung by the demoiselles de St. Cyr when Louis XIV. entered the chapel of that establishment to hear the morning prayer. The words were by M. de Brinon, and the music by the famous Lully: —

“Grand Dieu, sauve le Roi !

Grand Dieu, venge le Roi !

Vive le Roi !

“Que toujours glorieux,

Louis victorieux !

Voye ses enemis

Toujours soumis !

“Grand Dieu, sauve le Roi !  
 Grand Dieu, venge le Roi !  
 Vive le Roi !”

It appears to have been translated and adapted to the House of Hanover by Handel, the German composer.

*Friday, 10th.*—General Sebastiani, French ambassador at Naples, has married Madame Davidoff, a widow, and daughter of the Duc de Gramont, and sister to the Duc de Guiche and Lady Tankerville.

The vintage in France this year has been so productive, that in many of the vine departments the produce has been one-half more than the usual crop; and the scarcity of casks for this excess of produce was so great, that the farmers would fill an empty cask for nothing if another cask was sent with it. The quality of the wine is also very fine, and even superior to that of the famous year of the comet.

*Monday, 13th.*—The extraordinary composure with which even a painful death may be contemplated is exemplified by a criminal who is under sentence of execution for a murder in one of the prisons of Munich at this present time. He has made with crumbs of bread and a sort of macaroni several figures illustrating the scene in which he will quit the world. He has figured the instant when the executioner, having cut off his head, is holding it up to public view. A Franciscan friar on his knees is at the side of the headless corpse; near the priest is an invalid with a wooden leg, selling a true and full account of his judgment and execution.

A double suicide took place on Friday night, Rue de la Fidélité, No. 24, at Paris. A M. Malglaive, formerly in the army, was deprived of his fortune by unforeseen calamities. He was found with his wife in their apartment suffocated by a pan of charcoal, having previously stopped up every aperture in the room which could admit of air. He had written the following curious letter to a friend by the *petite poste* :—

“Quand vous allez lire cette lettre, ni moi ni ma pauvre Eléonore ne serons plus dans ce monde : ayez donc la bonté de faire ouvrir notre porte, et vous nous trouverez les yeux fermés pour toujours. Nous sommes fatigués tous deux des malheurs qui nous poursuivent, et nous ne croyons pouvoir mieux faire, que de mettre un terme à tous nos maux. Connaissant son courage, et tout l’attachement que ma bonne femme a pour moi, j’étais certain qu’elle accepterait la partie, et partagerait entièrement ma manière de voir.

“Adieu, brave ami, en attendant les effets de la métémpsycose, je vous souhaite une bonne nuit, et à moi un bon voyage. J'espère que pour minuit nous serons arrivés au but de notre promenade.

“Vendredi, 10 Octobre, 11 heures du soir.”

The following is the enumeration of all the English colonies abroad, independent of those under the government of the English East India Company. In the West Indies and South America: 1. Antigua, 2. Barbadoes, 3. British Guiana, 4. Dominica, 5. Grenada, 6. Jamaica, 7. Montserrat, 8. Nevis, 9. St. Christopher, 10. St. Lucia, 11. St. Vincent, 12. Tobago, 13. Trinidad, 14. Virgin Islands. In North America: 1. Bahama Islands, 2. Bermudas, 3. Lower Canada, 4. Upper Canada, 5. Prince Edward's Island, 6. New Brunswick, 7. Newfoundland and Labrador, 8. Nova Scotia. In Africa: 1. Cape of Good Hope, 2. Sierra Leone and Gold Coast. In the Indian Seas: 1. Ceylon, 2. Mauritius. In the South Seas: 1. New South Wales, 2. Van Diemen's Land, 3. West Australia. To which may be added, in Europe, 1. Gibraltar, 2. Heligoland, 3. Malta, 4. The Ionian Islands.

Mr. Charles Grant has been recommended by the Government to the Court of Directors as Governor-General of India, in the room of Lord William Bentinck, which appointment they have refused to ratify.

*Wednesday, 15th.*—The West India packet has brought more favourable intelligence of the proceedings in the islands; it would seem that the slaves are becoming more docile and tractable, though still unable to comprehend the new regulations. The St. Christopher's insurrection was of a very serious nature. Martial law was in force for fourteen days, and the marines from the six ships of war were obliged to be landed. The Marquis de L—, residing near the Opera, after having squandered an immense fortune in dissipation and the pursuit of pleasure, has lately destroyed himself, because he had only 33,000 fr. a year remaining, which he found was not sufficient to satisfy the caprices of his mistress. Previous to his death, wishing to insure the independence of her whom he accused as the author of his ruin, he left by will to Mademoiselle Dérioux all that he possessed, being 600,000 fr. or 700,000 fr. By an extraordinary fatality this will is dated the 1st of October, 1834, and it was on the 25th of September preceding that he had ceased to live. In consequence of this irregularity, the civil tribunal of the Seine has refused to confirm this donation to Mademoiselle Dérioux, in the absence of the heirs presumptive to the estate.



*Monday, 20th.*—On the night of Thursday last both Houses of Parliament, with a portion of the Speaker's private dwelling, were consumed by fire. The origin of this public misfortune is not known; but it appears to have been caused by some negligence in the House of Lords. The reports are very vague and uncertain. There may be something ominous in such a catastrophe at such a moment; the two contending bodies of the State, just arrayed in dire opposition to each other, the one insolent and overbearing in aggression, the other strict and obstinate in defence of its privileges, both buried in one common ruin. It appears that many of the archives of both Houses have been preserved, but not without considerable damage. The tapestry in the House of Lords, representing the defeat of the Spanish Armada, which was generally admired, has been a prey to the flames.

Mr. Hume during the last session had been proposing, without success, a vote to build a larger House of Commons; a wag in the crowd watching the progress of the conflagration, exclaimed, "There is Mr. Hume's motion carried without a division."

The old walls of St. Stephen's have witnessed a long career of British glory and prosperity; may it not have perished with them!!! Time will show that mystery. But if the character, talent, and honour of those public men who in years gone by have distinguished themselves within *those walls* contributed to support that career of glory, then may we own that they have now crumbled over the heads of men who are utterly incompetent and incapable of maintaining it.

*Tuesday, 21st.*—By the accounts from London it appears that the fire originated in the over-heated flues of the House of Lords communicating with the stove in which the clerks of the old Exchequer Office had been burning the accumulation of old tallies which were condemned to destruction.

The Nuremberg Gazette mentions that last year a Polish gentleman caught a stork on his estate at Lemberg, which he released, having previously fixed round its neck an iron collar with the following inscription: *Hæc ciconia ex Poloniâ.* This year the bird has returned, and been again entrapped by the same individual, who has found its neck ornamented with a second collar, but made of gold, and thus inscribed: *India cum donis mittit ciconia Polis.* The bird has again been set at liberty for further adventures.

*Thursday, 23rd.*—The following extraordinary occurrence has just taken place at a château near Senlis. The Comtesse Pontalba,

whose name has been cited before the tribunals in a trial for separation from her husband, at length found means to interest him in her favour and procure her return home, which very much exasperated her father-in-law. Determined to deliver his family from a woman who branded it with ignominy, he the other day entered her apartment armed with two pistols, and discharged the contents of both in her body: he then retired to his own apartment, in a different wing of the château, and shot himself through the heart. His body was found stretched on a sofa, with the countenance calm, but still with a threatening expression. The old count, whose life had been as honourable as his sense of honour was rigorous, had just completed his eightieth year, and possessed an immense fortune. The countess did not die on the spot, though pierced by four balls (for the pistols were double-barrelled); her hand by instinct was raised to protect her heart: but she still lies in very great danger.

It would appear that, in the confusion of removing the various objects during the fire in the House of Lords, the curious document of the warrant for the execution of Charles I. is missing. *November.*—It is since found.

*Friday, 24th.*—William Spencer is dead in Paris. He was son of the late Lord Charles Spencer, and nephew of the late Duke of Marlborough. I knew him well in former times, when he was the wit, the poet, and the welcome guest at every table in London. He married, in 1791, the Countess Dowager Jenison Walworth, of the Holy Roman Empire, in Germany. I think I have heard the late Duchess of York say there was some romantic history attached to this marriage: that the countess was first married to an old man, who, perceiving an attachment gradually increasing between her and young Spencer, destroyed himself, that he might not be a bar to their union. This circumstance is said to have suggested to Madame de Souza her well-known novel of “*Adèle de Senanges.*” William Spencer’s translation of Bürger’s “*Leonore*” and other poems are well known. He was a constant guest at Oatlands, and a favourite with both the duke and duchess, who took great pleasure in his society. He was an excellent linguist, a profound classical scholar, and gifted with great conversational talents; one of the last specimens of that old school which is now completely extinct. Alas! where are they?

“And while the lesson strikes my head  
My wearied heart grows cold!!!”

*Saturday, 25th.*—The mania for suicide seems to increase here

like an epidemical disorder, though in some instances the cause is so trifling, that it would almost appear to be a caricature on the malady. A young man in the Collège Louis le Grand has destroyed himself because he did not make the desired progress in his studies; and a young maid-servant of seventeen years, of most irreproachable conduct, beloved by her mistress, No. 20, Rue de Richelieu, has suffocated herself with charcoal because she thought that she was not loved by her parents at home.

*Sunday, 26th.* — The dreadful event which took place at the Château de Mont l'Évêque had made such an impression on the public mind, that no one could be found for a long time to bury the marquis. Little hopes are entertained for the life of Madame Pontalba. A curious circumstance was mentioned the other day, which would increase the faith of those who believe in omens. On the day that Charles X. attended the last *séance royale* in 1830 by some accident his foot became entangled in the carpet which covered the steps of the throne, and he was near falling. This false step caused the *toque*, which he wore instead of a crown, to fall at the feet of the Duke of Orleans, who immediately picked it up and returned it to the king.

*Monday, 27th.* — On the 21st instant died, at Knowsley Park, the Earl of Derby. His first marriage was with a daughter of the Duke of Hamilton, and on her death he married Miss Farren the actress. He was eighty-two years old.

The trial of Vadibant and Lethuillier came on before the tribunal yesterday. As there could be no witnesses, the accusation and defence rested chiefly on the assertions of the principals; but it became very evident, upon the whole, that Vadibant had fired on his adversary before he was prepared for it, and the jury brought in their verdict guilty of attempt to murder, with extenuating circumstances. The court sentenced Vadibant to ten years' solitary confinement.

On Saturday at six o'clock in the evening, three young men, fashionably dressed, went to dine at the Restaurant Legrain, Boulevard du Temple, without a sous in their pocket, but determined to kill themselves as soon as their dinner was finished. They asked for a private cabinet, and ordered a most expensive repast. One of them went down stairs, and told the waiter that they expected a lady, who would arrive in a cabriolet with a white horse, and that he might introduce *the horse* as well as *the lady*. After indulging themselves in every luxury that the house could afford, they wrote with pencil the address of their wives, and desired that they might be sent for immediately; but when the

ladies arrived, their appearance gave M. Legrain such an unfavourable opinion of their respectability, that he refused to admit them; and they retired without any further comment from the guests. When at length the bill was presented, the surprise of Legrain may be imagined, when one of the party said, "We have not a sou; if you will not allow us to depart, and raise some money, we will kill ourselves before your face." They produced pistols, and were only moved by the screams of Madame Legrain to suspend their project till the next day, on the condition that they might have beds for the night. As soon as they were housed Legrain sent for the guard, and in the scuffle one made his escape; one absolutely shot himself, after his pistol had missed three times; and the third was conveyed to the corps de garde.

*Wednesday, 29th.* — Went to dine with Macdonald\* at Paris, who leaves for England to-morrow. His visit to the château at Ham was short. He found Prince Polignac well in health, but him and his fellow prisoners as rigorously guarded as ever. During his stay the permission authorised him to have a daily interview from eleven till five o'clock. On his first visit M. Guernon de Ranville, hearing of his arrival, and delighted with the idea of seeing a new face, hurried into the prince's rooms; but the gaoler with much roughness instantly conducted him back to his own, without allowing any communication. As his room was directly under that of the prince, a signal was given by stamping on the floor when Macdonald took leave, and, as he descended the staircase, M. G. de R. appeared at his door, with the intention of taking his daily walk in the court, and had then a hurried opportunity of shaking him by the hand, which still was viewed with a jealous eye by the attendants. At five o'clock the drum beats, and then all communication with the citadel is interdicted till the next day. Each prisoner has a small room to himself; but their visits, *generally* speaking, to each other are not very frequent. The Princess, with the children and establishment, occupy a house in the village, and they have constant access during the day to the prince; but his table is not allowed to be supplied from thence, only occasionally some trifling articles of gâteaux, &c., are admitted. A short time for daily exercise in a confined space, guarded by a sentinel, is only allowed to each *détenu*; and M. Chanteluze always chooses the moment when it rains, which he seems to enjoy, till he is quite wet through, and uses as a bath. He has a suit of clothes entirely for this purpose.

\* Mr. Archibald Macdonald, brother-in-law to Prince Polignac.

*Thursday, 30th.*— Marshal Gérard has resigned, and the cabinet is again without a president. Differences with his colleagues about the amnesty is the cause assigned for this resignation. The papers are full of the proceedings before the Superior Council of Commerce, as to a revision of prohibitions and duties on imports. The result of these examinations is very contradictory, and shows as much their extraordinary ignorance as their jealousy of everything that may possibly tend to injure their own individual interest.

*Friday, 31st.*— The Royal Court has declared the prosecution against MM. Jauge, Haber, &c., for raising money for Don Carlos, null and void, and ordered the immediate liberation of the prisoners and their papers. This alone proves that the previous act of the government was tyrannical and illegal. J. King tells me all the Spanish loans are to be acknowledged *tant bien que mal*.

*Saturday, November 1st.*— There seems to be as much difficulty to find a prime minister here as in England; no one seems inclined to accept an office beset with so much difficulty, and with so little chance of permanence. The names of Marshal Mortier and Marshal Maison are mentioned, but it is thought they will refuse it.

*Monday, 3rd.*— Marshal Moncey, Duc de Cornegliano, governor of the Invalides, and one of the distinguished followers of Napoleon, is dead.

*Tuesday, 4th.*— The above death, though announced in the papers, has since been contradicted. The Court of Assizes has been occupied for the last four or five days with the trial of a Baron de Richemont, calling himself Duc de Normandie, or the Dauphin son of Louis XVI., who died in the Temple at the commencement of the Revolution. Many witnesses were examined; but the plot seemed a clumsy contrivance, not even founded upon probabilities. The prisoner was found guilty, and sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment.

Among the numerous suicides which daily occur here there is generally some reason assigned for the fatal resolution; but to-day the paper mentions the following: "M. Alphin, jeune homme de 18 ans, appartenant à une famille excessivement riche et heureuse, vient de se tuer par *dégoût de la vie*."

*Wednesday, 5th.*— At the opening of the Court of Cassation yesterday M. Dupin, the procureur-général, who has visited England this year, in concluding his usual speech, alluded to the destruction of the two Houses of Parliament. "There," he said, "were collected, by an uninterrupted series of traditions, all the

precedents of power and liberty ; there, may be said to have been breathed the history of Old England, containing sources of inspiration to the orators whose voices resounded within its walls. Under the same roof, by the side of the parliamentary forum, sometimes so full of storm, were seated, in all the dignity of the most profound calmness, the antique Courts of Chancery, King's Bench, and Common Pleas ; that immortal jury so severely rigid in protecting liberty, and on the throne of justice those magistrates so great in power, in doctrine, and in consideration, each of whom alone represents the majesty of a court, delivering their judgments surrounded by the respect of their citizens, in the presence of a learned and vigilant bar, which gave Lord Brougham to the ministry, and which still has at its head a Sir James Scarlett."

The other evening, Ischann, the Swiss Minister, said : " Il y a eu un petit Westminster ce soir chez les Berrys\* ; la manche de Miss Agnès a pris feu à la bougie." " En a-t-elle reçu quelque mal ?" was asked. He replied, " Non ; dans les deux cas on a sauvé les parchemins."

*Thursday, 6th.*—The difficulties in the cabinet increase. MM. Guizot, Thiers, Hermann, Duchatel, and De Rigny have delivered in their resignations to the King, who it is said has sent for Molé. One of my friends has been staying three weeks at Valençay, where Prince Talleyrand and the Duchesse de Dino have been entertaining a party partly English. Talleyrand expressed himself very openly and satirically about the English Government, whom he considered very deficient both in talent and honesty. He said of Lord Holland : " C'est la bienveillance même, mais la bienveillance la plus perturbatrice qu'on ait jamais vue." Of Lady Holland he observed : " Elle est toute assertion, mais quand on demande la preuve, c'est là son secret." †

He says the Duke is the only honest public man in the country ; that Peel, by his selfish policy in refusing to join him, is the cause of all the mischief present and to come ; the latter of which is incalculable. The English consisted of Lady Clanricarde, Colonel and Mrs. Damer, Henry Greville, and Motteux : the last, who is a notorious epicure, and always talking on that subject, was a source of much amusement to the party. One day at dinner he

\* The Miss Berrys, friends of Horace Walpole.

† M. de Montrond being asked by the Comtesse J. de N——, at Valençay, if there were reason to suppose, as she had heard, that letters were opened at the Château ? He answered, with great composure, " Je crois qu'on ne le fait plus."

interrupted Talleyrand, in the midst of an interesting anecdote, by saying: "Mon Prince, avez-vous jamais entendu ce qui m'est arrivé avec les écrevisses?" and every one burst out laughing.

*Monday, 10th.* — The Chouans\* still continue their partisan war in La Vendée and Brittany. A waggon, loaded with money on account of government, was stopped last week by a detachment of forty men, and twelve bags, each containing 10,000 fr., were the prey of the marauders. The escort only consisted of five gendarmes, who were easily mastered.

After several ineffectual attempts to form a new cabinet, the King sent for the Duc de Bassano, who without delay made the following list, which is approved: himself, President; Bresson, Foreign Affairs; Baron Bernard, War; C. Dupin, Marine; Teste, Commerce; Passy, Finance. It is a government of no colour, no fixed political principle, and no feeling of sympathy among themselves. Bresson is a pupil of Talleyrand, Bernard is aide-de-camp to the King, Dupin brother to the president of the Chamber of Deputies.

The King was very much incensed against the late cabinet, and very high words are said to have passed between him, Broglie, and Guizot.

*Tuesday, 11th.* — The accounts from Spain are of late more favourable to the cause of Don Carlos. Some advantages have been gained by the army of Zumalacarraguay, and General Rodil has been replaced by Mina. There is much warm discussion in the Chamber of Proceres at Madrid, and considerable excitement prevails in that capital.

I dined with King at Paris. The Chambers are to meet early in December. The new cabinet inspires no confidence. It brings at its birth but one advantage, the expulsion of the *doctrinaires* and their system. This is the meaning of the new combination; as the Messenger says, "We know what it is not, but we cannot tell what it is."

*Wednesday, 12th.* — Talleyrand, since his return, has professed his intention not to resume his post in England if Lord Palmerston remained as Foreign Secretary; but the new changes here will probably decide that question at once by another nomination in his place, as the Duc de Bassano's\* antipathy to him is well known.

His severe remark on Maret, when he received his title under the empire, — "Je ne connais pas de plus grande bête au monde

\* Maret, formerly Minister of Foreign Affairs to Napoleon.

que M. Maret, excepté le Duc de Bassano," — is not likely to have been forgotten by the new President of the Council.

*Thursday, 13th.* — Charles X. has just made a definitive purchase of property in the Austrian states. The Duchess of Sagan has sold him a fine estate in Stiegemark for 2,000,000 of florins.

*Friday, 14th.* — Earl Spencer died at Althorpe Park on the 10th instant, aged seventy-six. By his death Lord Althorpe goes to the Upper House, and vacates his place.

A grand dinner was given by the Tories on the fifth to Captain Gordon, M. P. for Aberdeenshire, at the Town Hall of Aberdeen.

The frost has set in with unusual rigour.

*Saturday, 15th.* — The new cabinet here seems likely not to have even a week's duration. Difficulties have already occurred with the King, who has taken alarm at some allusion to the principles of the Revolution of July, and still adheres to the *doctrinaire* system. The result is, that Passy and Teste resigned yesterday, and their example was followed by Bassano in the evening.

A punishment exists in the French navy called "*Supplice de la cale*," which may serve as a match to flogging in the English army. It consists in plunging the culprit into the sea till life becomes nearly extinct; a letter from Toulon speaks in the following terms of the infliction of this punishment lately: — "As at the execution of a felon, a gun was fired to announce that a sailor was about to undergo the *supplice de la cale*, and crowds flocked to the quay. The unfortunate man, round whose body a rope was tied, after having been plunged three times into the sea to a great depth, was drawn up in a senseless state. The ship's surgeon, however, after great efforts, succeeded in restoring respiration."

*Sunday, 16th.* — The King has sent for Marshal Mortier Duc de Treviso, to patch up the *doctrinaires* again. The chief stumbling block of the Bassano Cabinet was the American Indemnity Bill, which having opposed as deputies, neither Teste, Passy, nor Dupin could advocate as ministers.

*Monday, 17th.* — The astonishing intelligence is just arrived that the Melbourne Administration has ceased to exist. This time it is not a resignation, but a dismissal in form by the King, who intimated to Lord Melbourne at Brighton, when he went to propose a successor to Althorpe, that the death of Earl Spencer would induce him to take the formation of the Ministry into his own hands.

The Radical press are raving. The letters say he has sent for the Duke.

*Tuesday, 18th.* — A courier went through Paris with an express



for Sir R. Peel, who is travelling in Italy. He expected to find him at Florence. The despatches were said to urge his return to England.

*Wednesday, 19th.*—The King's decision took place on the avowal of Lord Melbourne that he despaired of carrying on the government, and that a dissolution of the cabinet was inevitable before the meeting of Parliament. The conference was carried on in the most candid and cordial spirit on both sides, and the King's letter to the Duke was brought to town by Lord M. himself. On Saturday the Duke arrived at Brighton at five o'clock, and stayed till ten. On Monday the King arrived in town, and saw the Speaker, Sir H. Hardinge, the Duke, Lords Maryborough, Cowley, Lyndhurst, Jersey, Rosslyn, &c., after which the Ministers arrived to deliver up their seals. The Duke is now authorised to form a new Administration.

Here the changes are a mere farce. Marshal Mortier is President of the Council, and the old *doctrinaires* have resumed their places. Compared to the great change going on in England, which is a European event, this is a mere harlequinade.

*Friday, 21st.*—The royal family in France are very much displeased with the accession of the Duke to power. The queen is said to have expressed herself very strongly on the subject. Lord Granville has sent home his resignation; and Sir F. Lamb is just arrived here from Vienna in time to exchange *condoléances*.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Saturday, 22nd.*—The Princesse de Poix, mother of the late Duc de Mouchy, died yesterday, aged eighty-four.

*Monday, 24th.*—The Earl of Hardwicke died last Tuesday, and is succeeded by Captain Yorke. Much comment has been made on the testy manner in which Lord Brougham resigned the seals. He came to the King's Court, and would not deliver them himself, but gave them to Sir H. Taylor.

*Thursday, 27th.*—Colonel Caradoc is gone to England for the winter; but previous to his departure the long-debated marriage with Princess Bagration was privately performed before fifteen witnesses. She was a Mademoiselle Jehavronsky, a Russian, with an immense fortune, married early in life, by the emperor's order, to Prince Bagration, as a reward for his military services. He was killed at the battle of Borodino, and his widow has since lived in France and Italy, distinguished by her splendid establishment and her debts.

*Friday, 28th.*—Lady Granville gave her last assembly in Paris, or, as she styled it herself, her funeral; upon which Yarmouth

observed, "I believe in a resurrection." Flahault, just returned from England, seemed little pleased with the new changes there. He said, "I should not like to have all my eggs in your basket." The proportion of French was small.

*Sunday, 30th.*—No tidings of Sir R. Peel; and the Duke is left to keep the disjointed offices in order by himself. Notwithstanding the efforts made by the mortified Whigs, and that part of the press which is attached to them, to create agitation in the country, it is astonishing to observe the calmness which generally prevails, and the failure which has attended some partial attempts at public meetings, made by the Radical agents at various places. It may be inferred and hoped, that the nation is decided on giving the Duke a fair trial; while, on the other hand, he seems anxious to show that he is guided at least by no ambitious feelings for himself. The accidental absence of Sir R. Peel at such a crisis is still very unfortunate: so long an interregnum, without any positive government at all, must tend to dispirit and dishearten those waverers, whom a strong and promptly-formed administration would have attached warmly to the cause; independent of which, such an unusual state of things furnishes additional grounds of attack to the opposite side.

Earl Spencer's blue ribbon was given by the Whigs to the Duke of Grafton, who has constantly supported them.

*Monday, December 1st.*—The Chamber of Deputies met this day.

A curious banquet took place yesterday in Paris, being the 122nd anniversary of the birth of the Abbé de l'Épée. Above fifty *sourds et muets* met at this dinner, to celebrate the birth of him whom, in their poetic language, they call their *père intellectuel*. A bystander gives the following interesting description of the meeting:—

"L'intelligence enflammait leurs yeux, elle étincelait au bout de leurs doigts, avec une rapidité, que la parole peut égaler, mais qu'à coup sûr elle ne surpassera jamais. Pendant trois heures j'ai pu me croire dans un de ces mondes où Swift a jeté son Gulliver; pendant trois heures, les rôles ont été renversés, et je me suis trouvé moi, l'homme incomplet, l'infortuné privé de la parole; le paria de la société; obligé de recourir au crayon, pour entrer en commerce avec ses frères. Informé que je ne connaissais pas même les premiers élémens de la mimique, l'un de ces heureux du moment a donné à sa physionomie une expression d'ineffable pitié, et puis il a dit: que je plains ce Monsieur, il ne pourra pas se faire entendre. Quand Berthier harangua ses frères, comme pré-

sident du banquet, faisant l'éloge de l'abbé de l'Épée, devant cinquante hommes, pour lesquels de l'Épée a été un autre créateur; vis-à-vis de lui étaient deux vieillards honorables, anciens élèves de l'abbé, ceux-là n'applaudissaient pas comme les autres, . . . ils pleuraient."

*Wednesday, 3rd.*—On the 20th ultimo died at Bagshot, His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, after a painful illness of fifteen days, aged fifty-nine: born January, 1776. He married in 1816, the Princess Mary, his cousin, sister of His Majesty. He was not a man of talent, as may be inferred from his nickname of *silly Billy*, but he was a quiet, inoffensive character, rather tenacious of the respect due to his rank, and strongly attached to the ultra-Tory party. His father, the late Duke, married Lady Waldegrave; thus he was uncle to Mrs. Damer.

*Thursday, 4th.*—M. de Vatry told me at dinner, at the Damers' to-day, that he had seen a manuscript correspondence between Talleyrand and Casimir Périer, so curious that he had obtained permission to copy it, and which proved that the system of policy pursued by that minister during his short political life, and particularly called his system, was in fact dictated and chalked out by M. de Talleyrand entirely.

*Friday, 5th.*—It is announced that Sir Robert Peel has accepted the Ministry. His brother Colonel Peel stated the fact at M. Dupin's *soirée*.

*Sunday, 7th.*—Sir R. Peel arrived at the Hotel Bristol at eleven o'clock last night. This morning he received the visit of Lord Granville, and at eleven o'clock left Paris for London, big with the fate of *Cæsar* and of Rome.

*Tuesday, 9th.*—The following is the account of the suicide of M. Daure, formerly secretary to M. de Talleyrand, from one of the journals:—

“ Il y a un mois et demi qu'un étranger portant moustaches, à figure pâle et romantique, à manières distinguées, à élocution facile et élégante, se présenta à M. le Maire de la petite ville de Prune, pour lui dire, que son intention étant de passer une partie des vacances dans ce pays, il avoit cru de son devoir de se faire connoître à lui. Il exhiba son passeport, qui le qualifia d'homme de lettres, agé de trente-sept ans, et ajouta que le motif réel de sa présence étoit, de prendre des renseignemens sur la valeur de la forêt de Gresigne, qu'une société de spéculateurs, dont il faisoit partie, se proposoit d'acheter. M. le Maire, séduit par la tenue et le langage de cet étranger, lui offrit une chambre et sa table, ce qui fut accepté, mais sous clause de rémunération. M. Daure s'y

établit, il avoit apporté beaucoup de livres, beaucoup de linge, et de vêtemens, et tout l'attirail d'une toilette fashionable. Sa lecture constante et favorite étoit la bible, dont un exemplaire ne le quittoit jamais. Il mettoit toutes les semaines dix francs à la disposition de M. le Curé pour les pauvres, alloit à la messe le dimanche, s'y tenoit décemment, mais il paroissoit absorbé par une lecture, étrangere sans doute au saint sacrifice. Il reçut la visite de sa mère, qui demeure à Montauban ; il la reçut bien, et lui donna 40 Napoléons. Son tems s'écouloit ainsi dans les promenades romantiques, dans des conversations instructives, lorsque M. Daure fit trouver M. le Curé de Prune pour lui demander un service funèbre et solennel, pour un de ses amis. Pendant le chant du *Dies iræ* l'étranger versa d'abondantes larmes, cela fut d'autant plus remarquable, qu'habituellement il paroissoit froid et insensible. Après cette cérémonie funèbre, il paroissoit éprouver beaucoup de sérénité. Le lendemain matin il sortit, sans rien dire, s'achemina vers les mines du château, et un instant après on entend l'explosion d'une arme à feu, et on trouve le cadavre du bienfaisant étranger, horriblement mutilé ; il avoit appuyé le canon d'un pistolet attaché à son bras par un crêpe, sur l'orbite de l'œil, et s'étoit fait sauter la cervelle ; de l'autre main il tenoit un rasoir. En fouillant dans sa chambre, on trouva plusieurs lettres, entre autres une à M. Bonniquet, propriétaire des mines, dans laquelle il lui faisoit ses excuses de s'être tué sur sa propriété.

“Voici ce qu'il prescrivit touchant ses funérailles : le corps couché de l'orient à l'occident, enveloppé de bas de soie blanc, d'un pantalon de bazin, les mains couvertes de gants blancs, la tête serrée d'un Madras, et reposée sur une bible voilée d'un crêpe. Dans une lettre à son cousin, il lui prescrivit un silence éternel sur la véritable cause de sa mort.”

*Thursday, 11th.* — Sir Robert Peel reached his house in Privy Gardens on Tuesday morning, at eight o'clock, having travelled day and night. The Duke called on him at eleven o'clock, and they both had a long audience of the King at one o'clock. The arrangements of the Ministry are in full train.

*Saturday, 13th.* — Moved to Versailles. On Thursday died, in the Rue de Rivoli, General Sir W. Keppell, aged above eighty. He was merely staying here on his way to England. He was a constant favourite of the late King, and long attached to his household. He was a quiet, good-natured man, and very gentlemanlike in his manners ; the long-standing attachment of his fickle master may, perhaps, be attributed to this, that he said little, and was a most attentive listener. Those who have in former

times been admitted to the intimate society at Carlton House, may have learnt the value of that qualification, or afterwards lamented the want of it. He was one of the witnesses to the King's marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert.

*Monday, 15th.* — The invitation which was sent to Lord Stanley to join the new administration, has met with a courteous, but cold refusal; and the Whigs, encouraged by this incident, are making the most triumphant boastings; but every thinking man must feel that an awful crisis is approaching for England.

*Wednesday, 17th.* — The administration is formed without any coalition, and of pure Conservative materials. At the head is Sir R. Peel, First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Duke Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Goulburn Home Department, Lord Lyndhurst Chancellor, Lord Jersey Chamberlain, &c.

*Friday, 19th.* — Talleyrand hesitates whether he shall resume his post in England. The English seem to be going home to prepare for the dissolution of Parliament. Belfast must resign his place; Castlereagh is to succeed him as Vice-Chamberlain. Lord Chandos refuses to join the new Government, being pledged to the Repeal of the Malt-tax. During the conversation at dinner, some circumstances were mentioned, on which Burdett observed, "In such a case, il faut faire le philosophe." Montrond, who had joined us, remarked, "Il faut être philosophe, on ne peut pas le faire;" — which is very true.

*Monday, 22nd.* — Sir R. Peel's address to the electors of Tamworth, exposing the principles on which his government means to act, is arrived. It is a manly and sensible document, calculated to inspire confidence in the country; expressing readiness to reform real abuses and defects, without seeking for a false popularity by adopting every fleeting popular impression of the day, and promising the instant redress of anything which any one may call an abuse.

Lord Aberdeen Colonial Secretary, Earl de Grey First Lord of the Admiralty, Beckett Judge-Advocate, Lord Rosslyn President of the Council.

*Tuesday, 23rd.* — Lord Londonderry goes ambassador to Petersburg; the Duke of Buccleuch receives the Garter, and goes to Ireland; Lord Combermere, it is said, will be Governor-General of India.

The Court of Cassation in Paris has been just occupied with the following case: — After the assassination of the Duc de Berri by Louvel, at the door of the Old Opera House, in the Rue Riche-

lieu, a royal edict appeared, ordering the demolition of that building, and the erection of a monument to the memory of the murdered prince. This edict was afterwards carried into effect, and on the spot was erected a church, which was nearly completed, but the Revolution of July produced a change of sentiments as well as of government, and a fresh edict of Louis-Philippe has not only commanded the discontinuance of the works, but also the entire removal of the monument, which is now razed to the ground. The legality of the proceeding has been brought before the court, which, after some discussion, has declined to interfere in the matter.

*Thursday, 25th.*—Christmas Day. Called on the Duchesse de Guiche, who is living with her family here, since their removal from Prague and the court of Charles X. She is sister to Alfred D'Orsay. We had much conversation about what is going on here and in England. Talleyrand has had an attack of illness, and does not resume his post as ambassador; but still it is his wish not to die in France, his position as a *moine defroqué*, an ex-bishop, and a *married priest* give reason to suppose that some serious tumults would arise at his funeral, from the animosity and opposition of the clergy, which would not be very creditable to the conclusion of his history. On any other account, I should think, it must be a matter of great indifference to him.

*Friday, 26th.*—It is announced that General Sebastiani, who is now at Naples, will be the new ambassador to England. His first wife was the daughter of Madame de Coigny. He is a man without much talent, but of considerable vanity. Some idea may be formed of his character, by the following speech of his mother-in-law, on the occasion of some defeat which he had sustained in Spain:—“*Mon gendre,*” said she, “*ressemble à un tambour; il ne fait du bruit que quand il est battu.*”

Mons. Buchon, whom I see frequently here, is an *homme de lettres*, very intimate with the most distinguished of the Liberal party here, and a great admirer of Napoleon. He told us several interesting anecdotes of the late revolution, and of Louis-Philippe.

That the latter had any idea of the approaching crisis in July, 1830, was quite impossible. The promulgation of the ordinances was so sudden, that none but the ministers themselves, and the very intimate *coterie* of the royal family, were aware of the fact; and that only so late as the preceding night (Sunday), when the measure was finally decided. He, moreover, partook of the general alarm, and during the struggle of the three days, shrunk in retirement at Neuilly from public observation. Louis-Philippe, though

no ways wanting in that physical courage which would confront personal danger, is not endowed with that moral courage which can preserve coolness in difficult moments, and take advantage of events which present a threatening aspect. His course has always been of a more tortuous nature; and to effect his plans, he will always prefer the by-ways of wily cunning to the straight road of manly resolution. He is notoriously designated as *faux comme un jeton*.

But for a long period back he had foreseen, and prepared to avail himself of, the entanglement into which the prejudices of Charles X., and his infatuated attempts to restore the old monarchical system in France, which existed before the Great Revolution, infallibly tended to precipitate him and his branch of the family. His object, therefore, was to draw a line, and separate himself as much as possible in the eyes of France, from that infatuated branch. While he on one side paid assiduous court to the king, he on the other privately communicated with the Liberal party; to them he deprecated the insanity of the measures going on, and, as if he considered himself as far removed in blood as in principles from the reigning dynasty, he has often been heard to remark, "Mais c'est que les Bourbons ont toujours fait comme ça."

Some years back, Buchon said he had written a book on the American constitution, and knowing the tendency of the Duke of Orleans' politics, he begged permission to dedicate it to his royal highness, which was readily granted. On reflection, however, it occurred to him, that the principles of the publication, as well as the style of the dedication, might perhaps be of a more revolutionary character than the Duke would like publicly to avow. He, therefore, thought it right to seek another interview, and express his apprehensions on the subject, offering to modify the same if necessary. Great was his surprise, when the Duke replied, "Ne changez rien, j'avouerais tout. Allez, je suis bien plus républicain que vous. Oubliez-vous que j'ai vécu en Amérique? J'y ai été laboureur fermier; j'en adore la constitution: avec vous c'est théorie, avec moi c'est pratique."

The revolution came, and Louis-Philippe was placed on the throne of France. In two short years the Liberals were dismissed, proscribed, and massacred; and when the Duke Dalberg consulted the king on the propriety of recognising the order of the St. Esprit, which had been proscribed at the revolution, his answer was, "*Attendez, la chose n'est pas encore mûre, mais nous verrons.*"

So little prepared was the public mind for this revolution of July, that even the chiefs of the republican party were almost all absent from Paris on the Monday, the day of the explosion. Lafitte was on a visit in the country, Lafayette was at Lagrange, and Benj. Constant at Bagneux, where he was confined to his room by a severe illness (an affection of the spine), for which he had lately undergone a severe surgical operation. The first two lost no time in coming to Paris, occupied in taking their measures to resist the ordinances, one of the first of which was to have been a refusal, at all risks, to pay any taxes. But the conflict and confusion had now become general, and the assistance of B. Constant was deemed essentially necessary at such a crisis.

Lafayette then sent for Buchon, and said, "You must get on horseback, and, sick or well, you must induce Constant to come to Paris; the barriers of the city may shortly be closed, and then he will have no chance of joining us." Buchon set off, and on the road met M. B——, Constant's physician, who asked him where he was going. On explaining his mission, M. B—— exclaimed, "It is impossible; if Constant moves from his home, he is a dead man; in such a case, I pronounce his death to be inevitable. If, however, you are determined to proceed, I can only insist that in conveying the message of Lafayette, you will also deliver to Constant this, my decided opinion. Adieu." Buchon arrived at Bagneux, and found Constant in a very weak state, who, after learning the state of affairs, consulted him how he should act. The other replied, that he did not feel competent to give him advice; that his health was unquestionably a great obstacle; that a man whose character for fortitude and patriotism was already so strongly established, might without any risk of obloquy be permitted to take a line of conduct, which another man, less supported by public opinion and the convictions of his friends and party, could hardly venture to adopt at such a moment, without giving a handle to censure and imputations, however unmerited, but still liable to misconstructions. He at length determined to go to Paris without delay. It happened, unfortunately, that when the carriage arrived at the Barrière de Sèvres, the barricades were already constructed, and Constant was obliged to proceed from thence on foot, in his then weak state, first to the Hôtel de Ville, and afterwards to his house in the Rue d'Anjou, an exertion which shortly afterwards verified the forebodings of his physician. This, I think, was on the Friday; on the Saturday morning, the Duke of Orleans was induced to come from his retreat to the Palais Royal, where it



was deemed necessary that the leaders of the Liberal party should meet, and consult with him without delay. Amongst the rest, the presence of B. Constant was felt to be indispensably necessary, but his strength had begun to fail, and to walk that distance was impossible. He was placed on a mattress, and conveyed on a *brancard* by ten men, to that assembly, escorted by the armed mob; and what was very curious, Lafitte, who had sprained his ankle, was conveyed thither in nearly a similar manner. The rest is well known; but the health of Constant had received a shock from which he could never recover; he lingered on for a few months, and died just late enough to see, that the cause for which he had risked his life had been strangled in its birth. If he had in that interval refused the donation of 200,000 fr. from the Trésor (not, as was reported, from Louis-Philippe), it would have saved an imputation on his patriotic life.

*Sunday, 28th.*—The selection of Sebastiani for the embassy to England has created some surprise, but it is accounted for in this way:—Louis-Philippe will only select a man with whom he can stipulate that he shall keep up a private correspondence with him, independent of the minister for foreign affairs; the suppleness of Sebastiani's character is a sufficient pledge that he will comply with any terms that may be dictated to him, however degrading to his post and unfair towards the cabinet. Upon the same principle, Louis-Philippe dictates in the council, while his ministers alone are responsible; a fair idea of the *doctrinaire* government may thus be formed. No independent man could take office under him, neither does he wish to have any of that description with him, although *he did live in America, and admired her institutions.*

*Monday, 29th.*—The Duc and Duchesse de Guiche, with whom we passed the evening, were sitting with their three boys and the two tutors: as they were generally allowed when they married to be the handsomest couple in France, it is not surprising that the children should possess the same advantages, and they really are the finest family I ever saw, and brought up with the greatest care and attention. They are living here in great retirement, and not mixing with the society, either here or in Paris; their attachment to the late Royal Family remains unshaken, and no inducement would tempt them to approach the Tuileries under the present government. The Duke said to me, "If France should be engaged in an aggressive war, I would not serve even as a general; if she was invaded, I would serve even in the ranks."

I have already mentioned that at the death of Madame de Vaudemont, much anxiety was felt in certain quarters for the publication of her correspondence, particularly that with Talleyrand; but Louis-Philippe, aware how much he was implicated in all these details, despatched a party of gendarmes to her house, who broke open all the escritaires, and carried off her papers.

*Tuesday, 30th.*—Some surprise is occasioned in England by the appointment of the Earl of Haddington as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Glengall writes to me from Dublin, 24th December, "There certainly is an extraordinary reaction here, but to expect to obtain 170 changes at the elections is far too much. However, it is the last stake, and if Stanley gives a fair support, the thing will do. We have every reason to believe he *will*. I saw a letter from the Duke saying it was *certain*. O'Connell will be knocked about here very much, and will lose several of his tail. The fault in the new government is, that we have too much of the old leaven."

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1835.

*PARIS, Thursday, January 1st.*—The English Parliament has been dissolved by proclamation, and the Duke's government has resolved to take the sense of the country upon conservative principles; it will then be seen, whether the mass of the nation is decided upon continuing the late system of anarchy and innovation, which characterised the late Whig Government. This appeal to the electors of England, whatever may be the result, will form a remarkable crisis in British history.

Talleyrand remains in a bad state of health, and the Princess, his wife, who lives in the Faubourg St. Germain, sends daily to inquire after him, not because his magnificent hotel in the Rue St. Florentin reverts to her after his death, but to return the civility of his repeated inquiries, when her friend the Duc de San Carlos was removed to another world.

*Saturday, 3rd.*—The following paragraph on the situation of England at this crisis, is taken from the "Gazette de France," in which there may unfortunately be some truth:—

"On ne se douterait guère qu'il s'agit d'une lutte, dans laquelle le Grand Bretagne peut perdre en un jour sa puissance et ce qui reste de sa vieille constitution. Ce calme actuel est-ce indiffé-

ence, est-ce confiance ? Ni l'un ni l'autre. La situation est comprise de la même manière, par les Whigs, les Radicaux et les Torys ; enfermés dans un cercle fatal, chacun de ces partis a la conscience de ce qu'il peut, et a fait dès longtemps le dénombrement de ses forces. Les Whigs savent qu'ils sont sortis du pouvoir au moment où il était un fardeau pesant dans leurs mains, et la couronne en les délivrant du soin de se maintenir aux affaires, leur a rendu un véritable service. Les Radicaux sentent que leur heure n'est pas venue et qu'ils ont besoin de lutter encore, avant de mettre la main sur la constitution pour la changer ; c'est-à-dire, *lanéantir* ; et les Torys enchaînés aux réformes des Whigs, placés sur cette pente glissante, ne peuvent marcher qu'en continuant le sillon commencé ; ils iront moins vite que les Whigs, mais il n'est leur pas donné ni de pouvoir regagner le terrain perdu, ni d'enrayer complètement. La voix de la réforme est là, qui leur crie ; marche ! et si lentement qu'ils s'avancent, il faudra qu'ils aboutissent à l'abîme."

*Monday, 5th.* — The frost continues very severe. A friend of mine told me that he had a beautiful portrait by Mignard, which he took an opportunity of offering to Louis-Philippe, who is making a collection of that period, and for which he asked the moderate price of 500*l.* His majesty made great objections to the sum, but still expressed a wish to see and examine the painting. It was sent to the Tuileries, where it was detained a few days, during which interval it was copied by a female artist, to whom the King gave 60*f.*, and it was then returned to the owner.

The law which was passed here to annul the hereditary peerage, instead of diminishing the number of titles in France, has multiplied them in all directions. The abolition only extended to the political rights as members of the legislature, and left the inheritance of the empty name undisturbed. To indemnify themselves for this loss of privilege in the family, all the sons of a Count, Baron, &c. claim and bear their father's title, without any reference to primogeniture ; and encouraged by this facility, which no one thinks it worth while to question, any individual may, and many indeed do, attach to their name a distinction *à volonté*, to which they have no sort of claim, but which still contributes to bring the whole order into ridicule and contempt. There are still a few high-sounding names in France, connected with the brightest pages of her former history, which in spite of prejudice carry with them a feeling of involuntary respect, and can never be confounded with the mass ; but even the branches of these families, who returned from emigration, and eventually joined (as

very many did) the court of Napoleon, appeared only as private individuals, and were never recognised by him under any other title than that which he occasionally might have been pleased to confer himself. At the restoration in 1814, the Bourbons were more lenient or perhaps more timid: they recognised at once the titles of the old, as well as of the new nobility, but the revolution of July has now confounded all in one general insignificance.

*Wednesday, 7th.*— On the 3rd inst., a young lady of Nevers, universally admired, was married to a person who had been established in the town some months only, but had made himself generally respected. The wedding day passed off, and the happy pair had retired to the nuptial chamber, leaving the guests still enjoying the festivities of the occasion, when their gaiety was suddenly checked by a dreadful scream from the bride. The chamber was opened, and she was found in a fainting fit, grasping in her hand the shirt collar of her husband, torn from his shoulder, on which was displayed the *brand*, proving him to have been a convicted felon. It is said that the senses of the unhappy girl appear to have fled for ever. The parents have applied to Mr. P. Dupin and Mr. Syrot, two eminent counsel at the Paris bar, for their opinions, whether Art. 232. of the Civil code, which declares the condemnation of either of a wedded pair to an infamous punishment sufficient cause for a divorce, is applicable to this extraordinary case.

A youth living at Verly in the Aisne, though only eighteen years of age, was full six feet high, and had made himself remarkable by his extraordinary feats of strength. About a fortnight ago he laid a wager, that he would raise with his teeth, and without touching it with his hands, a cask of cider containing forty-seven gallons. It was surrounded with ropes so as to give him a safe and convenient hold. By this he seized the cask with his teeth, and carried it without stopping across a yard of considerable extent. When, however, he had put down his burden, he was incapable of shutting his mouth, and soon afterwards fainted. He was carried into the house, where he lay for six days without recovering his senses, and then died.

The Landgrave of Rothenburg died some time since, and as he left no heirs male, his domains reverted to the reigning Prince of Hesse Cassel, who had already taken possession, when he received the astounding intelligence that the widowed Landgravine was pregnant. The interested parties must now wait patiently for the birth in question.

*Thursday, 8th.*— An extraordinary and very unexpected claim

has just been made on the French government. The Russian Ambassador has been instructed to make a demand of 177 millions of roubles for debts, contracted by the French armies in Poland, in 1812, for which that government holds the bonds of the different employés and fournisseurs at the time, and which they have only at length succeeded in entirely collecting. It is rather singular that this demand should be brought forward at the moment of the Duke of Wellington's coming into power in England, when a change in the foreign policy of Europe might be expected. The French say it is tantamount to a declaration of war on the part of the Czar. The bearer of this claim is a Prince Labenski. An additional cause of embarrassment to the *doctrinaire* government has also just arisen, from the arrival of the American President, Jackson's, message to Congress on the 1st December last. The refusal of the French Chambers in their last sitting to vote the sum of twenty-five millions for the indemnities allowed by treaty to be due from France to the United States, has been received with indignation, and is commented upon with peculiar acrimony, accompanied with very palpable menaces by the American government. This important and lengthy document is couched in a very manly style throughout, and exhibits a striking contrast to the shuffling manœuvres by which Louis-Philippe and his truckling cabinet have attempted to palliate and excuse this breach of national faith. After a plain statement of facts, the President proceeds to say, — "It is my conviction that the United States ought to insist on the prompt execution of this treaty, and in case it be refused or longer delayed, take redress into their own hands."

Another remarkable feature in this speech is the financial position of the Republic, presenting a picture of national ease and prosperity, at which the artificial systems of old Europe may look with envy and astonishment. The extinction of an unnatural paper circulation; the establishment of a sound metallic currency in the Union, and the liquidation of the last item of the public debt on the 1st of this month, are the sources of congratulation with which the President greets his assembled fellow-citizens, at the opening of this session. Comment upon this is unnecessary.

*Friday, 9th.* — Talleyrand has retired from public life: he has written a letter to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, in which he proclaims his intention, and takes as it were an official leave of the public. It is dated some time back; which shows the efforts which have been made since to induce him to resume his post. It was written, indeed, before the dissolution of Lord Melbourne's

Cabinet, probably when at Valençaye, where he made little secret of his disagreements with Lord Palmerston, of whom he said, "C'est un homme qui n'a pas le talent du raisonnement."—There is one remarkable expression in this letter alluding to that government. "The path which England appears to be inclined to follow, must induce her to prefer a mind with traditions less ancient than mine."—The Prince may appear to regret the old aristocracy, and perhaps in fact does so, but his traditions are so various, and so motley, that it must be very difficult to define their real colour. Are they of Autun? Are they of 1789, and the Constituent Assembly, when he was the advocate of the most democratic opinions? Are they of the Directory? Are they of the Empire with its aristocracy of the Sabre? Are they of the Restoration, the darling child of the Prince, which disavowed its parent? Where there has been so little consistency, it must be puzzling to decide by what traditions his mind could be really biassed, except the conviction of the nullity of all.

His letter has been generally and severely criticised by all parties, particularly that part in which he boasts of having *deviné la pensée du Roi*, in all that has passed since 1830. It has been maliciously observed, that the letter has proved two things: *Que le Roi, qui en avoit ordonné l'insertion, se moquoit de la Révolution, et que lui, il se moquoit et de la Révolution et du Roi.*

*Monday, 12th.*—The elections are going on in England with varied success, but certainly an increase of Conservative Members, though not sufficient, as far as they have gone, to promise a majority for the new Government, if it is to be supposed that every Reformer is to be considered as opposed to it; but this would hardly be a fair calculation, as there are many men of character and respectability on that list, as far removed from Radicalism as from Ultra Toryism, who have large property at stake, and would readily vote for any really salutary and conservative measures, whether proposed by Lord Grey or Sir Robert Peel. These men have no objection to be styled Reformers, and perhaps it is their conscientious bias to be so, but they will not support any measures likely to overthrow the Government of the country, for the mere chance of empty popularity. The following new Peers have been created:—

Sir James Scarlett, Chief Baron — Baron Abinger.

Sir Philip Sydney — Baron de Lisle and Dudley.

Mr. V. Fitzgerald — Baron Fitzgerald of Desmond.

Earl Brecknock — Baron Camden.

The Duc de Leuchtenberg arrived at Brussels on the 8th instant,

on his road to Portugal (*viâ* England), to espouse the Queen, Donna Maria da Gloria. The plea of the widowed Landgravine of Hesse Rothenburg has been proved to be fictitious, and disallowed by the States; the principality will therefore devolve to the branch of Hesse Cassel.

*Tuesday, 13th.*—The French missionaries are still exposed to dreadful persecution and martyrdom, at Tongking in Cochin China. On the 27th of October, 1833, Mr. Gotelin was strangled at Huc, the capital of that country, in the midst of a multitude of spectators. Two days before, M. Jacard and Father Odorico, who had previously borne nothing but imprisonment, were burdened with the cage, and put into the stocks. These individuals have been set apart for execution, with many others, for the day of All Saints; but it having been deferred, the letters containing this account were sent off while they were still living; still no hope was entertained of saving them. A Chinese Christian named Tong, and several other Christians, have been beheaded.

A new species of robbery was practised the other day in Paris: a French physician, with his wife and his daughter nine years old, were a few days ago standing in a crowd, looking at the prints in a window of Aubert, in the passage Vérododat, when the child exclaimed, "Oh! they are pulling my hair." On examination it was found that some rogue had cut off, close to the head, two long and beautiful plaits, into which her hair had been formed.

The elections still proceeding in England with vigour on both sides, but the Whigs particularly. Those who have *lost places* under the late Government, are in many instances coalescing with and aiding the Radicals, to oppose the Tory candidates; a line of conduct which in the worst times of party bitterness their adversaries never adopted.

*Thursday, 15th.*—The "Moniteur" of yesterday contained the following official notice:—

"The King has recalled M. Serrurier, his minister at Washington; the minister of foreign affairs has made known the resolution to Mr. Livingston, the American minister at Paris, at the same time informing him that the passports he may need are at his disposal." Captain Bobadil could not act with more dignity! The bill relative to the American claims will be presented this day to the Chamber of Deputies.

It appears that there is a debtor and creditor account between France and Poland, and that the balance of the Russian claim

will be much less important, not more than 20 to 30 millions ; but still an inconvenient demand at this moment.

The Duc de Leuchtenberg and suite landed at Gravesend, on the afternoon of the 11th, and proceeded to London.

*Friday, 16th.*—The Minister of Finance opened the farce of the American President's menace in the Chambers, by calling it the inconsiderate act of an *isolated power*, which is not to be imputed to the *people*, or to the *government of the Union* ; and as the dignity and honour of France is not to be considered as compromised by such a communication, he recommends afresh the consideration of the treaty and fulfilment of its engagements. This logic would appear singular if the whole affair did not bear the stamp of the most ridiculous *charlatanisme*. In the meantime Mr. Livingston remains very quiet in his hotel, without any intention of demanding the passports which have been so *valorously* offered to him.

In the elections at home, it is worthy of remark, as an example of the fury by which the Whigs are actuated, that the late Attorney-General, Sir J. Campbell, their legal adviser, and member of their administration, has recommended on the hustings at Edinburgh a revolutionary vote in the Commons, *to stop the supplies*, unless the King shall dismiss his present Ministers ; that is, a breaking up of every service by which the State is held together, except on the condition, that a part of *such supplies* shall pass, in the shape of salaries, into the pockets of him and his party.

The following picture of Europe is given by the "Gazette de France :"—

"Grâce à la glorieuse Révolution de Juillet, John Bull et sa commère la France, depuis plus de quatre ans, propageaient en Europe leurs principes désorganisateur. Ils avaient en commun conçu les monarchies Belge et Grecque, et d'un commun accord, le père et la mère protégeant le berceau de leurs chers enfans ; ont montré bec et ongle à toute puissance qui semblait vouloir s'en approcher. Dans ces heureux jours de gloire révolutionnaire, l'Autriche, la Prusse et la Russie signaient tout courant, chaque protocole qu'on leur présentait ; le Roi de Hollande lui-même, le grand homme de notre époque, commençait à plier ses tentes, et semblait ne plus attendre la fin de la monarchie Belge, que du délabrement de sa constitution. Tout cela était la position admise en Europe ; on grimaçait encore dans quelques cabinets, mais sans montrer les dents.

"Dès lors l'existence de ces deux nouvelles monarchies électives paraissant assurée, l'Angleterre et la France s'étaient de



nouveau réunies, pour en mettre deux autres sur le métier ; mais ce n'était plus de créer qu'il s'agissait, c'était de perfectionner. Il fallait introduire dans les deux antiques monarchies Espagnole et Portugaise, des institutions à l'Anglaise, et un Roi à la Française. Déjà deux petites filles choisies pour opérer cette double régénération, s'étaient glissées sur le trône ; déjà le père de l'une était mort à la peine pour la défendre, pendant que la mère de l'autre s'était barricadée avec la sienne pour la défendre aussi. Déjà des chambres législatives dressaient leurs tréteaux à Lisbonne et à Madrid, et se préparaient à convertir en lois, les instructions données par la France, et surtout par l'Angleterre, aux ministres de ces deux pays. Tout cela s'exécutait paisiblement sous les yeux de la triple alliance, qui semblait dire, 'Dieu soit loué.' L'empereur Nicholas avait bien, il est vrai, furtivement envoyé un aide-de-camp souhaiter bonne chance à Charles V. L'Autriche, très mystérieusement, faisait passer force avis à Don Miguel, et la Prusse tenait en Espagne un ministre, qui avançait ou reculait, suivant l'importance du succès que l'un ou l'autre parti remportait.

"Mais rien de tout cela n'était fait pour effrayer la Quadruple Alliance. Aussi, croyant toucher à l'époque fortunée, ou les deux monarchies Peninsulaires allaient être aussi solidement assurée que l'est celui de la Belgique, et de la Grèce ; les cabinets de Londres et de Paris se préparaient déjà à reprendre en sous-œuvre, l'Allemagne et l'Italie, pour les conduire à leur tour, à la bienheureuse régénération, au perfectionnement social. Hélas ! pour le malheur du genre humain, l'état des choses a terriblement changé."

The picture is not ill drawn, as far as this goes, but the winding up, tinctured as it is by French prejudices, is too ridiculous.

The writer pretends that the whole scheme has been concocted by William IV., Queen Adelaide, and the Duke of Wellington, in whose hands Lord Grey has only been a puppet to gain them a short-lived popularity, while the real object has been, to draw France into an entanglement with the allied powers, to render her an object of hatred, and then by a sudden change of policy to leave her in the lurch, with all the responsibility of the post, and the necessity of defending it alone.

*Saturday, 17th.*—The only report in Paris to-day was that O'Connell would be thrown out for Dublin. On the first day's poll he gained no advantage over his opponent, but the meeting on the hustings was conducted with much vulgar abuse and personality, ending finally in a duel between the Lord Mayor Perrin

and Mr. Ruthven, one of the candidates, which fortunately terminated without bloodshed. Sir James Graham's speech to his constituents at Cumberland was hostile to the new Government, of which he said, that it was impossible to be composed of worse materials.

Lord Stanley's speech in Lancashire, was of a more conciliating nature, though nearly the same in its avowed principles; from him the present ministry would meet no factious opposition, though he could not give them any pledge of support. Lord Palmerston in South Hants, after taking credit for the success of his measures in the foreign department, and the maintenance of peace for four years, at a time when no man could have expected it to be preserved for three months; after claiming every merit for the Whigs, and imputing every disaster to the Tories, declared that he could have no confidence in the present men, and, if elected, it would be with the firm determination to give them every constitutional and parliamentary opposition.

He thus accuses the Duke of having left the country on the brink of war, when it is well known to every one that on the breaking out of the French Revolution of 1830, so great was the confidence of all the foreign powers in his judgment, that every diplomatist at the Court of St. James' had orders from his Sovereign to act according to his dictates. In perfect accordance with all, he agreed to acknowledge the choice of France in Louis-Philippe, but on one sole condition that she did not arm. If you arm one soldier, said he, we the powers will arm together four; and till his resignation no hostile movement was made in France. As soon as the liberal Earl Grey came into power, then Marshal Soult came into the Chamber of Deputies with a proposal to levy 400,000 men, which the Whigs had not the energy to resist.

*Tuesday, 20th.*—Yesterday's "Tribune" contains the following severe, but undeniable appeal to the Nation, signed, Hercule de Roche, Bar-le-Duc.

#### À LA NATION.

"Examinez vos faits registrés, depuis le 18 Brumaire 1799, jusqu'en 1825, et puis si vous n'êtes pas trop aveuglés par un sot orgueil, vous serez obligés de dire: Nous sommes un pauvre peuple, qui ne sait rien achever, et qui passe au travers de tout ce qui est bien. De la vanité toujours, de la dignité jamais! Voilà aujourd'hui quelle est votre misère, et le triste rôle que vous jouez en Europe.

"De 1789, jusqu'à l'expédition d'Egypte, la nation fut ad-

mirable. Expédition funeste, elle commença la ruine de la République.

“ Quarante mille braves, s’il en fût jamais, composèrent cette armée déportée en Afrique; elle valait celle de César, elle fût commandée par un homme qui avait la même ambition que ce Romain. A peine débarquée en Egypte, cette troupe héroïque vît anéantir la flotte qui l’avait conduite. Plus tard, abandonnée de son chef, elle fut réduite à capituler, et à revenir en France sur des vaisseaux ennemis. Malte, qu’elle avait prise en passant, devint la proie de l’Angleterre.

“ Il est dans votre destinée de ne savoir rien conserver : vous ne garderez pas plus Alger, que vous n’avez gardé le Caire. Quelles furent les suites de cette expédition d’Egypte ?

“ Le 18 Brumaire, première marche du trône Impérial; ensuite la bataille de Marengo, qui mit la couronne sur la tête de Bonaparte.

“ La victoire accompagna longtemps l’Empire, vos armes désolèrent l’Europe; Vienne, Berlin, Rome, Madrid, virent sur leurs remparts planer le drapeau tricolore. Enivré par vos succès, le maître profita de votre enthousiasme pour vous conduire à Moscou.

“ Là! les Russes, des esclaves, vous donnèrent une grande leçon de patriotisme; plutôt que de subir le joug, ils brûlèrent leur capitale! Et vous, dans deux occasions différentes, vous n’avez pas même su défendre la vôtre.

“ L’incendie de Moscou appela les regards de la Providence, elle aida de généreux efforts en déchainant les élémens contre vous. Vous savez le reste : chassés de partout, vous avez vu les Cosaques venir deux fois se décrasser dans les eaux de la Seine. A peine en avez-vous été émus!! Ah! périsse votre civilisation, puisqu’elle vous fait endurer tant d’humiliation! J’estime bien mieux la sauvegarde de cette horde de 400,000 Tartares, qui pour se soustraire à la domination Russe, selle ses chevaux, ploye ses tentes, et vieillards, femmes, enfans, tout marche, et fait, en un hiver du désert, 1800 lieues pour arriver à la Chine. Voilà des hommes!

“ Inconstans dans vos affections, ce Napoléon que vous admiriez tant, qui vous avait fait si grands, vous l’abandonnâtes en 1814, parceque la fortune avait déserté l’aigle Impérial, et fûtes vous mettre humblement sous la protection du drapeau blanc, que vous aviez déchiré en 1789.

“ En 1815, par un retour, que la légèreté de votre caractère explique facilement, vous volâtes au-devant de lui, l’air retentissait de vos cris d’allégresse, l’on aurait crû que la France en masse

allait courir à la frontière pour défendre le héros. Tristes démonstrations ! stérile enthousiasme ! d'un peuple, qui n'a plus aucune conviction. Un reste d'armée, soldats, dont les défaites n'avaient pas abaissé le courage, se présente audacieusement sur le champ de bataille, et Waterloo vit un nouveau jour de gloire et de malheur.

“ Vous ! vous aimâtes mieux vous laisser conquérir une seconde fois que de prendre les armes.

“ Honte ! lâcheté ! infamie !

“ Depuis que le monde existe, jamais trente millions d'hommes n'avaient été conquis deux fois dans un an. Il vous était réservé d'offrir à l'Europe et à la postérité cet humiliant spectacle.

“ Jadis le plus grand des Romains, à la tête des légions invincibles, fut dix ans à soumettre les Gaulois. En 1815, après une bataille gagnée, Wellington est arrivé à Paris en quinze jours.

“ Quel peuple !

“ Depuis cet déplorable époque vous végeiez paisiblement sous les Bourbons, lorsqu'en 1830 au sujet d'une petite ordonnance, vrai divertissement de la Royauté, vous vous êtes ennuyés de leur domination, et de leur drapeau blanc. Vous avez fait les mutins, vous avez crié, ‘Vive la nation !’ plus de Bourbons, vous avez chassé une partie de cette famille, et arboré de nouveau ce drapeau tricolore, qui doit être humilié de se trouver tour à tour déployé comme une vieille relique ; puis stupidement après trois jours d'émeute, vous vous êtes reposés la quatrième, comme si votre œuvre eût été achevée.

“ Ce n'est pas ainsi qu'on fait les révolutions.

“ Qu'avez-vous gagné à ce grand tapage ?

“ Rien, si ce n'est votre vieux drapeau !

“ L'on vous a amusé avec une chanson, et des poignées de mains, l'on s'est joué de vous, l'on a ri de votre héroïsme, l'on a appelé votre mouvement révolutionnaire, une bagarre, une catastrophe. Certes, vû ses conséquences l'on a eu raison. Vous ne voulez plus de Bourbons ; bonnes gens que vous êtes, vous auriez dû savoir, que l'on ne se débarrasse pas facilement d'une famille Royale.

“ Deux cent dix-neuf doctrinaires, sans gloire, sans vertus, ont appris comment on s'empare d'un mouvement populaire, ils vous ont donné un Bourbon, que, disent-ils, le vœu de la nation appelait au trône, ils l'ont qualifié de *Roi Citoyen*.”

*Wednesday, 21st.* — O'Connell and Hume have both received a serious lesson ; they have indeed gained their elections, but after

a hard struggle, and by very small majorities, not as formerly in a triumphant manner.

Lord Palmerston has lost his seat for South Hants. He was defeated by Compton.

There has recently been found in the neighbourhood of Valenciennes, a medal of the time of the ancient Gauls, before the Roman conquest. It bears on one side a head, with curled hair, and covered with the Greek dress. On the reverse is a horse without a bridle, the symbol of liberty, between a star and a wheel; behind the horse is a man following with the arm extended. It must be about 2000 years old.

*Friday, 23rd.*—There is a curious letter in the Italian papers, which affirms, that the Roman Catholic religion is making such rapid progress in the States of North America, that the Pope is preparing to establish bishoprics in various new places, which may in some degree indemnify the Holy See for the falling-off of his votaries and revenues in Europe.

A certain Vicomte de V——, friend of Talleyrand, who with him frequented some distinguished *soirées*, where high play was encouraged, had incurred some suspicions not very creditable to his honour.

Detected one evening in a flagrant attempt to defraud his adversary, he was very unceremoniously turned out of the house, with a threat, that if he ever made his appearance there again, he should be thrown out of the window. The next day he called upon M. de Talleyrand to relate his misfortune, and protest his innocence: “Ma position est très embarrassante,” said the Vicomte; “donnez moi donc un conseil.” “Dame! mon cher, je vous conseille de ne plus jouer qu’au rez de chaussée.”

I remember an instance of the same kind, many years ago, in England. Mr. ——, the banker, who was in the habit of playing very deep with some friends who held their sittings at the London Tavern, was one night detected in a similar attempt, and dismissed in the same manner. He wrote the next morning to John Taylor Vaughan, who was one of the party, and requested his advice. The answer he received was more laconic and less conciliating: the note merely contained, “Hang yourself.” He went abroad, entered the Swedish service, and lost his life in battle. John Taylor Vaughan was an eccentric character, well known at Brookes’s, where he courted the Whig aristocracy, and was famous in those days for his cook, his wines, and his *brusque* manner. He was the friend of N——, and C——, who maintained the same claims to notoriety.

Talleyrand will be eighty-one years old on the 2nd February next. He is become so weak in his legs that he is carried by two servants from one room to another, even to the king's cabinet. There is a caricature of him in this situation: it is entitled "La jeune France."

*Saturday, 24th.*—I took a furnished house here in the Avenue de Paris, belonging to Madame la Comtesse de Bonneval.

*Sunday, 25th.*—A circumstance of horror occurred within three miles of this place, last night. A labouring man and his wife, with one child, were living in a deserted spot; the woman was taken with the pains of labour, and the man set out to fetch the *accoucheur*. During his absence, she was surprised by the visit of a married woman with whom she had some acquaintance, who asked her, if she had not lately sold a cow, and whether she had received the money? On her replying in the affirmative, the other threatened her with instant death if she did not give up the property to her. Frightened at this menace, but still preserving some presence of mind, she told her that it was deposited in the cellar, and, on the other descending to commit the robbery, she had just sufficient strength to throw a sack of flour against the door, which prevented her escape. She then sent the child to urge his father's instant return. At a few paces distance from the house, the child was met by the culprit's husband, who stopped him, and made him return with him. He then repeated the demand for the money from the mother, threatening, in case of refusal, to throw the child into the well. But fear and agitation had by this time so much aggravated the pains of the poor victim, that she had become insensible. The husband returned just in time to give the alarm, and apprehended both the miscreants, but his wife had already expired, and the unfortunate child had been suffocated in the well.

*Monday, 26th.*—Mademoiselle Duchesnois\*, the celebrated tragic actress, died lately in Paris, and was attended to the grave by a concourse of literary characters and friends. When to this loss is added the prior death of Talma, and that of Mademoiselle Bourgoïn, who was carried off by a cancer last summer twelve-month, the Théâtre Français may be said to be shorn of its beams. There remains but Mademoiselle Mars of the good old school, who still continues to attract applause; and, though her age renders her unfit to represent the youthful characters which she so brilliantly sustained in former times, yet her genius still preserves its ascendancy, and the woman of sixty is still now often

\* For some years retired from the stage.

forgotten in the coquette of twenty. Poor Mademoiselle Bourgoûin was not only a good actress, but distinguished by her wit and *repartees* in society, though not always guided by the strictest delicacy; her *bon mot* to the surgeon Baron Dupuytren, the day before her death, though well known, is not to be mentioned. Several years ago I dined with Baron D——, in the Rue Mont Blanc; it was soon after he had received the decoration from the King of Prussia, which he was of course proud to display at his button-hole, as the Jews are seldom favoured with those distinctions. There was a large party of guests, among whom, I well remember, were Talma, Lafitte the banker, and Mademoiselle Bourgoûin, who was then the acknowledged object of the Baron's affections. After dinner some trifle occurred, which produced a warm discussion between our host and lady, who at length became so exasperated, that she lost her temper, and said to him with great bitterness, before the whole room, "Maudit juif, tu portes la croix et tu rénies ton sauveur."

To this there could be no reply.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Duc de Guiche, who when young had served under General Suwaroff, mentioned, yesterday evening, the following anecdote of that extraordinary character:—

During the Turkish war in 1795, the Russian army commenced the siege of the fortress of Kamieneek, which, seated on a spiral rock, was then considered impregnable. Suwaroff at first attempted to reduce it by famine; but the garrison had been so abundantly supplied with provisions, that, after some time, the impatient general, despairing of success by this tedious process, determined to attempt the capture by assault. The attempt was immediately put in execution, but, notwithstanding the impetuosity of the attack, the Russian troops were driven back into their entrenchments with much loss.

In a few days afterwards, a second experiment was made with equal bravery, but with the same unfortunate results.

The hope of success was now deemed impossible, the troops were disheartened, and the general in despair. At last Suwaroff presented himself in front of his army, and calling from the ranks a party of six sappers, ordered them to dig a hole in the ground before him. This being accomplished, he first threw in his hat, he next broke his sword, and threw it likewise into the chasm; he then jumped in himself, and called upon the bystanders to cover him with earth, and bury him alive, that he might not bear witness to the degeneracy of the Russian army. This extra-

ordinary act operated like an electric shock upon the troops; a general hurrah pervaded all the ranks, and with one common accord they demanded to be led again to the assault, with the assurance that they were determined to conquer or to die. The assault took place, and after a tremendous carnage, in which the flower of their army was destroyed, the Russians at length became masters of Kamieneek.

I am not certain of the date, but it was previous to Suwaroff's campaign in Italy.

*Tuesday, 28th.* — Passing through the Rue Matignon to-day, I met Lord Pembroke, with a splendid barouche and four English horses, setting off to see a race in the country, which was to be rode by Lord Clanricarde. In the party were George Wombwell and Adolphus Fitz-Clarence, just arrived from London. Our English jockey was beat by his French antagonist, Mons. Leon Lecoulteux.

The news from Madrid is of a serious nature. A regiment of infantry has openly declared against the government; and when General Canterac summoned them to return to their duty, they fired upon and killed him. Notwithstanding they were attacked by the troops of the garrison, they defended themselves with courage, and it appears that the rebellion was hardly quelled, as after some bloodshed the regiment was allowed to quit the town in marching order, without punishment. This circumstance, of which the results cannot be foreseen, coupled with the late successes of Zumalacarraguay, and the illness of General Mina, who seems incapable of taking an active command against him, gives spirit to the Carlist cause.

Lord Heytesbury is appointed Governor-General of India. The elections are nearly brought to a close, and, latterly, have proved highly favourable to the new government.

A singular character, M. Seguin, has just paid the debt of nature. He was an army contractor, and has left one of the largest private fortunes in France, notwithstanding the loss of five millions by Ouvrard, who got rid of the claim by remaining five years in prison. He was the owner of several magnificent houses and estates in Paris and the environs, among which is the Château de Jouy, which he left uninhabited, and suffered to go to ruin, turning into the parks and gardens horses of great value, which he thenceforth abandoned to their fate. The grand mansion in which he lived in the Rue de Varennes was a heap of ruins. The garden, and even some of the magnificent *salons* on the ground floor, were filled with horses, which he suffered to run at liberty



over them. He gave his daughter in marriage to an English horse-dealer, Elmore, because he furnished him with Smolensko, the finest horse that had ever been seen in France. He founded during the empire a tannery, upon an improved principle, on the island above the bridge of Sevres, but for many years had suffered the building to go to decay, till some few months ago, when the formation of a railroad from Paris to Versailles was in contemplation, and was to have run across his island, he determined, if possible, to defeat the undertaking; and, therefore, in order to render the purchase of the necessary quantity of his land the more burdensome, he covered his island with new buildings.

The description is very similar to that of a branch of the Lowther family, who died several years ago, and left all his property to the present Earl of Lonsdale, who, on taking possession, found the *château* in ruins, the finest horses running wild in the park, and the coach-houses filled with cases of champagne and other costly wines, rotten with age, and the contents scattered about.

*Wednesday, 28th.* — Pozzo di Borgo has been suddenly nominated Russian ambassador to the Court of St James's, in the room of Prince Lieven. The appointment, though honourable to him, as placing him at the most important post of European politics, at this moment, will not be very agreeable to one whose habits and connections have, from a residence of more than twenty years, become completely Parisian. At the same time, it proves the immediate reaction of feeling towards England in the Russian cabinet, from the mere circumstance of our foreign policy being now directed by the Duke instead of Lord Palmerston. The change must be grating to Louis-Philippe, as it not only removes from Paris a very influential ambassador, whom he has long known and studied to conciliate, and who now will be replaced by a stranger (probably Medem as *Chargé d'Affaires*); but it also evidently transfers to London the negotiation of all the serious political questions which are likely henceforward to engross Europe, where his interests will only be represented by Sebastiani, or some other minister of the same calibre. The loss of Talleyrand now will be severely felt. His public life is finished, and his existence, indeed, is drawing to a close. A humour has broken out in one of his legs, which at that time of life is too often the precursor of more fatal consequences.

*Monday, February 2nd.*—All the letters from London mention, as an undoubted fact, that Queen Adelaide is in a way to give the throne of England an heir.

An unfortunate collision has taken place between Lord Napier

and the Hong merchants at Canton, in consequence of which the tea trade with China has been immediately stopped.

Lord Fitzroy Somerset is going on a secret mission to Madrid, to attempt an arrangement between the conflicting powers in Navarre.

There are strong rumours of a change of ministry here.

Lady Julia and Lockwood are to go to England to be *separated*.

The Duke and Sir R. Peel look forward to the meeting of Parliament on the 19th with sanguine hopes of success, though the Whigs and Radicals are joining their forces to support Mr. Abercromby against Mr. M. Sutton, for the office of Speaker, This question will be the first trial of strength.

Leontine Volny, in the new piece of "La Fille de l'Avare," attracts crowded houses every night. This pleasing and excellent actress, better known in the dramatic world as Leontine Fay, was some time back the heroine of a romantic story in real life. Fascinating in her manners and pleasing in her person, though not strictly handsome, she inspired a violent attachment in a young man, son of Count Montalivet the minister, who, finding all his hopes of happiness centered in a union with Leontine, formally proposed to marry her. Though flattered by his addresses, she still refused to listen to his offer, unless sanctioned by the approbation of his family, which no entreaties on his part could ever procure from his parents, who were violently opposed to the marriage. To extinguish all hopes in her young admirer, and to avoid every suspicion of encouraging an attachment, in opposition to the wishes and injunctions of his friends, she wrote to Mr. Volny, who on a former occasion had made her an unsuccessful offer of his hand, that if he still entertained the same predilection for her, she now was willing to accept his proposal. He received her overtures with undiminished attachment, and she shortly afterwards became his wife. But the young Montalivet's passion was not to be subdued by these insurmountable obstacles; he suddenly went abroad, and shortly afterwards put a period to his own existence.

There is no dearth of novelty on the French stage at present: every week produces two or three new pieces at the Vaudeville Theatres, for the public amusement, but few that have much real talent to recommend them, though the present taste for the horrid and the marvellous is cultivated by the different managers with the most obsequious attention. Among examples of this kind is one which has met with the most decided success for many months at the Ambigu, though perhaps in no other country but France would such a subject, bordering as it does in many

parts on blasphemy, have ever been treated with so much levity, or, indeed, presented on any stage. This piece is called the "*Juif errant*," and is supposed to detail the adventures of the Jew, whom an old legend has represented as having rebuked our Saviour at the foot of the cross, and been condemned in consequence to drag on a weary existence till the end of time. The detail of circumstances in this piece is so atrocious, as connected with sacred history, and that name which should only be mentioned with awe is so lightly introduced in conversation, that every serious feeling must be shocked by such an unseemly representation. Yet the house is nightly crowded to excess, and children of all ages are brought to witness the profanation at night of that which they are taught to reverence in the day. Such is the inconsistency of this people.

*Wednesday, 4th.*—The preparations in the *château*\*, which is to be converted into a National Museum, are going on very rapidly, and report says it is to be opened to the public on the 1st May, before which, no interest can procure an admittance. Adolphus Fitz-Clarence had a flat refusal. The King comes down frequently to superintend the works, and the disposal of the pictures and busts. A large equestrian statue of Louis XIV. is now erecting in the centre of the Cour d'Honneur, and the representations of his victories are to be blended with those of the Republic and the Empire, in honour of the *Grande nation*.

*Thursday, 5th.*—Further accounts from China represent the conduct of Lord Napier, who was sent out by the late Government as Chief Superintendent of their new Free Trade System, to have been highly indiscreet, in wantonly infringing the laws of the Chinese respecting foreigners sojourning in their country, and thereby wounding their national pride. The first fruit of this conduct has been an entire suspension of the trade itself, which, even if it should be only temporary, as we may hope, must still break the link, and consequently injure commercial enterprise. Thus, the opening of the trade to China, *if good in itself*, (and time only could solve that question) has all its advantages counteracted by the practical arrangements adopted by Lord Grey's government for carrying it into execution. In the same manner the emancipation of the West Indian Negroes recognised a noble principle, but so unskillfully were the details of the Act of Emancipation managed, that the beneficence of the principle is almost overlaid by the mischief and confusion, the violence and suffering, which have flowed from the practical operation of the machinery

\* Versailles.

intended to carry it into effect. That Government has had a peculiar aptitude for bringing even great principles into disrepute, and neutralizing plausible benefits, by their ignorant and bungling mode of legislation. If it should be likewise considered, that these headstrong inroads upon old-established systems originated rather in party spleen, a love of place, and a thirst for popularity, than a real sense of duty or conviction of the benefits which must arise from their measures, it may then become a doubt whether knavery or folly has most preponderated.

Pozzi di Borgo left Paris on Thursday morning for London.

A Royal Commission to prepare a measure of Church Reform was announced in the "London Gazette" for the 3rd.

The letters from the United States are very pacific. One from Washington says:—"You know that the greater part of the foreign ministers, although expressly invited, abstained from coming to hear the oration on the life and actions of General Lafayette. The French and English Ambassadors, each, wrote a note to Mr. Adams, desiring to know whether the oration contained anything they ought not to listen to? Mr. Adams replied, that if they were willing to listen only to what was agreeable to them, they would do well to remain at home. This was quite sufficient, and they did not attend."

*Sunday, 8th.*—Died Baron Dupuytren, aged fifty-six, the most celebrated surgeon in France.

A German journal, in giving an account of the Duke of Leuchtenberg's Museum at Munich, states that there are many objects which belonged to Napoleon, and among them a small temple, with a marble cupola, supported by columns of jasper, the base of which is ornamented by antique cameos, bearing the letter I. In the centre of the temple is a small eagle in silver, and the following inscription: "The Emperor Napoleon being obliged to melt down his plate at St. Helena, preserved the eagles for his family." This was sent to Prince Eugène.

The Euphrates expedition is ready to sail from Liverpool for the coast of Syria: it consists of fifty persons under the command of Colonel Chesney of the Artillery. The "George Canning" has on board two iron steamers in frame; these are made up into various packages, which will be transhipped on the coast of Syria into small country craft, and conveyed up the Orontes as far as it is navigable. This river, after passing the ancient city of Antioch, falls into the Mediterranean, near the gulf of Scanderoon. These packages will be taken from the Orontes to Bir on the Euphrates, across a desert of probably 150 miles, chiefly

by camels, which carry about half a ton weight each, and may be hired on the coast, to any number, and at a trifling expense. At Bir the steamers will be reconstructed, and the Grand Signior and Mehemet Ali have promised their protection as far as their authority extends.

There is a commentary on the life and writings of Lord Byron published in the "Revue de Paris" by M. Jules Janin, which, after comparing his Lordship's genius to that of Homer, Virgil, and Tasso, proceeds to assert that, "déclamé ou chanté, Iliade ou Odyssée, Childe Harold est toujours le poème unique des temps modernes."

M. Janin represents Lord B—— as a most interesting, romantic, and persecuted character; foiled in his noble political pursuits at home by a prejudiced despotic ministry, depreciated and criticised with the bitterest satire by his literary contemporaries, calumniated, and driven from society by the unfeeling acrimony of false friends, and the prejudiced coteries of fashionable life, and at last seeking a refuge in foreign climes against the cruel persecution of an unjust and ungrateful country.

Now all this is very well for French romance, but every one who knows the real position of Lord B—— must be aware that there is not one syllable of truth in it. His lot was that of any other modern English gentleman, who prefers his pleasures to his duties, and seeks for happiness where it never can be found, in the wayward indulgence of his own caprice. He was not even, as is asserted, the hero of many duels.

Notwithstanding his great talents,—and no one can wish to deny them,—he was a selfish, and at times a dissipated character; he married a valuable woman, whom he treated with cruelty and neglect; occupied with his muse, whom, to gratify private spleen, he would occasionally arm with the bitterest weapons, he never attempted to obtain any celebrity in the politics or the senate of his country, where so wide a field was open to his exertions and endowments. At length, because his captious vanity was indignant at the common criticism of his early productions, which no author can escape; and his pride was hurt at some natural comments on his character as a husband; he flies in disgust to the continent, vowing hatred and enmity to every unfortunate English idler whom he may meet on his travels: affecting what he calls

"That vital scorn of all,  
As if the worst had fallen that could befall;"

and trying to dupe the world with the mask of

“The man of loneliness and mystery,  
Scarce seen to smile, and seldom heard to sigh !”

his romantic admirers on the continent have, at length, canonised him as a martyr to calumny and oppression : while those who remember certain dinners at Watier's in the olden time, certain long potations with John Kemble, Brummell, and other *virtuosi*, have no faith in the affected misanthropy, and only recollect an agreeable companion, — the *bon convive qui boit sec*.

Lord Byron might have remained with perfect ease and security in his native country, if his own restless spirit would have permitted it ; he might have reaped every honour from his talents in the senate, or his poetical pursuits in the closet ; and notwithstanding the faults which he complains were so unjustly visited upon him, he might have been what he pleased in society, the idol or the tyrant of the *grand monde*.

The time is long gone by (and daily examples prove it) when vice or misconduct could serve to exclude a man of rank and fashion from the highest and most distinguished circles in London.

*Tuesday, 10th.* — Baron Dupuytren's funeral was attended by above 3000 people ; he has left an immense fortune, made in his profession, of from eight to nine millions of francs, to his only child, a daughter, married to a peer of France, and 200,000 fr. to the Faculty of Medicine in Paris, for the establishment of a professorship of pathological anatomy. His body he bequeathed to Drs. Broussais and Cruveilhier, who with other physicians proceeded to open it on Monday. The brain was of a remarkable size, weighing 2lbs. 14oz. The heart, which usually weighs about twelve ounces, weighed twenty, and consequently was extremely large.

The Carlists in Spain have had some partial successes in Navarre, and have received some supplies from Leghorn. At Madrid nothing material has occurred.

Some disarmaments have been announced in the Austrian army.

*Wednesday, 11th.* — The march of civilisation is progressing in Turkey ; the “Ottoman Monitor” announces that the Government had established a high road from Scutari to Nicomede, with post-horses and carriages, which travellers may obtain at a moderate price. The result has proved so satisfactory to the Sultan, that his highness has resolved upon repairing and enlarging the high roads throughout the whole Turkish Empire.

The foreign ambassadors to the British Court, who seemed by

common consent to have quitted their posts, leaving any casual business that might occur, to be discussed with Lord Palmerston by their Secretaries, are now generally returning to their official duties in London. Baron Bulow left Berlin on the 4th instant for London, Prince Esterhazy is arrived here from Vienna on the same destination. Pozzi di Borgo is already arrived at Ashburnham House, and Sebastiani is making final preparations for his departure. It is a curious fact, that just previous to the dismissal of the Whig Ministers, they had contrived, by their measures and their foreign secretary, so to alienate and even personally offend the representatives of the great powers in Europe, that King William's court was deserted by all but their *protégés* from Spain, Portugal, and Belgium. Fortunately, the name alone of the Duke has been sufficient to dispel these clouds.

*Thursday, 12th.*—The resources of reading and study, as Voltaire has remarked, may convert the dullest hours into the most agreeable. Ever since the beginning of this retired existence, I have often felt the truth of those lines in Cicero, and acknowledged the advantages they enumerate:—

“*Hæc studia enim adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium et solatium præbent; delectant domi, non impediunt foris; percunctantur nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.*”

*Friday, 13th.*—A steam carriage arrived yesterday from Paris, to the great admiration of the gossips of Versailles, but it did not travel much faster than the common daily diligences. It is proposed shortly to establish a regular steam communication with this town. The number of passengers who make this journey every day amounts to 2000 by the regular conveyances, and it is supposed that this new facility will increase them to 3000.

*Saturday, 14th.*—The advices from Jamaica are very satisfactory; the more so, as considerable apprehensions of unpleasant scenes during the Christmas holidays have been anticipated. The apprentices have become more aware of their real interest, and the labour on the estates is performing in better temper, and with more tranquillity, than their preceding conduct had given reason to expect.

A prosecution arising out of the will of the late Abbé Grégoire has exposed some very curious facts. A certain abbé, who was appointed executioner to the *ci-devant* Bishop of Blois, had, in compliance with his directions, placed him in his coffin, clothed in his episcopal robes, but instead of the cross of silver gilt, sub-

stituted one of brass, and in place of the real episcopal ring, put on one of base metal. To prove these facts, the exhumation of the corpse became necessary. It is a curious additional circumstance in this disgraceful transaction, that Dr. Favre Palaprat, the grand master of the order of the Templars, is in possession of the true cross of the Bishop Grégoire.

The report is, that in proportion as the instructions given by Louis-Philippe, in 1830, to Talleyrand, were very decisive to support liberal principles in England, and the then rising government of Earl Grey and the Whigs, those given now from the same quarter to Sebastiani are equally cogent to embrace the opposite system of the Duke and Sir Robert Peel, and instead of separating himself from the diplomatists, who represent the great monarchical powers of Europe, to use all his influence to be admitted into their conferences.

*Monday, 16th.* — Dr. Favre Palaprat has published a letter to prove that the silver gilt cross of the Bishop of Blois was left to him in the will of the deceased.

On Thursday last, died at Cobham Park, the Earl of Darnley, aged forty. On the preceding Monday, he was walking in his park, and observed some labourers occupied in felling a tree; he took up an axe to assist in the operation, when unfortunately his hand slipped, and he wounded himself in the foot, and cut off one of his toes. No serious danger was at first apprehended, but on the following day a locked jaw ensued, and no medical art could save him.

I went to Paris on business: Greffulhe, who is still sanguine in his hopes for legitimacy, told me the following anecdote of Louis-Philippe.

A certain Chev. de Fondeville has lately published an account of the revolution of July, in which he expressly states, that the Duke of Orleans only accepted the crown at the time, under the solemn pledge to restore it hereafter to Henri V., when the public agitation in France had subsided. Soon after the circulation of this book, the author received a visit from Baron Fain, formerly Secretary of the Cabinet to Napoleon, and now holding the same office under Louis-Philippe, who, after paying him many compliments on his work, concluded by saying that he was commissioned by the King to offer him a present of 300 fr.—For this sum, however, he was particularly anxious to secure a receipt in his handwriting, and then left him. The inference drawn from this act is, that if hereafter any imperious circumstances should recall the exiled family, Louis-Philippe, in yielding to



them, may produce this proof of his having secretly worked to promote it.

Sebastiani left Paris yesterday for London, and P. Esterhazy followed him this morning. The Duke of Wellington thus gives additional solemnity to the opening of Parliament on the 19th, by assembling all the Ambassadors of Europe.

*Tuesday, 17th.* — Two North American missionaries have been murdered by the cannibals on the western coast of Sumatra. Their names are Henry Lyman and Samuel Monson. They had travelled from Batavia to Padang, with the intention of penetrating into the Batta country, where there is no European settlement, and the people live in a complete state of independence, generally in a state of perpetual warfare, devouring their prisoners, like the other cannibal nations. The missionaries hoped to plant Christianity among these people, and notwithstanding they received repeated warnings of the peril to which they would expose themselves by the attempt, they set out on their journey on the 28th of June last. On the road they were met by five armed Battas, who advised them to return immediately. They nevertheless continued their journey and at four o'clock in the afternoon fell in with a band of 200 armed savages, who put them to death, and ate them. A companion of their journey contrived to escape, and was thus enabled to bring the melancholy intelligence.

*Wednesday, 18th.* — Lord Fitzroy Somerset is said to be arrived at Madrid, with the view of terminating the civil war in Spain. Reports are in circulation there, of a proposal from England, that the infant Queen Isabella should marry the son of Don Carlos.

*Thursday, 19th.* — On Friday last, died the Countess of Winchelsea: she was the eldest daughter of the Duke of Montrose; and on the same day, of apoplexy, the notorious Mr. H. Hunt, of radical memory, and formerly member for Preston, in the Reform Parliament.

During the last year, there were born in Paris, 29,130 children, of whom 9985 were illegitimate. The deaths amounted to 24,177, of whom 8837 in the hospitals. The marriages were 8088.

The accounts from England vary much, as to the election of a Speaker for the new Parliament; the Whigs and Radicals are coalescing firmly to oppose Mr. C. M. Sutton, from pique and party spirit; the contest appears doubtful, as it is even betting.

*Friday, 20th.* — Found the Duchesse de Guiche this evening, as usual, with her family, and the old Duc de Gramont, who had come from Paris. My recollection and acquaintance with the

Duc de Guiche date very far back, and when he was very young. The circumstances under which he has been placed at different times are rather singular. At the breaking out of the first revolution in France, he and his two sisters were placed under the hospitable protection of the late Duchess of Devonshire in England, and for a long period were the inmates of Devonshire House, at the time when it was the centre of gaiety and dissipation in London. Here the education they received, and the connections which they formed, were entirely English. One of the sisters was then removed to her relations abroad, married a Russian, General Davidoff, who died, and lately is become the wife of General Sebastiani, with whom she went last week, as Ambassadress to England; the other sister married Lord Ossulston, and is now Countess of Tankerville, settled for life as an English-woman.

George IV., then Prince of Wales, was a constant frequenter of the coteries and parties at Devonshire House, which was then the resort not only of the *opposition*, but of all the wits and *beaux esprits* of the day. Sheridan, Grey, Whitbread, Lord Robert Spencer, Fox, Hare, Fitzpatrick, G. Selwyn, Prince Boothby, Sir H. Featherstonhaugh, and a host of names which I just remember in all the celebrity of *haut ton*, but now swept away by the hand of time, and, with only some few exceptions, leaving hardly a trace of recollection behind them. The Prince of Wales gave the young Count de Gramont a commission in his own regiment, the 10th Light Dragoons, of which the officers were generally his favourites and friends, among whom at that time were Poyntz, W. C. Churchill, Bradyell, Jack Lee, poor little Galway, who was burnt in his bed, Lords R. and C. Manners, and, though last not least, our friend G. Brummell, who was beginning to establish that intimacy with his Royal Colonel, which, after some years' duration, at last, from indiscretion on one side and caprice on the other, terminated in total estrangement and banishment from the Royal presence. Amidst the duties of his regiment, and such introduction to the best English society, De Guiche's time was agreeably passed, till the war in the Peninsula called him into actual service, where he made the campaigns under the Duke of Wellington, opposed to the French armies who were fighting under Napoleon, to subdue Spain;—a circumstance which in after times has been very unjustly blamed by some of his countrymen.

At the peace in 1814, the restoration of the Bourbons brought him back to France, and the enjoyment of his family honours.

From this period till the crisis in 1830, his life must have been a continued scene of prosperity and promotion. He was made a general in the service, grand écuyer to the Dauphin, and when he married Mademoiselle D'Orsay, she was created première dame d'honneur to the Duchesse de Berry; added to this, he lived rent free, had the control and use of all the Dauphin's stable establishments, a constant couvert at the table of the Grand Maître d'Hôtel, with yearly appointments of not less than 100,000 fr. for his income. A few lines in the "Moniteur" of the 25th July were sufficient to destroy, at one blow, not only his habits of splendour and happiness, but the very throne of that family to which he owed them. True to his loyalty, he followed the fortunes of his benefactors to Holyrood House; from thence he accompanied them to Prague, and is at length come with his wife and family to Versailles, to live on a limited income in quiet and retirement, not without looking forward to a period when legitimacy may resume its rights, and the tide of fortune again turn in his own favour.

They are both amiable, sensible, and well-informed people, occupied with the education of their children, and declining all intercourse with what is called the *société* of the place, but ready to show us, whose tastes coincide with their own, any marks of attention and civility.

The papers announce the creation of three new baronets:—

Lieutenant-General Sir George Walker;

John Barrow, Esq.;

Francis Holyoake Goodricke, Esq.

The latter is the fortunate heir to the late Sir Harry Goodricke, who, from no ties of relationship, but mere personal predilection as a friend and fellow-sportsman, bequeathed to him a great part of his immense property.

*Saturday, 21st.*—A telegraphic dispatch is arrived in Paris, with the account of the meeting of Parliament on the 19th, when Mr. Abercromby having obtained 316 votes, and Mr. C. M. Sutton 306, the former was declared Speaker. Though the loss of this question may be a momentary mortification to the new government, it cannot be considered as disheartening for the future; in point of numbers the majority is trifling, and if we may consider the 306 as conservatives, and the 316 as whigs, radicals, repealers, dissenters, &c., it may be hoped that the compact mass on one side may be found equal to cope with the disjointed materials on the other.

A singular incident occurred on Thursday evening at the

assembly of the President of the Chamber of Deputies. On the arrival of Admiral de Rigny, the servant was about to announce him as Minister for Foreign Affairs, but the Admiral stopped him, and desired that his naval rank should only be proclaimed. Some persons coupling this with the reports lately in circulation of a dissolution of the Cabinet, took it as an indication of his having resigned his ministerial office; but the resolution said to have been formed by the five ministers in November last, never to enter the saloons of M. Dupin, was recollected, and it was supposed that Admiral de Rigny, faithful to his word, presented himself on this occasion, not as minister, but merely as a private individual. The mystery will soon be cleared up.

The other night, G. mentioned an anecdote of the present Lord —, which may prove that his character for ill temper in the world has not been unjustly acquired. When very young, as Mr. —, he was placed as a cornet in the 10th Light Dragoons, and his mother, Lady —, recommended him to the care and attention of G. as his senior officer, who very soon had opportunities of perceiving his intractable disposition. One day, — was riding from the barracks to Brighton on a horse which proved rather refractory, and at last so irritated his master, that he alighted in a passion, and drawing his sword, stabbed the animal in the side. The affair made a great sensation at the time, and the officers of the regiment at first refused to mess with him; but out of consideration for his youth, and regard for his family, the matter was hushed up, though it could not well be forgotten.

One of the objections which has been made to the proceedings of the Duke's government, and which has been criticised by the opposition prints with the greatest severity, is the appointment of Lord Londonderry to the Embassy of St. Petersburg. His violent ultra-Tory principles, his uniform support of the Holy Alliance system in Parliament, and, above all, certain recollections of his former embassy to Vienna, have given a handle to these remarks, which might have easily been avoided by the nomination of a less intemperate politician.

*Monday, 23rd.* — Marshal Mortier resigned on Friday his office as President of the Council and Minister of War. The king has sent to Marshal Soult, who is at St. Arnaud in the Tarn, desiring him to come up to Paris, and reconstruct the Cabinet, which seems to require repair every month.

Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham voted for Mr. C. M. Sutton; the former in his speech placed the nomination of Mr. Abercromby in its proper colours, as an act savouring more of

resentment than of justice, and dictated by mere party spirit. Sir R. Peel came to the point at once, by telling the late government, that in the former instance they never considered the political bias of the late Speaker, but wanting to avail themselves of the advantages of his character, abilities, and experience, to establish the reputation of the first Reformed Parliament for gravity and decorum, they made no hesitation, but were anxious to elect him; and now that he had served them, and answered their object, he was to be dismissed with the most signal ingratitude.

There was a considerable mob assembled in the street leading to the Houses, who in obedience to their instructions greeted the new ministers, the Tory members, and the Bishops, with a yell of discontent. The funds fell above one per cent.

*Tuesday, 24th.* — Cobbett and Sir Francis Burdett did not vote on the question of the Speaker. It is said that the King's speech will be of a very comprehensive description, entering into many details of important matter.

*Wednesday, 25th.* — A French gentleman who has served at Algiers, and was formerly employed by the Government at Constantinople, related the following instance of the manner in which justice is administered in the latter country, by the Cadis, or inferior judges, when debts are claimed by foreigners. A manufacturer of Carcassone arrived at Constantinople with a large investment of cloths, which, by a new process, he had rendered peculiarly fit for the Turkish market. An Armenian dealer was highly pleased with the quality, and bought the whole assortment, for which he paid by his note of hand, falling due at a short term. When the period arrived, the merchant called upon the Turk with his bill, and demanded payment; but his surprise may be imagined when the other declared that he had already paid it. "But," said he, "here is your own note: I should have given it up to you if it had been acquitted." "Your paper is of no consequence," said the Armenian; "I have paid it, and can produce my witnesses, which is of more importance than your title." In this dilemma there was no resource but to apply to the French Ambassador, who, feeling the inefficacy of his own intervention, recommended the plaintiff to put his case in the hands of one of his interpreters, who had with much diligence studied the chicanery of the Turkish law, and was aware of the base system practised by the native debtors to elude the demands for which they were liable. The dragoman having prepared his measures, engaged the merchant to cite the Armenian before the judge. When they

all appeared in Court, the Frenchman was asked what was the ground of his complaint. "The settlement of this bill, which that man pretends to have paid." "What do you reply to this?" said the *cadi* to the debtor. "That I have already paid it." "And why did you then neglect to retain it?" "I did not think it necessary." "Have you any witnesses?" "Yes; they are here." Two men immediately advanced from the crowd, and bore testimony to the payment of the note, mentioning particular details to strengthen their evidence, and particularly the hour of the day when it took place. "You see," said the judge to the Frenchman, "this man owes you nothing."

The affair seemed to be decided, and the consternation of the plaintiff was complete, when the interpreter, who had remained silent during this interval, thus addressed the judge:—"We allow that this man did actually pay the note in the manner that these worthy persons have asserted, but they omit to state, or probably are not aware, that in one hour afterwards we returned the money to this Armenian for his accommodation at the time; and to prove this, here are our witnesses." In fact, two individuals then stepped forward, and testified to the truth of this last assertion, which the dishonest Turk, not being prepared to rebut, he was immediately condemned to satisfy the claim.

*Thursday, 26th.*—The dissensions with the Chinese have been carried to a serious length. On the 7th September an action had been fought. H.M. ships "Imogene" and "Andromache" weighed anchor to pass the Bogue, and were immediately fired upon by the Chinese forts. The ships returned the fire with much effect, and several lives were lost. In the mean time Lord Napier, whose health was already in a precarious state, became so much worse from the anxiety and vexation incurred in these discussions with the Chinese government, aggravated as they were by the harassing treatment which he received on his passage to Macao, that he died on the 11th of October. The embargo had been taken off when the last accounts came away.

The President's life has been attempted in America by an assassin named Richard Lawrence, who appears to have been insane: he fired two pistols at him, both of which, fortunately, flashed in the pan.

The government here remains in abeyance, or rather none exists, as none of the resignations are yet filled up.

The Stuart papers, of which so much has been heard and so little seen, were purchased by George IV. in 1818, and are now perhaps in the British Museum, or some archives of the court: if

published, they would be highly interesting. They at one time had got into the possession of Dr. Walker, a collector of manuscripts, who, if he had retained his prize in silence, might have brought them from Rome, and enjoyed the produce of his acquisition in security. The public also would have benefited by the discovery. Rome at that time was full of English, and the imprudent collector could not help boasting to them of his purchase, and inviting them secretly to come and admire his treasure. The late Duchess of Devonshire having expressed a strong desire to see the collection, an evening was fixed for the gratification of her curiosity. A few select friends only were invited to examine the papers. In this number unfortunately happened to be the Cardinal-secrétaire, who had been named one of the executors to the will of the late Cardinal York, and whose secretary, the Abbé Lupi, had, unknown to him, privately disposed of these papers to Dr. Walker, without being aware of their value, for the trifling sum of 300 crowns. The evening was spent in discussing the manuscripts; the Cardinal contented himself with a cursory examination, and made no comments on the subject which could lead the company to suppose that he felt any particular interest about them.

On the following morning, Dr. Walker's apartment was invested by a detachment of the Papal Carabiniers, and an agent of the police placed a seal on all his papers, while two sentinels were left to keep guard at his door, during the rest of the day. The result was, that the doctor was deprived of his manuscripts; he received back his purchase money, and when he exclaimed against the injustice of this proceeding, he was told that he might apply to the King of England, who was the rightful heir, and to whom they had been forwarded by the Cardinal's orders.

These papers consist of a journal minutely detailing every thing which passed from the arrival of James II. at St. Germain's up to a very few days before the death of Cardinal York, added to which is an autograph correspondence on every subject, political and domestic, which serves as a key to all the statements contained in it.

There is a book of expenses, kept with the regularity of a merchant's accounts, detailing the pecuniary situation of the exiled family, both in prosperity and adversity: the exact report of their frequent vicissitudes, and the sums which it cost the proscribed dynasty during three generations to reign without a kingdom, to maintain a court, to pay conspirators, to attempt a restoration, and, last of all, to live in seclusion and retirement.

The letters from James II. to his son are numerous, written and corrected by himself; to some are attached the *foul copies*, which are full of erasures, showing the anxiety which pervaded his feelings for a son who had so little answered his hopes and expectations. If James II. gains in estimation by this correspondence, the Chevalier St. George loses at least in the same proportion.

James III., for he took that title at the death of James II., had in fact all the defects, without any of the qualities, of his father. The child of his declining years, he had not even inherited that character which gave some little *éclat* to the youthful days of the Duke of York; and the education which he received at the Court of St. Germain's produced the fruits naturally to be expected in a mind so well prepared by nature to receive them. He died, without having ever abandoned the hope of regaining his imaginary sceptre, but without ever having shown the firmness and vigour necessary for the attempt. It required all the romantic character of his son to create again any interest for their hopeless cause; and though the character of Charles Edward, pretender in 1745, has been represented at times in somewhat contradictory colours, yet his undaunted courage in the hour of danger, and his heroic conduct in adversity, combine in themselves the elements of a nature far superior to that of his insignificant parent. At his death the Cardinal York succeeded to all his claims and pretensions, and never was there a more pacific pretender, while the tranquil and easy life of a prince of the church was no inappropriate retreat for the last remaining scion of the monarch who had forfeited three kingdoms for one mass.

In the Stuart Papers is a copy of one of his letters, which proves that he was sensibly afflicted at his brother's death, where, speaking of the funeral, he says:—*L'on vît le frère lui-même du défunt, ministre du Dieu qui fait ou défait les monarques, entouré des écussons en deuil de sa famille, proclamer avec les paroles de l'Ecriture sainte, sur le cercueil d'un Roi sans royaume, le néant des choses humaines,*" &c. &c.

After showing every honour to his brother's memory, he caused a tomb to be erected at his expense, in the church of Frascati, which bears the following inscription: a cenotaph was also executed by Canova, in the Church at St. Peter's, to the honour of the family.



“HENRICUS Card : Episcopus Tusculanensis,  
 Cui paterna jura, titulique cessere,  
 Ducis Eboracensis, appellatione rescriptâ,  
 In ipso luctu tamen, et reverentia obsecutus,  
 Inducto in Templum sumum funere,  
 Multis cum lacrymis persolvit  
 Fratri Augustissimo,  
 Honoremque Sepulcri ampliorem  
 Dicavit.”

There are other letters in this collection, which, if ever published, may cause some of the present generation to blush for their ancestors, during the sixty years which preceded the battle of Culloden. An Admiral Baker offers to give up the English fleet for 100,000*l.*; other Whigs sell themselves to the Jacobite cause for the peerage; and there is a certain Hamilton paid by the House of Hanover to assassinate all the Stuarts. The correspondence of the Jacobite party itself is very curious, as expressing their unalterable faith in legitimacy, and their religious bigotry, which went so far as to solicit from the Court of Rome the canonisation of James II. after his death.

It may be added, in favour of Charles Edward, that one of the most uniform detractors of his character was Alfieri, who cannot be considered an impartial commentator. He was a rigid republican, and in love, both of which may readily account for his hatred to a monarch by divine right, and to the husband of the Princess de Stolberg, who was the object of his attachment.

*Friday, 27th.*—The King’s Speech arrived from London. It is long, but seems cautiously planned, to avoid giving a handle to the movers of amendments. The circumstance of the late change of ministry is in no shape alluded to.

*Saturday, 28th.*—The Address in the Lords was carried without a division. The debate in the Commons was adjourned to the following day.

The Earl of Scarborough, while hunting on the 23rd, at Markham Moor, near Doncaster, fell from his horse, and was so severely injured that he died almost immediately; he is succeeded by his son Lord Lumley.

The Funds have continued to fall, but, with the present abundance of capital, nothing short of a great crash at home will affect them very seriously. General Sebastiani had just arrived in London, been presented at Court, and taken the late lady Hertford’s house in Manchester Square at 1000*l.* per annum for his residence, when he received an express, ordering him to return to Paris

without delay, and form part of the new Administration here. He arrived last night.

At night the telegraph announced that in the division of the House of Commons on the address to the King, the amendment was carried by a majority against the Government of only 7, which, as the Opposition had previously boasted it would be 40 to 50, may be considered a triumph.

*Sunday, March 1st.*—In Young's Night Thoughts, the fourth canto alludes to the death of his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Temple, who died at the early age of eighteen, in the year 1736, at Lyons, just after her marriage; and he dwells in a very pathetic manner on the difficulties which were raised by the Catholic priesthood in France to prevent her interment in consecrated ground, which, after all, he was obliged to accomplish by stealth, and, as he himself describes it, to follow her to the tomb at night, and in privacy, more like the assassin than the mourner and friend of the deceased.

How far this was true may be inferred from the circumstance that Mrs. Temple's grave and tombstone, with a long Latin inscription, has lately been discovered in a small court of the Hôtel-Dieu at Lyons, which formerly served as a burial-place for the Protestants, and has lately been converted into a botanic garden.

There is also in the archives of the Hôtel-de-Ville, a register of the Protestant worship, containing the deaths from 1719—1774, in which this very funeral is recorded in proper form, although it appears that the relations were compelled to pay a sum of 729 liv., which at the present time would be excessive, and one hundred years back must have been an enormous exaction for one solitary grave.

Whatever might have been the prejudices of the French priesthood at that time, their intolerance seems to have been more than counterbalanced by their avarice in this instance, and it is to be regretted that our poet should have thus exposed his assertions to be confuted. The following is a copy of the epitaph:—

" Hic jacet  
 ELIZ. TEMPLE, ex parte Patris  
 Francisci Lee, Regiæ legionis  
 Tribuni, nec non ex parte  
 Matris Eliz. Lee  
 Nobilissimorum comitum  
 De Lichfield consanguinea:  
 Avum habuit Edwardum Lee  
 Comitem-de-Lichfield;

Proavum Carolum II.  
 Magnæ Britanniæ  
 Regem. In memoriam  
 Conjugis carissimæ,  
 Peregrinis in Oris, (ita  
 Sors acerba voluit) hunc  
 Lapidem mœrens posuit  
 Henricus Temple, filius  
 Natu maximus Henrici  
 Vicecomitis de  
 Palmerston. Obiit  
 Die 8 Octob. A. D. 1736  
 Ætat. 18."

*Monday, 2nd.*—There is no question which seems more to puzzle the French, than the expedition into Spain, in the year 1823, to assist Ferdinand against the domination of the Cortès. The question of that war, if war it can be called, where resistance scarcely existed, was not of a military nature, it was a mere political movement, of which all the chances had been previously calculated; and from the instant it was ascertained, at the first crossing of the Bidassoa, that the French troops would obey their chiefs, and fire on the insurgents, which at one time was a matter of serious doubt, from that instant the march from Irun to Cadiz was little more than a calculation of the *étapes* at which the army should make their halts: so much was every difficulty previously ascertained and provided for.

The Count de Martignac, who was attached to the staff of the Dauphin during that short campaign, had written an account of the operations, which was intended for the press, but death prevented his finishing the work and its publication.

From the character of the author, it is highly probable that the whole of this transaction would have been represented in an impartial light, allowing due credit to the discipline and conduct of the troops, which was the only eulogy they had an opportunity of deserving, and at the same time explaining the necessity, which the Bourbons felt on their new restoration, of putting down an active revolution so near to their own frontiers. It was unfortunate, perhaps, that the individual, in whose favour this intervention was made, should have been so little worthy of the assistance, but the demerits of one man cannot be opposed to the working of a general principle. Spain, as she then was, would never have been at rest under a popular government, so disunited in itself, and unsupported by the great majority of the people: while the agitated state of public feeling in France to that

period, would have received constant fuel and irritation from the excited proceedings of their neighbours.

The arrangements had been well digested between the Ministers of Louis XVIII. on one side, and the adherents of Ferdinand and the priest party in Spain on the other: an army of 100,000 men was assembled on the frontier, and in the month of April orders were sent to the Dauphin (then Duc d'Angoulême) to cross the Bidassoa and open the campaign.

The first object which presented itself to the advanced guard of the invading army, on entering the Spanish territory, was a handful of French exiled liberals, posted on an opposite hill, who addressed their fellow-countrymen with the well-known salute of "Vive l'Empereur!" and appeals to their enthusiasm in the cause of liberty. The crisis was now arrived! The old soldiers of Napoleon appeared to hesitate; when an officer of artillery, seizing a match himself, fired the first gun, and gave the order for a further discharge, which was immediately followed. The stragglers were either killed or dispersed; but the trial had been made, and further anxiety was at an end. That first cannon-shot decided the issue of the campaign; the rest was little more than a triumphant march.

One of the most immediate effects of that expedition was that which was felt on all the exchanges of Europe. The French Ministers, and Rothschild, who with a few others were in the secret, reaped immense benefits, acting, as it may be said, on a certainty. The Funds had previously fallen everywhere from the apprehensions entertained of a Spanish war, which in a former instance had been so fatal to France; but as soon as this war had positively begun, to the great surprise of the *uninitiated*, orders for purchases arrived in England and elsewhere, and the markets from that day began to rally. Our 3 per cents. on the 1st of March had even fallen to 71; but, from this period of crossing the Bidassoa, they gradually continued to rise without a check till they reached 96, in 1825, the year of the panic, when they fell again in almost an equal proportion: about this period the Spanish Cortès bonds, which before the invasion were as high as 77, fell with increasing despondency, till they were quoted at 14, and now the reaction of circumstances has again raised them to 57.

I remember dining with Madame Hamelin in Paris, in the year 1824, who told me that the speculators were sure of the fact from the moment that the army moved. Chateaubriand called upon her one morning, and said, "Voulez-vous être des nôtres? il

n'y a point de risque. Achetez ferme." She took the hint, and found her advantage from it.

*Tuesday, 3rd.*—The London papers of Saturday bring little news. The hostile parties in the House of Commons are reposing after the little struggle, and preparing for fresh war. The attitude of the Ministers is calm and decided, while the Whigs, enraged at the secession of the Stanley party, have found that the utmost effort of their strength, so vaunted by their friends, has been to place an inexperienced gentleman in the chair, instead of one of the most experienced by whom it had ever been filled; and to carry, by a majority of only 7, one of the most vague and milk-and-water amendments that ever was moved in the House of Commons.

*Wednesday, 4th.*—The Prince Consort took his oaths and his seat on the 14th ult., in the House of Peers at Lisbon. Don Miguel has left Rome for Vienna.

The Countess Du Cayla, well known as the friend of Louis XVIII., died lately at Bordeaux. Her memoirs, or at least those which were written in her name, give an entertaining account of that reign. One of his Majesty's calembourgs on her name has been often cited. He was sitting in his cabinet occupied with a book, when the door opened, and he heard the rustling of a silk gown behind him; without looking round, and concluding it was a visit from Madame Du Cayla, he called out "Zoë," in his usual manner, when M. Perronet, the Keeper of the Seals, in his robes, appeared before him. Without showing any embarrassment at the mistake, he merely held up his book and said, "Voilà, le Robinson Crusoe," meaning, "Les Robins sont crus Zoë."

Marshal Sout is arrived in Paris.

*Thursday, 5th.*—On Monday the House was occupied with vexatious and unauthorised questions from Lord J. Russell and Mr. Hume, as to the future proceedings and intentions of the Government. Sir R. Peel, with perfect temper and composure, parried these interrogatories; leaving the Opposition assured of only one point, which was, that he had no idea of resigning. He was very happy in his reply to the question, whether he contemplated another dissolution. He merely quoted that which was made by Earl Grey on a similar occasion, in April, 1831, to Lord Wharncliffe, who said, "That he believed the question was one of a very unusual nature, and he could hardly bring himself to believe that his Lordship expected an answer." He finally deprecated any idea of menacing the House, or even having put any case hypothetically, which could justify a dissolution.

Mr. —, a banker at Paris, returning home some evenings ago from a ball, missed three things — his wife, his cashier, and the contents of his strong-box. Having by some means ascertained that the fugitives were gone to Havre, he immediately followed them, and arrived at the hotel in which they had taken up their abode, where he learned they were to sail the next day for America. Making a confidant of the landlord, the banker went to the chamber where the two culprits were. At the first summons the recreant cashier opened the door, and throwing himself at the feet of his injured benefactor, acknowledged his criminality, and only supplicated mercy for his guilty companion, who remained trembling in the room which he had just quitted. "Don't be alarmed," said the banker; "all I want is my money." The whole of this was immediately given up. The banker having ascertained that nothing was kept back, turned to the delinquent, and offered him notes to the amount of 10,000 fr., saying, "This is for the service you have rendered me, in ridding me of a vicious wife. You may set off with her to-morrow for New York, on condition that you have received the money for the express purpose of paying the expenses of yourself and Madame — to the United States." The paper was signed, the door was closed, and in a quarter of an hour the banker was on his road back to Paris.

*Friday, 6th.* — The Gazette of the 3rd announces the promotion of Mr. Charles M. Sutton (the late Speaker) to the peerage, as Viscount Canterbury and Baron Bottesford. The English funds have entirely recovered from their late depression, with the appearance of a further rise.

It appears that the Madame Du Cayla, who died at Bordeaux, is not the friend of Louis XVIII., but a relation of her husband.

*Saturday, 7th.* — A telegraphic despatch, dated Vienna, March 2nd, has been received *viâ* Strasburg. "The Emperor of Austria died this morning at one o'clock."

By the laws of America and Spain, a marriage contracted before a consul of another nation is radically null. Under this plea the divorce between Madame Malibrán Garcia and her husband has been denied by the tribunal de Première Instance.

The late Rev. E. Irving, well known as the advocate of the unknown tongues, acted in Ryder's company in Kirkaldy, Fifeshire, about twenty-four years ago, and was then passionately devoted to the stage. The obliquity of his vision, his dialect, and peculiarly awkward gait and manner, created so much derision, that he left the stage for the pulpit, where his acting was more successful.

A traveller from Italy gave me the following information on mosaics :—

There are three sorts of the ancient mosaic which are known in the present day, all equally made of small pieces joined together, but each sort of different materials: that which is most common is formed of a species of enamel, or glass, in different tints, which is called Composition Mosaic, and is still manufactured in Rome. Another, and the more valuable, is composed entirely of stones, naturally shaded, and is termed the Pietra Dura; the manufacture of this still continues at Florence. The third is a combination of the pietra dura and the composition, the finest specimens of which are in the Museum at Naples.

Of these mosaics, the most difficult, and consequently the most precious, is that in pietra dura; and it is difficult even to conceive the patience and labour requisite to select and arrange in different stones the tints and colours necessary to imitate the variegated shades of a picture, and the perfection to which that imitation was carried by the ancients.

In the time of the Roman empire this art was the great luxury of the rich, and the artists of the first order were devoted to it. Pliny the Elder deploras bitterly the neglect of painting for this most favoured talent in his time, — “*Arte quondam nobili nunc in totum marmoribus pulsâ.*” But it is fortunate for posterity that these works of art were confided to such durable materials, which neither time, the elements, nor a subterraneous imprisonment have been able to deface.

The pictures of Apelles, Zeuxis, Protogenes, and Timanthus have perished; but many of the celebrated mosaics have been preserved to this day; and from the continued researches at Pompeii, of which city not one-fifth part has yet been laid open, many more valuable discoveries may still be anticipated.

It is calculated that 3,000,000 francs would be required to finish this exhumation; but as the Neapolitan government can only allow 25,000 fr. a-year to this purpose, the progress must be very slow and unsatisfactory; although the advantages already reaped from these sluggish researches ought to have been a sufficient inducement, from mere motives of interest, to have employed a larger capital in this curious speculation. The house of the Faun alone was an invaluable discovery to the Arts.

After the restoration in 1814, among the titled followers of Napoleon, who were the most anxious to obtain employment at the Court of Louis XVIII., none showed more servility and assiduity to accomplish his purpose than Fouché, Duc d'Otranto. He at

last had a private interview with the King, when he expressed his desire to dedicate his life to his service. Louis replied, "You have occupied under Bonaparte a situation of great trust, which must have given you opportunities of knowing everything that passed, and of gaining an insight into the characters of men in public life, which could not easily occur to others. Were I to decide on attaching you to my person, I should previously expect that you would frankly inform me what were the measures, and who were the men, that you employed in those days to obtain your information. I do not allude to my stay at Verona, or at Mittau; I was then surrounded by numerous adherents: but at Hartwell, for instance,—were you then well acquainted with what passed under my roof?" "Yes, sir; every day the motions of your Majesty were made known to me." "Eh, what! surrounded as I was by trusted friends, who could have betrayed me? Who thus abused my confidence? I insist on your naming him immediately." "Sir, you urge me to say what must wound your Majesty's heart." "Speak, sir! kings are but too subject to be deceived." "If you command it, sir, I must own that I was in correspondence with the Duc d'Aumont." "What! De Pienne, who possessed my entire confidence? I must acknowledge," added the king, with a malicious smile, "he was very poor, he had many expenses, and living is very dear in England. Well then, M. Fouché, it was I that dictated to him those letters which you received every week, and I gave up to him 12,000 fr. out of the 48,000 fr., which you so regularly remitted to obtain an exact account of all that was passing in my family."

These words terminated the audience, and the Duke retired in confusion.

*Monday, 9th.*—The only expedient to which the Opposition papers have recourse, to hide their disappointment and spleen at the late failures of their party, is to circulate reports that the Duke of Wellington is going to resign, though they are unable to assign any motive for it, as may be supposed.

The electors of Westminster have sent a deputation to Sir F. Burdett, expostulating with him for his late conduct, in not voting for Mr. Abercromby, or for the amendment to the Address. They gained little from the Baronet by their interference. In reply to the first point he said, "Though Mr. Abercromby is a very respectable man, I should as soon have thought of voting for Mr. Sutton to the situation of a Scotch Judge, as voting Mr. Abercromby to the chair of the House of Commons; and as to the second, which was only an underhand expression of revenge and



alarm at the new Government, I do not think they intend to try to do anything against the liberties of their country, nor, if they did, would it be in the power of any government, under the Reform Bill."

Both my friends here, King and the Duc de Guiche, have placed themselves under the homœopathic system for their health, but without obtaining any material, at least visible, benefit.

The head of this sect is a Dr. Hahnemann, who founds his method of cure on reversing the old adage of *Contraria contrariis curantur*. His system seems borrowed from the Russian peasant, who revives his frozen limb by the application of snow; or the intelligent cook, who either holds to the fire, or applies a hot spirit to, the hand which he has had the misfortune to scald.

It is the principle of homœopathy, that every disorder arises from some derangement of the vital power, expressed by certain symptoms. The art of this system then consists in converting, by the requisite medicines, a natural malady into one of the same description, but artificial, which, being more active in itself, will dislodge the original complaint, and then finally itself yield to the vital action, and thus restore the regular functions of the body.

Human nature, says Hahnemann, is more susceptible of the influence of medicine than of a fresh contagion, being at all times, and under all circumstances, ready to receive the action of the one, while it requires a decided predisposition of the organs to imbibe the other. Thus it results that an artificial malady, which may be termed absolute and unconditional, will end by expelling a natural malady, which is liable to certain circumstances or conditions, and has not therefore the same vigour or energy as the other. It is, however, necessary, that the artificial disorder, which is employed for this purpose, should be precisely of the same description as its antagonist; in a complication of two different disorders, the one, in general, will only suspend for a time the action of the other, but two analogous disorders—two inflammations, for instance—will neutralise each other, and two fevers, such as the small-pox and the intermitting fever, can never exist in the same subject.

Thus the homœopaths divide medicine into three different branches.

(1.) Their own system, or homœopathic, which consists, as they say, in imitating nature.

(2.) The allopathic, which attempts to cure by a contrary affection to that which it attacks.

(3.) The antipathic, which prescribes boldly for a disorder indiscriminately, according to its rules, that which may procure momentary aid, but finishes by making the disorder worse.

These are now the three German schools for medicine.

To resume the first. Dr. Hahnemann asserts, that no other medicine should be used but that which is calculated to produce the artificial symptoms; and as the constitution of the patient is already forcibly predisposed to receive these impressions, and the medicated action is more energetic than that of the natural complaint, the most minute doses are generally sufficient. Indeed, the slightest aggravation of the original symptoms by medicine will constitute a factitious disorder, equal to the cure; and the slighter it is created, the easier will of course be its after-removal. For this purpose, medicines may be divided to infinity; a millionth part of a grain may be prescribed, but by the process of trituration and dissolution the doctor has been able to obtain the fraction of a three-millionth part of one grain. In some instances the touch or the smell of the remedy has been deemed sufficient, so that at any rate, under these circumstances, the apothecaries can never be great advocates for the system.

A German doctor of the Allopathic order once in jest proposed the following question to Hahnemann—"If the millionth part of a grain has so much efficacy, would not an ounce of the same substance, thrown into the Lake of Geneva, be sufficient to cure the whole of Switzerland?"—"Sir," replied the arch professor, "the most violent storm that ever blew would never agitate the lake in a degree sufficient to make a general solution of the medicine in the water."

That many cures have been performed under this system can hardly be denied; were it otherwise the prestige would not long have existed; but the strict rules of abstinence, which form an indispensable part of the prescriptions, may, in most cases of the rich and luxurious patients who apply to the doctor, have essentially contributed to his success.

When the celebrated Dr. Fizes was on his death-bed, he exclaimed to his disciples,—

"I leave to you a much greater physician than myself—abstinence!"

*Tuesday, 10th.*—The statement of Lord Fitzroy Somerset's arrival in Madrid appears to be incorrect. Party spirit in Spain appears to be at a great height. A serious Carlist conspiracy has just been discovered at Cadiz, and its chief, with many of his followers, has been arrested. At a ball lately given by Count

Torreno, at Madrid, to the Queen Regent, she, with her own hand, erased from the list of invitations the names of Don Francisco di Paolo, his family and household, as well as those of the most distinguished opposition members of the Procuradores, which has become the subject of general animadversion in the capital.

Difficulties still occur in forming an administration here, notwithstanding the arrival of Marshal Soult.

The priest, who some months ago prevented a duel between two young students in the Bois de Bologne, is the Abbé Bertin; he has lately succeeded in effecting a reconciliation between a married couple in the Marais, at a moment when the desertion of the husband had prompted the wife to destroy herself and child. The intervention was just in time to save the lives of the victims.

*Thursday, 12th.* — Lord Chandos brought forward his promised motion for the repeal of the Malt Tax on Tuesday last, which was opposed by Government, and the House was left sitting.

At length an administration here has been patched up, as before, of old materials.

The Duc de Broglie president of the council and minister for foreign affairs.

Marsbal Maison, who is at Petersburg, is named minister at war.

De Rigne, Humann, Thiers, Guizot, Duperré, Persil, and Duchâtel, remain in the cabinet.

*Friday, 13th.* — Lord Chandos's motion was rejected by a majority of 155 in favour of ministers. Sir Robert Peel's speech met with universal applause from all sides of the House.

The Duke of Richmond has gained his cause in the Royal Court of Bourges against the younger branches of his family, touching his right to the estate of Aubigny.

The King came down yesterday to view the progress of the Museum at the château: he had in his carriage Count Sebastiani, who took the opportunity of coming to pay a visit to his brother-in-law the Duc de Guiche.

He told me this evening that Sebastiani was enchanted with our Duke of Wellington, whose frankness and activity in business were beyond all praise. His expression was, "If I have anything to communicate to His Grace, I write to ask at what hour he will receive me. The hour is instantly appointed; I find him punctual as the clock, and in half an hour he has heard my report, he has placed his finger on the point which has reference to himself, decided on the line which he feels authorised to take, and gives me an answer without any ambiguity.

“Thirty minutes with him suffice to transact what can never be accomplished in as many hours with our wavering ministers of France.”

Sebastiani is impressed with the conviction that our new Government in England has already acquired the confidence of the country at large, and is more firmly seated than ever.

The most amusing thing is the turn which our *doctrinaire* Government in this country have taken. Last year Lord Grey was their idol; now they are loud in their admiration of the Duke.

If we were to change to-morrow they would change also. One of the chief impediments lately to the formation of a ministry, has been the obstinacy of M. Thiers, who stood out to be president of the council, upon the suggestion of Talleyrand, who, like an old fox, before he left Paris, was determined to sow dissension, *brouiller les cartes*, as much as possible. He flattered his vanity, and put those pretensions into his head, which he well knew that M. Guizot, and others of his colleagues, would never submit to. It was only under the threat that his name should be completely omitted, that he at last consented to resume his former post, and recall a resignation which he had never seriously contemplated.

M. de Broglie is again president; but the awkwardness of his position may be conceived, when the discussion of the bill for the American indemnity is again speedily approaching with a very uncertain chance of being carried. Its rejection last year compelled him then to resign his present post. It is said, that this bill has been pruned and cut down from the sum of 25 millions to nearly half the amount, which, even if carried, can hardly satisfy the American Government, after the previous acknowledgment of the whole.

Nothing here seems stable, or to be depended upon; it is a system of expedients to meet the exigencies of the moment; as Greffuhle wrote three years back, the motto is *Au jour la journée* still: and so will it continue, unless the decided attitude which the Duke's politics will infallibly take in England, as soon as he feels his government firmly established, should produce a corresponding energy here. But with the excited feeling of party spirit here, and the uncertain tenure of the present *régime*, it would seem very difficult to attempt it. They could easily waver in unison with the Whigs, but it will be a more arduous task to be firm with the Tories.

Sebastiani returns immediately to London.

*Monday, 16th.*—Party spirit rages with great violence through-

out society in London. The disappointed Whigs are ready for any measures which may perplex the Duke's government, and are publicly coalescing with the Radicals to turn them out. Though the feeling of the country is daily becoming stronger in favour of the Tories, yet the two other parties form a fearful opposition in the House, and every expedient of threat and ridicule is put in force, to keep those who have once voted for the Reform Bill still fettered to their dictates. They are betting two to one in their den at Brookes's, that the government does not last two months.

Still their inconsistency is as great as their virulence. Hume gave notice of a motion for last Friday to limit the supplies for three months, in order to show their distrust of the Government. When the day arrived, he did not dare to propose it. The appointment of Lord Londonderry to Petersburg was made another subject of violent attack; but Sir R. Peel refused to rescind it.

The King is firmest of the firm, in promises of support; but little dependence can be placed on him if the torrent should oppose his wishes.

The most bitter are those who have lost their places, and in their mad revenge would sacrifice both king and country to regain them.

Their language is, "Let a revolution come; property will always remain, and when the present men are ejected, we will put all to rights." The contest seems likely to become a war to the knife.

*Friday, 20th.*—In consequence of the violent opposition in the House of Commons to the nomination of Lord Londonderry, that nobleman has very handsomely given in his resignation. \* \* \*

Lord Cowley arrived yesterday at Paris, as ambassador from London.

Virulent language in the Commons, particularly by Hume, who was so insulting to Sir R. Peel, that he called upon him the next morning for an apology, which was instantly made.

The accounts from America are warlike: intimation has been given to Mr. Livingston at Paris to return home, if the treaty is not confirmed by the Chambers. The exposition of the case by President Jackson in the House of Representatives was received with great attention, and it was agreed that to negotiate further on the subject with France would be inconsistent with the rights and honour of the United States.

The following story was just told to me by Dr. Gunning, who attends me for an accident:—

A surgeon named Bancal, residing in a country town, became sincerely attached to a young lady, who returned his affection. Unfortunately, M. Bancal was obliged to take a long journey, during which the promised bride, yielding to the peremptory commands of her parents, was married to another. The surgeon returned, the two lovers met, and being overwhelmed with despair, they eloped, and came on Wednesday last to a furnished hotel in the Rue Neuve St. Augustin at Paris, with a determination to put an end to their days. Almost immediately after their arrival, they called for some hot water, and the devoted young woman put her feet into it, while M. Bancal opened the veins in both her legs. This mode not being sufficiently rapid, he administered to her a powerful dose of acetate de morphine, and the poison acting too slowly, he plunged a dagger twice into her heart, and then stabbed himself three times. The dying groans of the young lady brought in the neighbours at the moment she expired. M. Bancal, however, has survived his wounds, and in delivering to the officers of justice the above details, declared that however he may be guarded, he will follow his victim to the tomb. Should he survive, the guillotine will probably accomplish his wish.

The French Chambers are beginning to agitate the question of the American Indemnity, which must now shortly come to a vote. M. Serrurier, on being recalled by this government, had presented his secretary, M. Pageot, as chargé d'affaires.

*Tuesday, 31st.*—Lord Hertford arrived on Sunday from Milan, on his road to London; he is, I hear, discontented with what is going on, and allows his dislike of Peel to render him indifferent to the success of the Tory government,—he who is so strong a conservative, and has such a stake in the country. Alas! the news from London is very discouraging; many have fears that the Government will be harassed and worn out by the factious and unceasing opposition in the Commons. Lord J. Russell has given out that his motion on Irish Church Reform, fixed for the 30th instant, contains the appropriation of Church property, even to Roman Catholic purposes and education; let it once be carried, and the two Houses of Parliament are placed in open collision. Lord John Russell is going to be married to Lady Ribblesdale.

Lord Eliot and Gurwood are arrived at Paris on a private mission to Madrid.

The last details from Padang furnish further accounts of the melancholy fate of the two American missionaries, Messrs. Lyman and Mansor, whose murder by the savage tribe of the Battahs

has already been made public. It appears that after the coolies, who had attended these unfortunate gentlemen, had at the approach of the savages thrown down their burdens and fled, the brethren, left alone, endeavoured to pacify the savages, who to the number of 200 surrounded them, by presents of tobacco and cloth, which the Battahs took, but without being satisfied. The brethren delivered up their pistols, when the Battahs demanded the musket which Mr. Lyman's servant carried. This the man refused to deliver to any one but his master, who thereupon required it, and delivered it up to the Battahs, when he immediately received the contents in his breast, and fell. Mr. Mansor was then run through the body, and their cook, who had on a European jacket, had both his arms chopped off.

The remaining servant fled, and in two days arrived at Tapanochy. Those who escaped said, that Mr. Lyman and his servant were devoured on the same night by the cannibals, and Mr. Mansor on the following morning.

*Thursday, 2nd April.*—No accounts, even by the telegraph, of the result of Lord John Russell's motion on Monday, which was adjourned, and creates an intense interest with all parties, as seeming to involve the fate of the present Ministry. According to the calculations made at home, it will be carried by a certain majority, and compel Sir R. Peel to resign. Even those about the Court and the Duke seemed fully impressed with this conviction. Mrs. Algernon Greville\* writes to Lady Louisa, "Pray send me the gloves by Monday's bag, as I hear we are to be all out on Tuesday." Horace Seymour writes from Windsor Castle that the game is up for the present; and the Greyites are already preparing their measures for resuming the reins. They talk of sending Palmerston here as ambassador, and making Lord John Russell Minister for Foreign Affairs. Edward Ellice has returned from abroad, and made a violent speech; *his* arrival has set the mob again in motion, and the poor Duke, who has hitherto been greeted with constant acclamations in the street, was the other day hooted and hissed by a set of hired blackguards, as in 1832: and why? because he will not acquiesce in making the Roman Catholic religion more prevalent in the United Kingdom. History will allow, that there never was a more factious, more traitorous, and more profligate opposition raised against any government. If Sir R. Peel does resign, we can only hope that the King will not accept his resignation, as lately he did with

\* Her husband was the Duke of Wellington's Private Secretary.

Lord Grey; but the object of the Whigs and Radicals, combined for no other purpose but to eject him and his party, is not to stop here; having obtained a majority on this Church Question, they mean to propose a vote of want of confidence, and stop the supplies; but here it is hardly to be supposed that they could secure a majority, and the mass even of this desperate House of Commons would not stand by them. The most consoling words are those which Lord Cowley used to-day to Stopford: "If I thought the Ministry were going to resign at once, do you think I would have come over here last week, and delivered my credentials to the French King yesterday?"

*Friday, 3rd.* — No news. The debate was again adjourned. The speeches of Sir James Graham and the Solicitor-General, Sir W. Follett, were very impressive for the Government side; but a letter from Algernon Greville, who, being the Duke's private secretary, ought to know the secrets of the camp, seems to give the matter up. He imputes the coming defeat very much to the unwearied diligence of the enemy, and the apathy of our friends in their attendance.

The plague has broke out in Alexandria, and is making considerable ravages in Egypt. Cairo is also infected, and the viceroy has retired into Upper Egypt to avoid the scourge. Ibrahim has also removed, and, if the disease continues much longer, it will be many years before Egypt can recover from its disastrous consequences.

*Saturday, 4th.*—The Duc and Duchesse de Guiche are in much anxiety about the result of their cause, which is now pleading in the courts, for the restoration of the Château de Blaye and its dependencies to the family of the Grammonts. It will probably be decided next week.

*Sunday, 5th.*—A telegraphic despatch has announced that, on Thursday night, the motion of Lord John Russell was carried in the Commons by a majority of thirty-three against the present Government. Too truly did Sir John Hobhouse say, in his speech, alluding to the Opposition, "We are indeed the Government; we decide the questions in this House, and also use a negative influence in the appointments out of it,"—meaning Lord Londonderry's mission to Petersburg. Lord Hertford leaves Paris to-morrow for London.

The Duchess Cannizaro is still at Paris, giving morning concerts, and surrounded by Italian *dilettanti*, while her husband seems only anxious to avoid every country where she may take up her residence. He is now at Florence. Walewski is returned



from his campaign at Algiers. Lord Munster has taken apartments at the hotel at Versailles, and is coming with his family shortly to pass some weeks here.

*Monday, 6th.*—It is hoped that Ministers have not made up their minds to resign on this discomfiture; but Sir R. Peel threw out the idea that, if continued embarrassments were placed in the way of the executive Government, he would not retain his post. The new bill is to go into committee, and Sir Robert has pledged himself to oppose it in every stage.

*Tuesday, 7th.*—My letters mention that Sir R. Peel did absolutely resign, but the King would not hear of it. The saying at the Carlton Club is, that Sir Robert has every virtue except that of resignation. May it prove so!

A retired advocate of Warsaw, named Stanislas Malinowski, entered the study of M. Rizzozowski, president of one of the tribunals, who was engaged with two secretaries in signing judicial papers, and with a large carving-knife, which the assassin had sharpened for the purpose, at one stroke nearly severed the head of the president from his body. Death instantly ensued. The murderer was arrested, and at once declared he had been instigated by private revenge. The family of the president were at the time in the room adjoining.

The Count Bernsdorff, Prussian Minister of State, died at Berlin on the 30th ultimo, by an attack of apoplexy. Stopford is made Grand Cross of the Bath. Ashburnham has received by estafette, from Government, an appointment as secretary of Legation at Mexico, for which place he and Mrs. Ashburnham will shortly leave Europe, to our regret.

*Wednesday, 8th.*—Prince Augustus of Leuchtenberg, so lately married to the young Queen of Portugal, has been suddenly cut off in the flower of his youth, and died at Lisbon on the 28th March, of a quinsy.

On the preceding Sunday he was at the Campo Grande races in perfect health; next day, it appears, he went out shooting, and, on returning to the palace, imprudently threw off his coat and waistcoat while yet in a state of profuse perspiration. This brought on a cold, which, though slight at first, soon began to assume a more serious character, as it always does in that climate when neglected. Danger, however, only began to be apprehended within twenty-four hours before his dissolution. Friday night, symptoms of inflammation began to be manifested, and in the course of a few hours increased to an alarming degree; at twelve o'clock respiration was impeded, and at twenty minutes past two, P.M., he expired. He was born in December, 1810.

King had yesterday a long conversation with Lord Cowley, who said to him that everything was going on unfavourably in London, that he himself felt in a *fausse* position, and did not go out.

At three o'clock to-day a short telegraphic despatch was published at the Exchange, announcing that the English Government had resigned *en masse*. We must wait for the particulars of this public disaster.

Last night was Taglioni's benefit at the Opera. In the middle of the ballet, while some nymphs on the stage were practising archery, a careless young lady shot her arrow in a wrong direction, which went with considerable force close to the head of the Duke of Orleans, who was sitting in his box with the Marquis of Clanricarde, and fixed itself in the woodwork. It might have done very serious mischief, but the circumstance created very little sensation in the house.

The accounts from Jamaica are tranquil and satisfactory. Lord Sligo's conduct as governor is much approved of. The negroes still continue to be indolent, but the arrival of some foreign emigrant labourers seemed likely to create emulation among them.

*Friday, 10th.* — In consequence of another majority against the Ministers, amounting to twenty-seven, on the extraordinary motion of Lord J. Russell, that no measure for the consideration of tithes in Ireland should be received by the House, unless it embodied the resolution of appropriating the surplus funds of the church as carried by the majority of thirty-three, the Ministers have given in their resignations to the King. O'Connell's tail is reckoned at sixty-six members; one half of it, therefore, has sufficed to eject the Government, and give laws to the country.

*Monday, 13th.* — The difficulties in forming a new Administration are very serious; but the formation of one which can have any prospect of duration will be found far more difficult. The Whigs and Radicals have combined their forces to destroy the Conservative Government. They have given the latter no trial, nor opportunity of showing the soundness of their measures for the public good, but have started a question vitally opposed to their principles. Having carried this point, they then, by the same united power, pass a resolution, that no future ministerial measure shall be received by the House, except it be founded upon their previous resolution; thus destroying the measures of Government before it had the power of explaining them to the country. No men of honour and principle could submit to this degradation, and Sir R. Peel with his party have retired from the administration with a tenfold addition of high character

and real popularity. The next question will be, how the discordant materials of the conquering faction will be able themselves to govern the country, and extricate themselves from the dilemma in which they will find the folly of Lord J. Russell, and the craft of O'Connell, have irremediably placed them. They must split, and then where is their majority?

Mr. Alexander Baring has been made a peer, by the title of Baron Ashburton, of Ashburton. Sir C. Bagot goes as Ambassador Extraordinary to Vienna, to congratulate the new Emperor of Austria.

*Tuesday, 14th.* — The difficulties in forming a new government are becoming daily greater. The King has sent for Lords Grey, Melbourne, and Lansdowne. The two former have expressed their wishes for a junction with Sir R. Peel, after their satellites have assisted in turning him out of his place. It is unnecessary to add that it was declined.

The accounts from Algiers are unsatisfactory. The expenses of that colony are very great, and many of the tribes continue their hostility against the French garrison. The papers are beginning to canvass the ultimate benefit that can arise from the occupation of it.

The Duchesse de Guiche mentioned this evening the curious prediction made to her by Mademoiselle Lenormand, the noted fortune-teller, in 1827. Having arranged with Lady Combermere to visit Mademoiselle L., every precaution was taken to prevent their being known. The Duchess disguised herself in a black wig, with a large hat, and thick lace veil. They went in a hired carriage, without servants, to the Luxembourg, and walked from thence to the Rue Tournon, where she resided. It was impossible that any suspicion could exist of their name or rank. After the usual preliminaries of asking the day of her birth, consulting the palm of her hand, and dealing out cards, &c., Mademoiselle L. first told her various circumstances of her past life, which were wonderfully correct. She then asked the Duchess what animal she liked best, what animal she most disliked, and what flower she preferred beyond any other? Her answer was, the horse, the spider, the lily of the valley. She next gave her the description of her own character, as well as that of her husband, both of which were so exactly depicted, particularly that of the Duke, that she actually discovered traits in each which had previously escaped her own observation, and now appeared very evident to herself. But when Mademoiselle L. began to touch upon the future, she told her that her present prosperity was

coming to an end, and that the most serious misfortunes awaited her, and that all her prospects would be suddenly destroyed on the 30th July, 1830, à cause d'un favori déchu ; that from that period she would suffer much adversity and exile, with the above favourite ; that in three years she would return to her own country, and in July, 183-\*, she would regain her prosperity, from the circumstance of a prince succeeding to a rich inheritance.

This prediction was so extraordinary and so precise, even as to dates, that Madame de Guiche expressed a wish to have the details committed to paper, which was complied with ; and on the following day she sent her *femme de chambre* to the Rue Tournon, who brought back this singular warning, in the handwriting of Mademoiselle Lenormand, with the date, and her signature. How far the first part has been fulfilled, by the three days of revolution in July, and the subsequent flight of the Bourbons from France, every one must know. The second point, of her return to France in three years, was not less singularly verified, as she was at that period at Prague with Charles X., and so little expecting to quit it, that ten days before the circumstances occurred which brought on their resignation of their places, she had been saying to the Duke, here Mademoiselle Lenormand must fail, as we have no chance of seeing France again for many years ;” but still it came to pass as predicted.

It now only remains to be seen how the conclusion is to wind up ; in the meantime, there is the written paper, as undeniable evidence of what has happened.

These things are in themselves so unaccountable, that no opinion can be given on the subject ; but a similar circumstance once occurred to myself, which I have often mentioned to my friends, and which has been also partly verified.

I was in Paris in October, 1820, and one morning, meeting John Warrender in the Rue St. Honoré, he urged me to accompany him to visit a fortune-teller who lived in that neighbourhood. She was an old woman in a garret, and not so much known as Lenormand, but had made some successful hits in that line which had gained her a certain celebrity. I have never forgotten the words which she spoke to me, whom she could never have heard of in her life.

“ 1. Vous n'avez point de père.

“ 2. Vous avez une mère ; elle mourra dans un an.

“ 3. Vous serez arrêté dans six mois par un huissier, pour cause de dette.

\* The last number is unintelligible in the MSS.

“4. Vous êtes riche, mais dans sept ans vous perdrez toute votre fortune, et puis après vous la regagnerez.”

The first was true ; the second was fulfilled in about that period ; the third was accomplished in rather a curious manner. I was then in very prosperous circumstances, living in Grosvenor Square ; the repairs of that house had been performed by contract, the builder failed before his work was concluded, and the assignees claimed of me the whole amount of the agreement, which I would only pay as far as it had been fairly earned ; the difference was only 150*l.*, but the assignees really did send a bailiff into my house, and arrested me, while my carriage was waiting at the door to convey me to dinner at York House, where the story caused considerable merriment at the time. The last has been fatally verified also, but the good fortune at the end alone turns out a complete fallacy.

*Wednesday, 15th.* — Henry Greville, who is just arrived from London to take Ashburnham's place as paid *attaché* to the Embassy, and who dined with myself and others at Lord Bruce's, says they are in great confusion in England, and that Lord Melbourne's difficulties in forming an administration increase daily, from the intimate connexion of the Whig party with O'Connell and the Radicals, who, in their turn, begin to dictate, and feel their power.

*Thursday, 16th.* — The addresses to Sir R. Peel, expressing approbation of his political conduct, are arriving at his house from all parts of the country.

The Minister of State, Baron Charles W. Humboldt, died on the 12th inst., at his estate of Tegel, aged sixty-eight.

I have just received from Glengall the following copy of a letter from the Duke, on the subject of an application which we jointly made to him a few weeks ago :—

“There is no intention whatever that I know of, removing Dr. Bowring's negotiations, or rather operations ; for I believe that he was latterly employed, very much to the annoyance of the French Government, to convince the agricultural and trading interest of France that the system favoured by the French Government was prejudicial to their interests. This did not suit the views of Louis-Philippe. In respect to consular appointments in France, there are none worth ——'s acceptance. Their income scarcely affords a miserable existence to a man not engaged in trade. I should not like to enter into engagements with any man. But I note down ——'s name as a candidate for consular or other appointments in case of vacancies.

“We are not flourishing in Parliament, as you will see.

“London, April 4, 1835.”

*Friday, 17th.* — Good Friday; a cold frost, with hail and snow, very unlike spring. I had a letter this evening from White’s Club with the following:—

“We are without a government: Lord Melbourne is trying to form one, and both Houses were again adjourned last night to give time for the arrangements. That they will form a government in spite of all their difficulties I have no doubt, and once in office they will not easily let the executive go out of their hands again. Everybody is frightened at seeing the confusion it must lead to. There are those who condemn Peel for having resigned, and say that an abstract resolution of the Commons not backed by the opinion of the Lords ought not to have driven him from office, it being in fact a virtual acknowledgment of the power of the House of Commons to govern the country, without the other branches of the legislature. Lord Grey does not go entirely with John Russell,—at least, so says Lord Sefton, who is very conservative and excessively frightened.”

*Monday, 20th.*—On Saturday the French Chamber of Deputies passed the bill for the American indemnity, by 289 against 137.

Lord Melbourne had done nothing up to Friday night in the formation of a government.

*Tuesday, 21st.* — On Saturday the following members of the new cabinet kissed hands:—

Lord Melbourne, First Lord of the Treasury.

Lord Lansdowne, President of the Council.

Lord Auckland, First Lord of the Admiralty.

Lord Holland, Duchy of Lancaster.

Lord Duncannon, Woods and Forests.

Lord J. Russell, Home Secretary.

Lord Palmerston, Foreign Secretary.

Charles Grant, Colonial Secretary, now Lord Glenelg.

Sir J. Hobhouse, India Board.

Lord Howick, Secretary at War.

Poulett Thompson, Board of Trade.

Spring Rice, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Lord Mulgrave, Ireland.

Lord Morpeth, Secretary.

The Chancellorship to be put in commission composed of the

Master of the Rolls, Sir C. Pepys, Vice-Chancellor Sir

L. Shadwell, Justice Bosanquet.

*Wednesday, 22nd.* — There never has been known so cold and dry a season: the east winds have predominated for more than two months, without any rain, and great apprehensions are entertained for the fate of the vineyards.

We passed the evening with the Duc and Duchesse de Guiche: they talked much of their stay in Scotland with Charles X. at Holyrood House, and praised the hospitality of the Scotch, who treated the exiled Royal Family with the most marked attention and respect. They had a very large establishment, whose expenses conciliated the affections of the tradespeople of Edinburgh; and during the time of the cholera, Charles X., who had two private physicians with him, allowed them to visit the sick poor, and distribute medicines gratis at his expense.

When the Duc de Bordeaux made a tour to visit the scenery in that part of the country, he was received everywhere with the greatest hospitality, and the opportunity was not lost by the old Jacobite party to show that they were still true to the feelings of former days. In one instance near Dunkeld, an old man looked at the Duc de Bordeaux, and wished to kiss his hand, saying that he was a nearer relation of the real Royal family of Scotland than their present rulers. At the pass of Glencoe, they assembled 1500 men of the Clan Macdonald, with white cockades and flags, to receive him; but Baron Damas, who was with the party, declined the invitation for his pupil, as he thought the English Government might not approve of it. On their departure from Leith, the shore was crowded with people, waving their handkerchiefs, and expressing their regrets and good wishes for the hapless family.

Lord Cowley is preparing to return to London, and Lord Granville is coming to Paris again as ambassador.

*Thursday, 23rd, Paris.*—There was nothing new. Louis-Philippe and Madame Adélaïde came down to Versailles to inspect the progress of the Museum. In proportion as the people get accustomed to his reign, the King adopts more state; at his first accession he affected great simplicity in his equipages and mode of life; latterly he has gone with six horses to his carriage, and now he has adopted the old Royal custom of eight horses, and several outriders; perhaps in a short time we shall see him with his body guards like Charles X. The costume of the court is likewise becoming less bourgeois, and more conformable to the etiquette of former days.

At a public sale of the Château de Mesnières in Normandy,

belonging to the Marquis de Biancourt, the following *bon mot* is related.

“Le Vicomte de Walsh, le plus fin et le plus impitoyable railleur, en fait d’anachronismes de mœurs, se trouvait à cette vente. Il faisait observer dans un avant-salon, à ceux qui se trouvaient là, une de ces grandes cheminées au large mantel, hospitalier abri du temps de nos pères. Dans cette cheminée on venait de mettre une gentille cheminée prussienne à la Rumford. M. de Walsh écrivit alors, devant moi, sur son album :—Mesnières, 28 Septembre. Cheminée du premier salon : une petite idée d’aujourd’hui dans une grande pensée d’autrefois.”

*Friday, 24th.*—It is said that Lord Melbourne wrote to Lord Lyndhurst as to the form of putting the Great Seal into commission. He replied, “I suppose you want to get rid of me, and avoid Lord Brougham.” Mr. Hope, son of Gen. Sir A. Hope, who only six weeks ago married Lady Frances Lascelles, daughter of Earl Harewood, has been suddenly carried off by a cold and brain fever, at the age of twenty-six. He was a very handsome young man, and much liked. Lord Eliott, after waiting a long time on the frontier, has at last got a safe conduct into Spain, and is gone to the Camp of Don Carlos, to attempt a negotiation between the contending parties ; from thence he is to proceed to the army of Isabella ; in the meantime the massacre of prisoners, and the most cold-blooded cruelties, are exercised on both sides by these exasperated Spaniards.

*Saturday, 25th.*—The English Parliament is adjourned to the 12th May, to give time for the re-elections.

*Sunday, 26th.*—At a meeting on Wednesday night at the British Coffee House, to forward the election of Lord J. Russell for South Devon, Mr. Hume openly declared that he did not come forward to support this man, or that, but to do all in his power to uphold a great principle, the cause of the democracy against the aristocracy.

This is indeed true, and the passing events are only forerunners to the great collision which must ultimately take place between these two conflicting interests.

The struggle is no longer, as in former days, between Whig and Tory ; it has taken a more comprehensive shape now between conservative and destructive ; it will soon throw off the mask, and become a war to the knife between rich and poor.

The last four years have been fatal to the aristocracy ; Earl Grey has sealed their future ruin by his Reform Bill. But to show the vanity of all human projects, sixty rotten boroughs







Peer Salleyrand  
Sketches by D'Orsay

were disfranchised, that a few rich individuals might not bias the counsels of the nation, and the result has been, to place in the hands of one factious Irishman a more deadly influence in the House of Commons than all the borough proprietors together under the old system could ever have a chance of possessing. The gulled people of England have strained at a gnat and swallowed a camel.

*Tuesday, 28th.*—At a secret sitting of the Chamber of Deputies in Lisbon, it was lately decided that Her Majesty's marriage with the Prince Maximilian, brother of the late Prince Augustus, should take place immediately; and Count Tarpa moved in the Peers, that a deputation should wait on her to recommend her to carry this delicate resolution into effect as soon as possible.

*Friday, May 1st.*—Birthday of Louis-Philippe. In consequence of the questions put by Alvanley to Lord Melbourne in the House of Lords, as to any compact which the new Government had formed with the Irish agitator to support their measures, and which Lord M. denied in a general manner, O'Connell afterwards in the Commons, with his usual vulgar scurrility, denominated Alvanley a *bloated buffoon*: upon which the latter has sent him a challenge by Dawson Damer: but as he supposes that he will decline to give him satisfaction, as he has constantly done to others on former occasions, he does not mean to let the matter rest there, but will inflict personal chastisement upon him. It would perhaps have been as well not to have given him this warning, as he may either go armed, or swear the peace against Alvanley, which will at once protect him.

Captain Russell, son of Lord William, and brother of poor Francis who died two years ago, was in the most enviable situation; he married Miss Coussmacher, the niece of Lord de Clifford, to whose title she succeeded with a very large fortune: it was a very happy marriage, with four or five children, and he was the only son of the family in affluent circumstances. A short illness has terminated in his death last week, and cut short his career of worldly prosperity in the very prime of his existence. He could not have been more than thirty-five.

There is an article in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," written by G. Sand, a popular author of the day, comprising the character of Talleyrand: it is highly coloured, and bitterly sarcastic on the veteran statesman; but as there is much foundation for the remarks, and the style is very eloquent, I have transcribed a few passages as a sample of the whole. It is written in the form of a

dialogue between two friends, supposed to be walking in the neighbourhood of the Château de Valençay.

“Ne sais-tu pas que l’homme qui demeure là joue depuis soixante ans les peuples, et les couronnes, sur l’échiquier de l’univers! Qui sait si la première fois que cet homme s’est assis à une table pour travailler, il n’y avait pas dans son cerveau une honnête résolution, dans son cœur un noble sentiment?”

“Jamais! s’écria mon ami; ne profane pas l’honnêteté par une telle pensée; cette lèvre convexe et serrée, comme celle d’un chat, unie à une lèvre large et tombante, comme celle d’un satyre — mélange de dissimulation et de lasciveté; ces linéamens mous et arrondis, indices de la souplesse du caractère; ce pli dédaigneux sur un front prononcé; ce nez arrogant, avec ce regard de reptile; tant de contrastes sur une physionomie humaine révèlent un homme né pour les grands vices et les petites actions. Jamais ce cœur n’a senti la chaleur d’une généreuse émotion, jamais une idée de loyauté n’a traversé cette tête laborieuse; cet homme est une exception dans la nature, une monstruosité si rare, que le genre humain, tout en le méprisant, l’a contemplé avec une imbécille admiration. Je te défie bien de t’abaisser au plus merveilleux de ses talens! Invoquons le Dieu des bonnes gens, le Dieu qui bénit les cœurs simples!”

“Ici mon ami s’arrêta d’un air ironiquement joyeux.

“Nous sommes presque sous les fenêtres du plus grand fourbe de l’univers, nous pauvres enfans de la solitude. Vois un peu la face immobile et pâle de ce vieux palais! écoute et regarde, tout est morne et silencieux. Il semble que nous soyons dans un cimetière; cinquante personnes au moins habitent ce corps de logis. Quelques fenêtres sont à peine éclairées; aucun bruit ne trahit le séjour du maître, de sa société, et de sa suite.

“Quel ordre, quel respect, quel tristesse dans son petit empire! Les portes s’ouvrent et se ferment sans bruit, les valets circulent sans que leurs pas éveillent un écho sous ces voûtes mystérieuses. Leur service semble se faire comme par enchantement. Regarde cette croisée plus brillante, à travers laquelle se dessine le spectre incertain d’une blanche statue, c’est le salon! Là sont réunis des chasseurs, des artistes, des femmes éblouissantes, des hommes à la mode, ce que la France peut-être a de plus exquis en élégance et en grâce. Entend-on sortir de cette réunion un chant, un rire, un seul éclat de voix attestant la présence de l’homme?”

“Je gage qu’ils évitent même de se regarder entre eux, dans la crainte de laisser percer une pensée sous ces lambris, où tout est silence, mystère, épouvante secrète.

“Voici, je crois, le roulement d’une voiture sur le sable fin de la cour! C’est le maître qui rentre; onze heures viennent de sonner à l’horloge du château.

“Il n’est point de vie plus régulière, de régime plus strictement observé, d’existence plus avarement choyée, que celle de ce renard octogénaire. Va lui demander s’il se croit nécessaire à la conservation du genre humain, pour veiller à la sienne si ardemment. Va lui raconter que vingt fois le jour il te prend envie de te brûler la cervelle parce que tu crains d’être, ou de rester inutile parce que tu t’effraies de vivre sans vertu, et tu le verras sourire avec plus de mépris qu’une prostituée, à qui une vierge pieuse irait se confesser de quelque tiédeur dans sa prière, ou de quelque baillement durant l’office divin.

“Demande par quel dévouement, par quelles bonnes actions sa journée est occupée; ses gens te diront qu’il se lève à onze heures, et qu’il passe quatre heures à sa toilette,—temps perdu à essayer, sans doute, de rendre quelque apparence de vie à cette face de marbre, que la dissimulation et l’absence d’âme ont pétrifiée bien plus encore que la vieillesse.

“A trois heures, te dira-t-on, le Prince monte en voiture, seul, avec son médecin, et va se promener dans les allées solitaires de sa garenne immense.

“A cinq heures, on lui sert le plus succulent et le plus savant dîner qui se fasse en France. Son cuisinier est dans sa sphère un personnage aussi rare, aussi profond, aussi admiré que lui.

“Après ce festin, dont chaque service est solennellement annoncé par les fanfares de ses chasseurs, le Prince accorde quelques petits instans à sa famille, à sa petite cour. Chaque mot exquis miséricordieusement émané de ses lèvres va frapper des fronts prosternés. Un saint canonisé n’inspirerait pas plus de vénération à une communauté de dévotes. A l’entrée de la nuit, le Prince remonte en voiture avec son médecin, et fait une seconde promenade.

“Le voici qui rentre, et sa fenêtre s’illumine là-bas, dans cet appartement reculé, gardé par ses laquais en son absence avec une affectation de mystère si solennelle et si ridicule. Maintenant il va travailler jusqu’à cinq heures du matin. Travailler! . . .

“Nature entière fais-toi muette et immobile, comme la pierre du sepulchre! le génie de l’homme s’éveille, le plus habile et le plus important des Princes de la terre va se courber sur une table, à la lueur d’une lampe, et du fond de son cabinet il va remuer le monde avec le froncement de son sourcil.

“ Misères! vanités! superbes puérités! qu'a donc produit cet homme étonnant, depuis soixante années de veilles assidues, et de travaux sans relâche ?

“ Que sont venus faire dans son cabinet les représentans de toutes les puissances de la terre ?

“ Quels importans services ont donc reçu de lui tous les souverains qui ont possédé et perdu la couronne de France, depuis un demi siècle? Quelles révolutions a-t-il opérées ou paralysées? Quelles guerres sanglantes, quelles calamités publiques, quelles scandaleuses exactions a-t-il empêchées ?

“ Il était donc bien nécessaire, ce voluptueux hypocrite, pour que tous nos rois, depuis l'orgueilleux conquérant jusqu'au dévôt borné, nous ait imposé le scandale, et la honte, de son élévation !

“ Napoléon, dans son mépris, le qualifiait par une métaphore soldatesque, et d'un cynisme énergique ; et Charles X., dans ses jours d'orthodoxie, disait bien bas, en parlant de lui, ‘ C'est pourtant un prêtre marié.’

“ Les a-t-il arrêtés dans leur chute terrible, ces maîtres, tour à tour par lui adulés et trahis? Où sont ses bienfaits? Où sont ses œuvres? Nul ne sait, nul ne peut, ne doit, ou ne veut déclarer, quels titres l'homme d'état inévitable possède à la puissance et à la gloire ; ses actes les plus brillans sont enveloppées de nuages impénétrables, son génie est tout entier dans le silence et la feinte. Quelles turpitudes honteuses couvre donc le manteau de la diplomatie? Conçois-tu rien à cette manière de gouverner les peuples, sans leur permettre de s'occuper de la gestion de leurs affaires et intérêts, et d'entrevoir seulement l'avenir qu'on leur prépare ?

“ Laisse-moi m'indigner à mon aise contre cet homme impénétrable, qui nous a fait marcher comme des pions sur un damier, et qui n'a pas voulu dévouer sa puissance à notre progrès. Laisse-moi maudire cet ennemi du genre humain, qui n'a possédé le monde que pour larroner une fortune, satisfaire ses vices, et imposer à ses dupes dépouillées l'avilissante estime de ses talens iniques. Les bienfaiteurs de l'humanité meurent dans l'exil ou sur la croix ; et toi, tu mourras lentement et à regret dans ton nid, vieux vautour, chauve, et repu !

“ Comme la mort couronne tous les hommes célèbres d'une auréole complaisante, tes vices et tes bassesses seront vite oubliés ; on se souviendra seulement de tes talens, et de tes séductions. Homme prestigieux, fléau que le Maître du monde repoussa du pied, et jeta sur la terre comme Vulcain le boîteux, pour y forger sans relâche une arme inconnue, au fond des cavernes inaccessibles ;

tu n'auras rien à dire au grand jour du jugement ; tu ne seras pas même interrogé. Le Créateur qui t'a refusé une âme, ne te demandera pas compte de tes sentimens et de tes passions.

“ On ouvrit une fenêtre, c'était celle du Prince. Depuis quand les cadavres ont-ils chaud ? dit mon ami ; depuis quand les marbres ont-ils besoin de respirer l'air du soir ? Quelles sont ces deux têtes blanches qui s'avancent, et se pénètrent, comme pour regarder la lune ? Ces deux vieillards, c'est le Prince et son . . . comment dirai-je ? car je ne profanerais pas le nom d'ami, dont se targue M. de M—— devant les serviteurs et les subalternes. C'est un titre d'ailleurs qu'il ne se permettrait pas sans doute de prendre en présence du maître ; car celui-ci doit sourire à tous les mots qui représentent des sentimens. Pour me servir d'un terme de leur métier, je dirai que M. de M—— est l'attaché du Prince, quoique ses fonctions auprès de lui se bornent à admirer, et à écrire sur un album, tous les mots qui sortent depuis quarante ans de cette bouche incomparable. En voici un que je t'offre pour exemple, et qu'il faudra commenter, dans le rôle que nous jouerons, si tu veux, au carnaval prochain, entre deux paravens ; nous aurons des masques de plâtre, et la scène commencera par ces mémorables paroles historiques : ‘ Méfions-nous de notre premier mouvement, et n'y cédon's jamais sans examen, car il est presque toujours bon.’

“ Mais écoute ce cri rauque, lequel des deux philosophes patibulaires vient donc de rendre l'esprit ? Je me trompe, c'est le cri de la chouette, qui part du grand bois. Bien ! chante plus fort, oiseau de malheur, crieuse de funérailles ! . . . .

“ Ah monseigneur, voilà une voix que vous ne sauriez faire rentrer dans la gorge de l'insolent. Entendez-vous ce refrain brutal des cimetières, qui ne respecte rien, et qui ose dire à un homme comme vous, que tous les hommes meurent, sans y ajouter *le presque* du prédicateur de la cour.

“ Que Dieu prolonge tes jours, ô vieillard infortuné, météore prêt à rentrer dans la nuit éternelle ! lumière que le destin promena sur le monde, non pour conduire les hommes vers le bien, mais pour les égarer dans le labyrinthe sans fin de l'intrigue et de l'ambition. Dans ses desseins impénétrables le ciel t'avait refusé ce rayon mystérieux que les hommes appellent une âme, reflet pâle mais pur de la divinité, celui qui luit parfois devant nos yeux, et nous laisse entrevoir l'immortelle espérance ; chaleur douce et suave, qui ranime de temps en temps nos esprits abattus ; amour vague et sublime, émotion sainte, qui nous fait désirer le bien avec des larmes délicieuses ; religieuse terreur, qui nous fait haïr le mal avec des palpitations énergiques.

“Être sans nom, tu fus pourvu d’un cerveau immense, de sens avides et délicats ; l’absence de ce quelque chose d’inconnu et de divin, qui nous fait hommes, te fit plus grand que le premier d’entre nous, plus petit que le dernier de tous. Infirmes, tu marchais sur des hommes sains et robustes ; la plus vigoureuse vertu, la plus belle organisation, n’était devant toi qu’un roseau fragile ; tu dominais des êtres plus nobles que toi ; ce qui te manquait de leur grandeur fit la tienne ; et te voilà sur le bord d’une tombe qui sera pour toi creuse et froide comme ton sein pétrifié.

“Derrière cette fosse entr’ouverte, il n’est rien pour toi, pas d’espoir peut-être, pas même de désir d’une autre vie. Infortuné ! l’horreur de ce moment sera telle, qu’elle expiera peut-être tous les maux que tu as faits.

“Ton approche était funeste, dit-on ; ton regard fascinait comme celui de la vipère. Ta parole flétris sait l’espérance, et la candeur, au front des hommes qui t’approchaient. Combien as-tu effeuillé de frais boutons ; combien as-tu foulé aux pieds de saintes croyances, et de douces chimères ; problème vivant, énigme à face humaine ? Combien de lâches as-tu faits ? combien de consciences as-tu faussées ou anéanties ? Eh bien ! si les joies de ta vieillesse se bornent aux satisfactions de la vanité encensée, aux rares jouissances de la gourmandise blasée ; mange, vieillard, mange, et respire l’odeur de l’encens mêlée à celle de tes mêts ! Qui pourrait envier ton sort, et t’en souhaiter un pire ? Pour nous, qui te plaignons autant d’avoir vécu que d’avoir à mourir, nous prions qu’à ton lit de mort, les adieux de ta famille, les larmes de quelque serviteur ingénu, n’éveillent pas en toi un mouvement d’insensibilité, ou d’affection inconnue ; pour qu’il ne jaillisse pas une étincelle de ce caillou qui te servait de cœur. Nous prions afin que tu t’éteignes sans avoir jamais pris feu au rayon du soleil, qui fait aimer, afin que ton œil sec ne s’humecte point ; que ton pouls ne batte pas ; que tu ne sentes pas ce tresaillement que l’amour, l’espoir, le regret, ou la douleur éveillent en nous ; afin que tu ailles habiter les flancs humides de la terre, sans avoir senti à sa surface la chaleur de la végétation et le mouvement de la vie ; afin qu’au moment de rentrer dans l’éternel néant, tu ne sentes pas les tortures du désespoir, en voyant planer au-dessus de toi ces âmes que tu niais avec mépris, essences immortelles, que tu te vantais d’avoir écrasées sous tes pieds superbes, et qui monteront vers les cieux quand la tienne s’évanouira comme un vain souffle. Nous prions alors, afin que ton dernier mot ne soit pas un reproche à Dieu, auquel tu ne croyais pas.”



*Sunday, 3rd.*—The trial of the prisoners for rebellion here and at Lyons last year, which has excited so much interest for months, and for which the petitions for an amnesty have been constantly refused by the Government, is now fixed to take place on Tuesday next in the Chamber of Peers at the Luxembourg. There is a large military force assembled in and near Paris, to repress any demonstration of public discontent at the measure.

Some of the Legions of the National Guard have protested against doing duty at the Luxembourg during the trial; as belonging properly to the Gendarmerie, and being repugnant to their feelings, the National Guard for a year entertained hopes of an amnesty being proclaimed. Several Peers have likewise sent excuses, which the President does not seem inclined to admit, except in cases of ill-health. The only reason assigned by Marshal Soult was his absence at his country-seat at Tarn.

Professor Zahn announces a rich discovery made in the excavations of Pompeii towards the end of last month. In a house of the Strada de Mercurio facing that of Meleager, a building of small importance, although decorated with subjects of Narcissus and Endymion painted on the wall, he found fourteen silver vessels and a quantity of coin, among which were 29 pieces of gold of the first empire, also two silver vases five inches in diameter, ornamented with Cupids and Centaurs, with rustic and Bacchanalian emblems.

*Tuesday, 5th.*—The political trials before the Peers at the Luxembourg began this day.

Mr. Livingston has embarked on board the "Constitutional" frigate at Havre for America, leaving his secretary as *chargé d'affaires* at Paris.

Louis-Philippe has just given a specimen of the sleight of hand which he is so prone to exhibit, and which forms such a part of his character. Count Appony the Austrian Ambassador, in his address to the King in the name of the diplomatic body, on St. Philip's day, made use of the following expression:—

"Our wishes are ever the same, Sire, and with each year that elapses we see them accomplished by the wisdom of the Governments," meaning the different Governments of Europe.

On the following day the official paper, the "Moniteur," in reporting the speech, says, "the wisdom of the Government," which would appear a great compliment to the French Government alone. This *seeming inaccuracy* produced a strong remonstrance on the part of the Austrian Ambassador, in consequence of which the "Moniteur" of yesterday contains a correction of

the error at his request, and the juggling has done the author more harm than good.

In the Rue Champ de la Garde here at Versailles lives an old gentleman of independent fortune, who has resided there unscathed during all the the tumults of the different revolutions which have agitated France for the last sixty years; he has taken in, and carefully preserved, the "Moniteur," from the first number that ever appeared till the present time, and it is acknowledged to be the only complete collection existing of that journal, which has been the official organ of so many different and extraordinary Governments during that period.

The present Government are in treaty with him for the purchase, and that which has been only waste paper in other hands is now valued to him at 300,000 fr., or 12,000*l.* sterling.

In the middle of the Rue Maurepas there is a blank wall which excites no attention, and a little side door seemingly made for the gardener to wheel out his rubbish. Ring at the bell, a servant appears; ask for the Count Medem, and you enter a pretty garden of two acres, in the middle of which is a rustic thatched cottage, of good dimensions, with a great wooden staircase on the outside, leading to the upper story, and forming a massive balcony round the house. It is kept in good repair, has a great air of comfort and solidity, and looks as if some fairy had just conveyed it from the valley of Chamouny in Switzerland, and gently placed it in the centre of Versailles. This house was built secretly by Louis XVIII. when Count de Provence, before the great revolution in 1789, as a private retreat for himself from the grandeurs of the Château, and the plan taken from the *Cabane du Meunier*, in the rustic village built by Marie Antoinette for her *fêtes champêtres*, in the garden of the Petit Trianon. Scandal at one time reported that this secluded spot was intended to facilitate his interviews with a young girl, the daughter of a saddler in Versailles, for whom he had conceived an attachment; but the general tenor of his life and habits proved that he was exempted from weaknesses of that nature. His long friendship for Madame de Balby was never subjected to any imputations of that description; and the lady herself bore testimony to the purity of his conduct by a *bon mot* much cited at the time. When some one was lamenting to her the dissolute manners of that period in France, Madame de Balby replied, "Je ne connais de vierge en France que le Comte de Provence et son épée." The above little cottage is so secluded from the view, that there are few people in the town who are aware of its existence.

The preparations in the Château not being finished, the Museum could not be opened to the public, as was expected, on the King's birthday, but it is now said that it will take place on the 17th.

*Thursday, 7th.*—The new Government has rescinded the appointment of Lord Heytesbury to India, Lord Amherst to Canada, Sir Howard Douglas to the Ionian Islands, and say that not a Tory shall be left in place.

Mr. Morgan O'Connell has taken up the cudgels for his father, and has written to Alvanley a vulgar scurrilous letter, in consequence of which a duel took place; each fired two or three shots, without injury, and they parted without apology. Alvanley's conduct has been cool and determined throughout, and highly creditable to himself.

The trials are going on at the Luxembourg, but the noise and confusion among the prisoners entirely interrupt the proceedings of the court.

*Friday, 8th.*—Charles Grant is made a Peer by the title of Baron Glenelg, and Sir Hussey Vivian Master-General of the Ordnance. Lord John Russell has lost his election for South Devon by a large majority in favour of Mr. Parker.

*Monday, 11th.*—Two new Peers are made by the Whig Government:—

Mr. Littleton is made Baron Hatherton.

Gen. Sir John Byng, Baron Strafford of Harmondsworth.

Sir Rufane Donkin has resigned his office of Surveyor-General of the Ordnance because his junior officer, Sir H. Vivian, is placed over his head.

The King came down to Versailles: on his return, while the carriages were waiting in the court, I observed, and had indeed often observed on the same occasion, two or three men on horseback, placed at different distances up the great avenue, their eyes constantly fixed on the palace, and waiting for the royal train to be put in motion. I had always concluded that they were simple bourgeois, who were indulging their curiosity with a sight of Majesty; but this time I perceived so much anxiety in their manner, that I suspected something might be going wrong. I went up to the post-house, where the Marquis d'Osmond and his family\*, in two carriages and four, were changing horses on

\* Marquis d'Osmond, son of the old Count who was formerly French Ambassador at London. He married Mdlle. Desthilliers, the richest heiress in France, and was father to the present Marquis d'Osmond.

the road to their seat at Pontchartrain, which had drawn together a concourse of postilions and stable-boys to the spot. I made my remark on these individuals in the avenue to one of them, who without ceremony told me they were only mouchards of the police in waiting, who attended the King wherever he went, some preceding him on the road, perhaps by a mile or two, in order to give timely notice in case there should be any signs of disaffection, or attempt to molest the King's person. My informant ended by saying, "C'est que le Roi a peur." So much for a Citizen King.

The Duc de Nemours, second son of Louis-Philippe, has been staying lately with his governor at the Grand Trianon. He is not so good-looking as the Duc d'Orléans, nor supposed to be very clever, but some odd speeches and sentiments are related of him; among others, that if the crown should ever devolve upon him, he would offer it to Henri V.

Some time back Louis-Philippe was engaged in a late counsel with his Ministers: it was before he had quitted the Palais Royal, when he lived with less etiquette than at present: at the close of the conference his dinner was announced, and the Ministers were requested to stay and join the family party. When the dinner was over, and coffee announced, they all retired to the drawing-room, where some allusion being made to the existing troubles in the country, and the difficulties which were daily occurring, Louis-Philippe said to the Ministers about him, with a sentimental air, "Ah messieurs, la couronne et un fardeau bien pesant!" The Duc de Nemours, who at the moment was poking the fire, immediately added, in a very calm tone, "Oui, surtout quand elle ne nous appartient pas."

*Tuesday, 12th.* — Lord Denman is appointed to the novel office of Speaker of the House of Lords. Guiche told me the other day that he had seen at the races in the Champ de Mars an English family consisting of a lady and her three daughters, the latter rather handsome, surrounded by half a dozen young Frenchmen, who had got introduced and completely engrossed them: knowing one of the men, he asked their names, but nothing could induce him to tell; his only answer was, "Vous n'avez pas besoin de ça," and they were determined that no others should interfere with them.

How often do I see here cases of that nature! English families who have never lived in the world at home, who are unaccustomed to really good society, come over to Paris for a little recreation, fancy that a Count or a Baron must be a great *gentle-*

*man*, fall into the hands of a set of adventurers, who are always on the look-out for such victims, and rue too late their unguarded credulity. There are every day advertisements in the paper offering sums of money to any one who will procure the advertiser an English wife (*bien entendu*) with fortune.

*Wednesday, 13th.*—I went to Paris and saw Lord Eliot and Gurwood, just arrived from Spain, having terminated their mission by obtaining a cessation of the massacres which disgraced the two hostile factions. "Never," said the former to me, "was there a contest in which human life was so little valued." On the morning of his arrival at the head-quarters of Zumalacarraguy, sixteen prisoners were led out to be shot, in favour of whose lives Lord E. interfered of course; his request was granted with the same indifference as if he had asked for a pinch of snuff, and the general remarked to him, that if he had arrived a few hours sooner he might have saved a larger number, as in the preceding evening twenty privates and two officers had been executed in the same manner. He dined with Don Carlos, who received him with the greatest civility; his table was very well served, and provisions were very abundant in his camp, as the provinces in which this campaign is carried on are all unanimous in his favour. He prefaced his interview by stating that he was not authorised by his Government to address him otherwise than as Don Carlos, in his public character; but that when invited to his table, as a private individual, he would not hesitate to style him Sire, as the other guests, if not considered as an act of his Government. All this was most readily complied with. The late successes against the army of Valdez are generally true, but not to the extent mentioned in the papers. He thinks that in their present mountainous situation there is no chance of that party being subdued, though perhaps they are not likely to succeed in their ultimate objects.

The equipment of the last reinforcements sent to Valdez has drained the Spanish treasury, and they are again in want of a fresh loan. The inhabitants of all the towns on this seat of warfare are harassed and tormented by both parties, but the Christians are far the most undisciplined, robbing and pillaging friend and foe. One innkeeper in a small town where he slept told Lord E. that he and his family had not dared to go without the walls for the last fourteen months, and were often obliged to retreat at night from their own house to a sort of little fortress in the town, for further security.

Lord Cowley left Paris this morning on his return to England, and Lord Granville is expected in a day or two.

At dinner with King they talked of the trials at the Luxembourg, which are going on, but with increased disorder. The prisoners are undaunted by the menaces of the President and the interference of the gendarmes; the court is a scene of tumult; and because they are not allowed to choose for themselves advocates who do not belong to the legal profession, they formally protest against the whole proceedings as tyrannical and illegal.

A fatal duel has just taken place at Rome between the Neapolitan Prince Cottrofiano, Count d'Arragon, and Mr. St. John, brother of Lord Bolingbroke: the former was killed on the spot, the latter received a slight wound on the head.

A further account contains the following particulars:—

“This duel took place on Saturday evening, the 26th inst., at Mola de Gaeta, between the Hon. Fred. St. John and Count Giovanni d'Arragon, each attended by two seconds. They were placed at thirty paces, with the right of walking to ten paces and firing when they pleased. After aiming at each other for some minutes, each wishing to reserve his fire, Mr. St. John cried, ‘Il faut en finir,’ fired, and the Count fell dead, the ball having passed through his heart. The parties were at Rome during the Holy week, and the quarrel is said to have occurred at Torlonia’s assembly, where the daughter of an English general had turned both their heads. The fate of Count G. d'Arragon is greatly lamented, as he was of an amiable disposition and much in English society. The parties got their passports at Rome to visit Mola de Gaeta and return. The ground chosen was about a hundred yards from the Villa de Cicerone hotel, and leaving the body as it fell the parties hastened to regain the frontier; the police were immediately on the alert, caught St. John at Terracina, pursued the others as far as Torretreponce, made them prisoners, and I hear the King has ordered them here in a levy, to undergo a trial, although the duel was *selon les règles*; but whenever death ensues the parties implicated undergo severe punishment.”

*Friday, 15th.*—On Wednesday last died in Paris poor Mr. Stibbert, aged sixty-three. His story is short, but one of the most remarkable instances of the infatuation for play ever known. He was the son of General Stibbert, but deformed from his birth; inherited a fortune, of 80,000*l.*, as I have always heard; and, till the age of forty-five, was a man of regular habits, a cultivated mind, and much respected in England among the friends with

whom he lived. Unfortunately, after the peace, eighteen years ago, he determined to visit Italy, and arrived in Paris with the intention of passing here only a few weeks. One night he was induced to go to the Salon, then kept in the Rue Grange Batelière, and frequented by the best society of all nations, under the superintendence of the old and agreeable Marquis de Livry, — a very different establishment from the Tripot in the Rue de Richelieu at present. He there sat down to play for the first time, lost a small sum of money, returned to win it back, continued to lose, and in the same hopeless enterprise prolonged his stay for several years, till he absolutely lost every shilling of his large property, and has since latterly been dependent on his brother for a small allowance, hovering like a spectre round the gaming-table at Frascati, and risking his few francs every night in that sink of depravity, still hoping that fortune might turn in his favour and enable him to regain his losses. His mild manners, his settled melancholy, and, as he has often told me himself, that infatuation which he felt quite unable to resist, rendered him a constant object of remark to the various English who have visited Paris for many years past.

The English Parliament has met, but nothing of note has as yet occurred.

A speech of Sir Robert Peel at a public dinner given at the Merchant Tailors' Hall by the chief men in the City, has caused some sensation. He particularly alluded to the fact, that notwithstanding the great wealth and influence of the Conservative party in the City, all the eighteen members of the Metropolitan districts had been returned by the Whig-radical interest, which spoke little in favour of their energy or activity.

*Wednesday, 20th.* — On going this morning to the Embassy, I met General Bacon the partisan in Portugal: he thought that Don Carlos would get to Madrid, and said he was now in treaty with the Spanish Government to raise a corps of 8000 foreigners for the service of the Queen.

*Friday, 22nd.* — When Alvanley returned from his duel with Mr. O'Connell, he gave the hackney-coachman who had driven him to and from the ground a sovereign for his trouble: when the man observed that it was more than was his due for taking him that distance, Alvanley replied, "It is not for carrying me there, my good fellow, but for bringing me back."

*Sunday, 24th.* — Stopford, who is just returned here, describes society in England as divided by political animosities; the King, in very low spirits, had said publicly that he would give no fêtes

at the Palace; Lady Lansdowne's remark was, "I suppose he means to spite us." Brinsley Sheridan has run off with Miss Grant, the daughter and only child of Sir Colquhoun Grant.

The Ministry of Lord Melbourne is not considered likely to maintain itself long: the members of the Cabinet are without talent, and give no confidence to the country.

*Monday, 25th.*—Scrope Davies, whom I formerly knew well and intimately in London, promised to pay me a visit here to-morrow; he was apparently in good spirits when we dined together on Wednesday last: my astonishment was therefore great when I received from him last night the following letter:—

"Dear R.,

"When you met me at dinner on Wednesday last, you might possibly have observed a gloom about me, which the gaiety even of your conversation could not dispel. This moral symptom was, as it often has been, the precursor of physical derangement. Since that period, lethargic days and sleepless nights have reduced me to a state of nervous irritability, such as forbids me to see any society. At some future period, when I am in a healthy state of mind, the perusal of your manuscripts will afford me the highest gratification. At present I must visit nobody, but must strictly follow the advice which Sir George Tuthill gave me: his words were these—'On such occasions avoid all possible excitement, or the consequences may be most lamentable.' He then quoted what Imlac says in *Rasselas*: 'Of all uncertainties, the uncertain continuance of reason is the most dreadful.' Such language could not be mistaken, and I have acted, and must continue to act, accordingly. I would much rather be accessory to my own death, than to my own insanity. The dead are less to be deplored than the insane. I never saw a maniac, but I found myself absorbed in a melancholy far more profound than that which I ever experienced at the death of any of my friends. Babylon in all its desolation is a sight not so awful as that of the human mind in ruins. It is a firmament without a sun, a temple without a God. I have survived most of my friends: heaven forbid I should survive myself.

"Ever yours,

"SCROPE DAVIES."

The perusal of this letter gave me great uneasiness, and I could only write in return an attempt at a cheerful answer, to prove that I felt no participation in his apprehensions, and imputed his lowness of spirits to mere bodily indisposition, which, as I told



him, quiet and calomel would remove ; but there was one line in his letter which at once solved to myself a question that had long been an enigma to me. Why does insanity so generally prompt to suicide ? Because the poor victim, though in other respects deranged and unable to combine his ideas, has still a real sense of his own deplorable situation, and flies to death for relief.

Davies was the intimate friend of Lord Byron, and as he lived much in his society at one time, has naturally imbibed many of his ideas : he is a classical scholar, with very good natural abilities ; but I fear that deadly foe to human intellect, the brandy-bottle, has much to do with the excitement.

It is not extraordinary that he should quote from *Rasselas*, when it is known that the luminous author of that work was constantly a prey all his life to those morbid apprehensions.

*Tuesday, 26th.* — A stormy day, which I suppose prevented Arthur Upton and Culling Smith from coming to Versailles, as they had intended.

*Wednesday, 27th.* — I went to Paris to inquire after my invalids ; but I suppose my prescription had answered, as I found that Davies was well and gone out ; but this letter, coupled with some other previous circumstances, makes me apprehensive for the future about him.

I found my poor friend, John King, far otherwise ; his complaint has suddenly taken a frightful turn. Dropsy on the chest and violent spasms of the heart have appeared, and his case seems precisely the same as that of the poor Duke of York in his last moments. I had a long conversation with his physicians, and they give me no hope of his recovery. Thus another friendship of five-and-twenty years' standing is about to be dissolved by death.

A French intervention, with an army of 50,000 men, in the affairs of Spain, is much talked of in Paris. A request to that effect is certainly arrived from the court of Spain, but the French government has not yet given a reply. The subject was well canvassed in autumn, 1833. The powers then gave their consent, from a conviction of the embarrassment and expense that it would cause to France, and the apprehensions of Louis-Philippe alone prevented it ; but the present unsettled state of public feeling may render it more politic to occupy the nation with a war.

Three months ago, France was growing daily more prosperous. The general remark was, *tout va bien* ; but, to show the suscepti-

bility of this phosphoric nation, the ill-judged project of trying the Republicans before the tribunal of the peers, and the disorder consequent on that proceeding, have unsettled everything. Trade is paralysed, troops are seen in motion, and, what is a never-failing sign of public apprehension, the agio on gold has risen considerably. If the invasion takes place, it will be a remarkable instance of the versatility of public opinion. During the last thirty years, the French will have fought in Spain — under Napoleon, to establish usurpation; under the Duc d'Angoulême, to establish absolutism; under Louis-Philippe, to establish liberalism.

*Thursday, 28th.* — I went to Paris to visit King, who is fast declining.

On Monday, died, in the Place Vendome, the Earl of Devon, formerly Lord Courtenay, who for many years has resided abroad for reasons well known to the world. He has left no children, and his splendid fortune, with his title, go to a distant relation. The report is that he was killed by the ignorance of his French physician.

Prosper Merimée, the author, is on a visit to England. He writes that nothing can equal the hospitality which he receives and the luxury which he witnesses; he is astonished at the large fortunes of the aristocracy; but he concludes with saying: “Les imbécilles, qui par leur fol entêtement risquent la perte de tous ces bienfaits!”

There has been a curious discussion going on at the Tuileries. Marshal Soult complained to the King of his poverty, which is hardly conceivable, as he is known to be very rich; but Louis-Philippe, wishing to keep well with him, offered him 500,000 francs for the choice of three pictures out of his famous gallery. The selection was confided to M. Montalembert, who, having made his choice for the King, was surprised to find that others were substituted in their place, and sent to the palace. This produced a remonstrance and a long correspondence, in which the Marshal's conduct appeared to so little advantage, that in a pique he broke off the negotiation, and was obliged to refund the first instalment of 150,000 francs which he had already received.

*Saturday, 30th.* — At half-past one this morning died my poor friend, John Harcourt King. He had been more composed and easy during the preceding day, and expired without a struggle. It was a very singular death. He was determined to appear unconscious of his danger to the last, and would not allow any

warning to be given him by his physician, who told his friends that any intimation of that nature would produce a nervous affection, which would instantly destroy him.

It was the most persevering self-deception to the last, painful to be witnessed by those around him, and, I am convinced in my own mind, contrary to his own real conviction. He was a man of strict probity and honour, a kind, warm-hearted friend, and a high-bred gentleman, one of the few who remained with a tincture of the old school, which is nearly extinct. His ideas on religious subjects were such as I have long deplored, and must have made this last scene so painful, that he would not bring his mind to contemplate it. He was not more than fifty-three years old. In early life he was employed in diplomatic situations abroad, but since the peace in 1815, having refused a mission to South America, which he did not think worth his acceptance, he had retired on his pension of 1200*l.* a year, and the small property left him by his father, the late Earl of Kingston. Long must I regret his loss.

*Monday, June 1st.* — I went up early to Paris to pay the last sad tribute of friendship to poor King. Yarmouth, Stopford, and myself, with his executors, Sir R. Robinson and Mr. Okey, followed him to the grave. It was a sad scene for us who had so lately seen him in the enjoyment of health, and our constant daily companion. He was buried in the Cimetière Montmartre. We had some difficulty in delaying the funeral even to this short period, as the laws of France only allow an interval of twenty-four hours from the decease, which at-times must produce dreadful consequences. In this case there could not be much apprehension; but I thought of Mr. Steer, who died in Paris about a year and a half ago, and strongly insisted for a delay. The poor man was seized with an apoplectic fit; every attempt to bleed him proved fruitless; he was laid out for his funeral, which was to take place on the following morning. The nurse appointed to watch by his remains during the night deserted her post, and when the undertakers arrived to place him in the coffin, it was found that the vital action had returned, and his veins being previously opened, he had bled to death.

*Tuesday, 2nd.* — Earl Devon has made a singular will. He has left to his upper servant his house in the country, in the forest of Tenars, his plate, and in short all his property in France; and to his coachman, his carriages, horses, harness, and everything appertaining to his stables.

George Anson has lost his election for Staffordshire against Sir

F. Goodericke; though his brother, Lord Lichfield, supported him with a considerable sum of money.

The successes of Zumalacarraguy, and the application from Spain for assistance from France and England, have produced a panic on the Stock Exchange at London, such as never occurred before: the funds of all descriptions have fallen, but those of Spain, in which speculations were going on to an immense amount, have been affected in a most serious manner, and caused the ruin of many: they are 20 per cent lower than at the last settling.

Madame de Balby has been staying with Madame de D—— at her seat at R——, during Talleyrand's visit there; she describes the house as placed in a beautiful situation, overlooking the river, but so encumbered with valuable old furniture, Sèvres china, bronzes, silver and gold plate, every species of curiosity and rarity, that it is really difficult to move through the apartments. In that single residence is contained wherewithal to furnish three spacious hotels, and the value cannot be less than three or four millions.

The amassing character of the lady, and the munificent presents of the Prince, have formed this splendid museum, which is in itself a fortune, if it should be ever realised.

Madame de D—— has three children, the Duc de V——, who has married the heiress of the M—— family; a daughter, who was lately with her in England\*; and another son, M. de T——, who is very much attached to his father, the Duc de D——, and is living with him in Italy. This young man was in the French navy, and is a violent partisan of the dethroned Bourbons; he has already fought several duels in asserting their rights, and is at all times ready to quarrel with those who profess a contrary opinion. When the last revolution broke out, he publicly insulted his own captain *on deck*, for remaining in the service of a usurper: he then resigned his commission, and quitting his uniform, he sought out his captain, and told him he was ready to repeat the same insulting expressions, and give him satisfaction now as a private individual: a duel took place, and the unfortunate captain was run through the body. He makes no secret of his contempt for the politics of his wily great uncle, the Prince; he once said to him, "Croyez-vous que vos quatre-vingts années de pourriture puissent vous absoudre du rôle infame que vous avez joué?" His father the Duc was always a goodnatured but weak

\* Now widow of the Cte. H. de C——.

man, and ruined by his own extravagance; he is living out of France on a moderate allowance, to avoid his creditors; but his mother, the Duchesse de D——, who was a daughter of the Princess C——, and co-heiress with Madame de S——f, is possessed of great wealth, which she prudently keeps to herself. Still, her powers of fascination are so great, that her influence over her husband, notwithstanding her conduct to him *and with others*, remains in full force, and he is at all times ready to submit to any conditions she may choose to impose on him.

*Wednesday, 3rd.*—Lord and Lady Granville returned to the hotel of the Embassy on Friday last, to remain there *jusqu'à nouvel ordre*. Caradoc is arrived from England with his mother, Lady Howden, who is to be presented to his bride the Princess B——.

*Thursday, 4th.*—The Duchesse de Guiche, at whose house we pass most of our evenings, is a woman of superior understanding; she is full of anecdote, and even while lying weak and desponding on the sofa, if a subject is started which excites any interest in her mind, her features become animated, her eyes sparkle, and she will converse with that energy and eloquence which is only to be met with in French women, when acquainted with all the finesse of expression in their own language. In that moment her sufferings and misfortunes are forgotten: but when the charm has vanished, she sinks again. It is a melancholy sight to see a beautiful and accomplished woman, who has been the idol of a court, and the glass of fashion in society, thus daily and gradually fading away.

The Duc Da——g, who died three years ago, was the most intimate friend of Talleyrand,—a professor of the same principles, a partaker of the same pleasures, and an associate frequently in the same speculations, particularly in that unfortunate one of Paravis; by which the Duke, less cautious than his friend, was almost entirely ruined, shortly before his death. His last illness was long and dilatory, during which he was carefully nursed by the Duchess, who is a very religious character. Madame de G—— told me that she took this opportunity to effect the complete conversion of her husband, who made a formal recantation of his principles, and died a very sincere penitent.—Not so his friend, who said lately to his physician: “Je n'ai qu'une peur, c'est celle des inconvenances; je ne crains pour moi-même qu'un scandale, pareil à celui qui est arrivé à la mort du Duc de Liancourt.”

*Friday, 5th.*—It is a curious circumstance that two of the greatest powers in Europe should at this moment be represented

at the Court of London by two Corsicans,—Russia, by Pozzo di Borgo; and France, by Sebastiani,—though they have arrived at that distinction by very different routes. Pozzo by the most un-deviating energy in the cause of legitimacy, and the principles of the Holy Alliance; Sebastiani by the most barefaced adherence to every government which was in power at the time: he has served under Napoleon, under the Bourbons, and now under Louis-Philippe. His supple character, which is strongly contrasted with that of his fellow-countryman, has rendered him a great favourite of the present King, who always calls him his dear Sebastiani, and knows that he can depend on his devotion as long as he has the means of rewarding him. His late marriage with a daughter of the Duc de Grammont (with which, by the by, his vanity has been much flattered) has given some umbrage to the Liberal party here, who now represent him as a relation of M. de Polignac, and consequently in his heart a friend to the Carlist party. Talleyrand, who would naturally exculpate the conduct of a man whose career has been nearly similar to his own, said, upon this occasion: “Vous reprochez à Sebastiani d’être parent de M. de Polignac: est ce que le Roi Louis-Philippe n’est pas cousin de Charles X.?”

M. Sebastiani’s connections with the Carlist party and with the family of Grammont will never interfere with his duty to Louis-Philippe, as long as he holds the reins of government; but if Henri V. should be restored to the throne, his new family alliance will naturally induce him then to become a Royalist.

In the meantime, it cements an intimacy with Lady Tankerville and her connections in London, while in France, notwithstanding the reign of Liberal ideas, the name of an old illustrious family still has its weight, and may shed some lustre on a *parvenu*, even beyond the circles of the faubourg St. Germain.—Though Madame Davidoff had no fortune, the marriage was not a bad speculation for Sebastiani, under all the existing chances.

The news from Spain is still favourable to the cause of Don Carlos: the Queen’s army has met with another check, and the state of Madrid is far from tranquil; but there is no appearance of intervention from this quarter, and the news from England is equally pacific.

Mr. Grote has brought forward his motion for the vote by ballot, which was opposed by the Government, and lost by a large majority assisted by the Tories; still there were 147 in its favour.

*Sunday, 7th.*—The summer concerts are begun in Paris, and

more numerously attended than the theatres. The other night several of the old Royalist families from the faubourg St. Germain met by appointment at the Concert in the Champs Elysées, and unfortunately the Duke of Orleans selected the same evening to make his appearance. On his arrival, he went up to speak to the Duchesse de V——, and found himself in the midst of the Carlist coterie, who all with one accord turned their backs, and showed evident signs of their antipathy to him. After staying a few minutes, he said to the young Duchess, "Il ne fait pas bon pour moi dans ce quartier ci," and retired; which must have given his enemies a triumph. He is a quiet, modest young man, and little formed to cope with all the cabals which are unceasingly made against him; much less will he have the vigour necessary to maintain the succession at the death of his father.

The prisoners who have been tried before the House of Peers at the Luxembourg are all young men under thirty years of age; and if anything could prove the immense progress made in education here, and generally in Europe, it is the wonderful talent and information which has been displayed by them in their recriminations and defence. The hardiness of their replies, and the sarcasm of their remarks on the Court, have severely mortified their judges, to which mainly may be attributed the severity of their sentence.

This march of intellect has been developed, not, as formerly, under the old system, by long study of Greek and Latin, but by great knowledge of history, mathematical precision, and eloquence to an extent which surprised the audience, as none of the accused belonged to the higher classes of society. The following prediction of the results of this injudicious trial in the "Révue des Deux Mondes," has been fully verified:—

"Tous ces vieux Pairs, tous ces débris, tous ces courtisans de la fortune nouvelle, ont retrouvé quelque chose de leur verdeur et de leur jeunesse pour se montrer implacables contre les accusés: on se passionne dans ce procès, comme s'il s'agissait de présenter un bouquet au château. Quel contraste! On danse aux Tuileries, des illuminations brillantes fatiguent les yeux, et au Palais du Luxembourg on aura le spectacle d'un procès criminel, dont les annales judiciaires n'offrent pas d'exemple. Les destinées s'accomplissent! mais avant le jugement, que d'apostrophes seront jettées sur ces faces blêmes et flétries qui ont traversé tant de régimes, et veulent affronter de jeunes hommes, égarés peut-être, mais tous hommes de conviction et de dévouement à une cause! Tout ne sera pas facile dans ce procès; les hommes de Juillet

vont paraître devant la pairie de la Restauration, et plus d'un souvenir sanglant sera jetté dans l'arène judiciaire."

The road to Paris was crowded with carriages to-day, going to and coming from Grignan, which is distant about six leagues from hence, where an annual agricultural meeting is held for the exhibition of cattle, ploughing matches, and new inventions of agricultural instruments, &c. Medals and prizes are distributed by judges, and our neighbours seem anxious to rival England in solid improvements, as well as in racing and steeple-chases, which now form the great amusement of the Parisian gentry. All these pursuits are quite in their infancy, though adopted with great eagerness, and the contrast is rather amusing to an Englishman, between their anxiety to imitate all our pursuits, and their jealousy of our superiority.

*Monday, 8th.*—The Duke of Orleans, who was so ill received the other night at the concert in the Champs Elysées by the Carlist ladies, has met with many and various rebuffs of the same nature: about two years ago he was at a ball given by Madame Appony, where he asked Mademoiselle de B—— to dance: her reply was, "J'aurois toujours été charmée de danser avec Monsieur le Duc de Chartres, mais jamais avec Monsieur le Duc d'Orleans." Instead of making a witty answer, or saying anything which might have turned the laugh to his own side, he appeared highly offended, and left the room; but, as if everything that night was to increase his dilemma, on looking for his shako (it was a dressed ball), he found that some malicious wag had taken out his tricoloured cockade, and substituted a white paper one in its place.

Mademoiselle Lenormand has predicted that there will be a riot on the 27th of this month in Paris: a person who consulted her the other day was advised not to invest some money in the Funds till next month.

*Tuesday, 9th.*—While we have lately seen in England the unmanageable spirit of our House of Commons, and its tendency to support every encroachment of a revolutionary nature, whether in the election of a Speaker or the dismissal of a Government,—and even now that these two points have been gained, the uncertain support which it seems inclined to give even to that favoured administration which it has foisted upon the country, in defiance of the Royal prerogative,—let us look for a moment to the same assembly in this country, and observe what different tactics are pursued here, and what different feelings influence the Members. I premise by saying that the bias of the country itself is for liberty,



and the opposition party in the Chamber pretends to represent that opinion. But here we have a Government sprung from a revolution which has no other object than to repress those principles which gave it being; and to promote that object, there is no denying that it wields, and with considerable address in some cases, the two efficient weapons of power — reward and fear. Its numerous adherents are moved by the one, and the Chamber of Deputies by the other, in assisting this general object. So great a dread exists of popular commotion, that not a voice is raised to advocate the rights of the people, lest even the bare discussion of the subject should create a partial excitement. A proof of this has lately been given in a discussion on electoral reform, and shortly before the wild question of the ballot had been received by a large and apparently increasing minority in our House of Commons. Two years ago the necessity of this reform was generally allowed; it was advocated by the most eminent deputies, who founded upon this question a plan of systematic opposition to the ministry. Petitions from the country at last brought on the discussion; and what line has now been taken by the opposition? Instead of acting up to their professions, instead of proposing what they deemed suitable to the real wants of the people, or accordant with the progress of ideas (as Lord Grey would term it), they merely expressed some hopes for the future, some anticipations of an ultimate but distant remedy, without proposing any distinct motion, or stipulating for any immediate reform. The electoral census was only slightly blamed; the extension of it was alluded to in fear and trembling. M. Odillon Barrot, and M. Pages de l'Arriège, spoke without boldness, hesitated in their opinions, and seemed only anxious to say what would be palatable to the *château*.

The present *juste milieu* Cabinet is not only disliked but ridiculed in France, and yet it can command a decided majority upon any question; while in England no Government, whether Whig or Tory, can count upon a majority from one day to another. Louis-Philippe has 400,000 men on foot, and sees no advantage to be derived from any concessions to liberty. In the meantime the courtiers flock round him, and the ministers are docile. Sebastiani, who from his new connections thinks himself fit to be a channel of communication between the adherents of the two parties, brought to the Tuileries his new relation, M. de Guebriac, who since the revolution of July had always kept aloof from the *château*. He was not the worse received for his dilatory appearance: the King said to him, "Nous avons grand plaisir à vous

voir ; avertissez en bien vos amis, les derniers venus seront toujours les premiers." A quotation from the Scriptures which was not very appropriate to the occasion.

*Wednesday, 10th.*— One of the most striking results of the French Revolution in 1789, is the present state of the Church in France : its influence formerly, and its abuses were unbounded ; it was the road to wealth and dignity reserved for the nobility, and the Princes de l'Eglise were the richest, the most powerful, and the most luxurious satraps round the throne ; they were the most preeminent in vice as well as in splendour, and their overthrow was marked by more signal vengeance and desolation ; it is the only class in France, which, after undergoing the purifying process of adversity, has not revived again from its ashes into any celebrity. For a long period during the Revolution, the priests did not even exist as a profession in France, till Napoleon, feeling the important aid which he might derive from a spiritual power, brought them again into life. But the temporal baits had vanished ; the ecclesiastical revenues were confiscated ; the abbeys and the convents were destroyed ; the immunities in favour of the Church were scattered to the winds ; and who in France would enter into a profession where neither honours nor wealth could be attainable ? Still under the Empire, the Church did exist, and was acknowledged as a part of the State, but divested of all weight or importance, and by the Concordat separated from all collusive influence with the court of Rome.

At the restoration some hopes were entertained by the clergy that better days were in store for them ; but the philosophical ideas of Louis XVIII., and his indifference to all religion, soon proved that their views of aggrandisement would find little favour from the throne. They gained, however, a step : religious worship, though still an object of scoffing and neglect, became gradually more general ; the returned families brought with them their religious recollections, and that wish for spiritual comfort and advice which forms such a part of the Catholic faith ; the sacraments began to be administered, and though it was necessary to feel their way with caution and discretion, they lost no opportunity of disseminating what they thought was an increasing influence.

Louis XVIII. died, and a new æra seemed to open for ecclesiastical influence under Charles X., whose bigoted feelings were duly appreciated. So eager were the clergy to avail themselves of this opportunity, that the Liberal party began to feel alarmed. The Archbishop of Paris made himself very obnoxious by some

ill-judged regulations in his diocese; the encroaching spirit of the clergy became daily more evident; but the power which Cardinal Latil usurped over the King's conscience only served to precipitate the fall of both the clergy and the throne. He was the promoter of those fatal ordinances in July, which had the double object of restoring the old monarchical system, and reviving the power of the Church in France; the nation rebelled, and in one day destroyed all these illusions.

The Church has now sunk into its former insignificance, and the members of it are, generally speaking, men of low birth and no education; they are in outward circumstances like the Apostles of old, inwardly, I fear, they fall very far short of their prototypes: there may be, and doubtless are exceptions, but the generality of them seem coarse, bigoted, and prejudiced. How, indeed, can it be otherwise? No family, even in moderate circumstances, ever thinks of bringing up a son to that profession; the very idea of it would be laughed at. I asked G—— the other day, from what classes the priests were taken, whether from the peasantry, &c.? His answer was, "Des garçons de ferme et généralement les plus bêtes!" Still there is a visible increase of religion in France: the churches are more regularly attended; communions and confessions are administered at stated times; and there is a corresponding decency of conduct and morality gaining ground, particularly in the provinces, which must strike any one who has known France during the last twenty years as I have done. One thing only astonishes me, which is, that individuals who have received the benefits of a liberal education, like the better classes in this country, can resort for spiritual advice to beings who must appear to be so much their inferiors in all mental acquirements.

Such, however, they must remain for the present, as Louis-Philippe is little likely to throw any weight into that scale; he has the fate of his predecessor before his eyes, and he will never allow the complaint of bigotry to be added to the list of charges which may be brought against him. His sole object is to reign.

The feelings of the Parisian mob at the last Revolution were so strongly excited against the clergy, that the palace of the Archbishop was completely pillaged.

*Thursday, 11th.* — We have had for the last week very singular weather: the day very hot, and severe storms with thunder and lightning at night.

*Friday, 12th.* — Went to Paris to see Matuscewitz, who is ap-

pointed Russian Minister at Naples, and goes to England for a few weeks previously.

*Saturday, 13th.*—The Gazette announces the suspension of the Foreign Enlistment Bill, to allow levies in England for the cause of Isabella in Spain. France has offered for the same purpose the Foreign Legion raised in Africa, now at Algiers. Thus the cause of intervention is to be supported under disguise. The Emperor of Russia has nominated Count Pahlen ambassador to France, but at the same time given him leave of absence for several months.

*Sunday, 14th.*—Montrond and Yarmouth dining with us were very entertaining. Had a letter from G—, with a detail of what is going on in London society, where the gaming at Crockford's is unparalleled. *Alea quando hos animos?*

In the Chamber of Deputies a motion has been made by M. Mercier, for the enactment of penal laws against duelling, which has been referred to the Minister of Justice. If ever it was necessary in any country it is here, as the most trifling disputes daily lead to the most serious consequences; and all the young men learn to fence or practise at a mark, for no other object than to bully or insult their neighbours. The President of the Council allowed that in liquidating the claim made by Russia on France, for the expenses of the French army in Poland in 1811, the loan contracted by Saxony in Paris in that year should be urged as a set-off, on the plea that the King of Saxony was then Duke of Warsaw.

*Tuesday, 16th.*—I took up a book at the library; it was called "Malheur et Poésie," written by Hyppolite Raynal, a young man who was condemned four years ago for some crime. The preface is a short sketch of his life, with reflections on the past. Referring to an illness which nearly hurried him to the tomb, when he was only ten years old, he remarks:—

"C'eut été finir à point. Lorsque la fièvre chaude me prit je pouvais avoir dix ans. Je n'avais fait de mal à personne. Mon ciel se couvrait; la tombe m'eut mis à couvert des affreuses tempêtes qui m'assaillirent plus tard." And further, in recalling the innocent scenes of his childhood, he says with regret:—

"En revoyant l'empreinte de mes petits pieds nus, je ne puis m'empêcher de m'attendrir en songeant que ce n'était point au mal qu'ils allaient, et que c'est là qu'ils ont été contraints d'arriver."

*Thursday, 18th.*—The only news I heard in Paris were the death of the Duchess of Argyll, and Earl Courtown, Stopford's

elder brother. Louis-Philippe is delighted with the news from Spain, and rubs his hands with glee when he hears of Don Carlos's successes.

*Friday, 19th.* — There were several new English faces at the Embassy, which from their appearance would be new everywhere. Two handsome Spanish women, Madame de Navarez and her sister. Prince Paul of Würtemberg spoke very kindly about poor King's death. Lord Granville told me that he had received a letter from the vice-consul at Caen, stating that Brummell had been put into prison for a debt of 800*l.* and was in great distress; he had sent him 500 francs just for present assistance, but after the endless applications that have been made from him to his old friends, since he left England, how can such a sum now be raised? I fear he must now repent the manœuvre by which he induced Lord Palmerston to reduce the consulship at Caen.

*Sunday, 21st.* — This morning I had a long visit from General Pepe, who brought me a letter from Davies. He formerly commanded a brigade in Spain under Napoleon, and since 1814 has been engaged in revolutionary projects in his own country which have brought on his banishment as a Carbonaro from Naples. He is a sensible man, but by his own confession a *propagandiste*, and has been connected with all the *soi-disant* liberals in Europe. He considers the government of Louis-Philippe as merely provisional, for the simple reason, that he has preferred trusting to an armed force and the National Guard, instead of identifying himself with the French nation. If one or two regiments were seduced, the rest would follow; if the National Guard saw no apprehensions for their shops and their trade, there remain no ties by which they could be bound to him. Liberty and equality are established in France, and armed oppression can only be momentary. A revolution here would be effected quietly in a few days; there would be little, perhaps no bloodshed; there would be even no excitement to pillage, which is the great bugbear held out by Louis-Philippe to the Parisians; during the Revolution of July not a loaf of bread was stolen. France in her revolutions has passed through the ordeal of bloodshed, persecution, and plunder, and the theme is exhausted. If experience did not inculcate moderation, the materials for excess are wanting; here are no nobles, no priests, no abuses (except one), no corporations, no immense fortunes; property is so divided that almost every man has something to defend for himself. Then look at England, warned by no passed experience, and see the spoil held out to the robber, the eminences to the leveller, and the abuses to the inno-

vator ; a revolution with you, and it is hanging over your head, will be of a far different character. The General has lived thirteen years in England, and is well known to the Whigs. He was told by — that when they came into power, their object would be to give the frontier of the Rhine and Savoy to France, as it was necessary to increase her strength for the maintenance of liberal opinions in Europe.

*Monday, 22nd.* — On Thursday last died William Cobbett, aged seventy-three.

The French papers mention that enlistments of troops for Don Carlos are going on with vigour in Holland and the North of Germany, as a counterpoise to the succours from England and France ; it looks as if the great struggle of opinions in Europe would be fought at length on Spanish ground.

A pamphlet was published here a few months ago, under the shape of a letter from an English M.P., but evidently fabricated in Paris, giving an account of the reasons which determined M. de Talleyrand to give up his post as Ambassador to London.

It begins by asserting that which bespeaks the greatest ignorance of English politics, namely, that the Prince had a great hand in overturning the Tory Government in 1830, which is just as true as that the Duke of Wellington persuaded Prince Polignac to issue his famous ordinances which ruined the Bourbons. It then alludes to the sympathy which existed between the French Ambassador and Earl Grey, on all points, even to the dread of that revolutionary impulse in England, which at first was fostered by the latter for his own purposes.

“ M. de Talleyrand aperçut le péril comme le Comte Grey lui-même ; il savait tout la puissance des opinions jeunes et vivaces ; il était impossible d'arrêter le mouvement parlementaire. Le dégoût s'empara tout-à-coup de la vieillesse du Comte Grey, il ne voulût pas porter une main sacrilège sur l'Eglise, il offrit sa démission ; et vous vous souvenez de ces explications touchantes, données en plein Parlement sur sa propre conduite ministérielle. La retraite du Comte Grey signala de plus en plus le danger à M. de Talleyrand. Dès la nomination de Lord Melbourne, prévoyant l'invincible tendance des affaires, le triomphe des Ultra-Whigs, et peut-être de Lord Durham, l'Ambassadeur de France songea à sa retraite, car il n'avait plus à Londres ce premier rôle qu'il a toujours ambitionné. Une autre circonstance vînt encore se joindre à celle-ci. Dans la révolution que venait de subir le Ministère Whig lui-même, Lord Palmerston avait conservé le *Foreign Office* ; déjà il y avait eu entre M. de Talleyrand et Lord

Palmerston, caractère difficile, quelques dissidences sérieuses, surtout au sujet d'une démonstration armée dans l'Orient, que M. de Talleyrand sentit être trop hardie, dans la situation où le trône de Juillet se trouvait placé. Cette hostilité pouvait entraîner une guerre véritable, il fallait fortifier plutôt l'alliance morale, et la traité quadruple qui unirait le Midi contre le Nord y fut substitué. Dès ce moment les relations de M. de T. et de Lord P. se refroidirent; celui-ci a un esprit très-irritable, un caractère susceptible et changeant; l'Ambassadeur de France le prit en dégoût; d'un autre côté, le cabinet de Lord Melbourne était entraîné de concessions en concessions.

“ On voit dès cette époque M. de Talleyrand quitter l'Angleterre, on apprend que sa santé s'affaiblit. C'est que lorsque M. de Talleyrand voit l'orage gronder, comme Pythagore, il aime le désert et l'écho. Ce qu'il a fui en quittant Londres, c'est moins le Ministère Tory que le cabinet de Lord Melbourne, moins l'aristocratie que la populace, moins le système conservateur que le système radical. Après son séjour à Valençai, il déclara positivement qu'il ne pouvait retourner à son ambassade en Angleterre, insinuant que si l'on croyait sa personne nécessaire quelque part, c'était à Vienne qu'il pourrait être utile, et qu'il pria le Roi de le laisser aller représenter la France auprès du Prince Metternich. Louis-Philippe conçut des méfiances de ce projet : Vienne est bien près de Prague; le parti légitimiste prêtait des projets à M. de Talleyrand; quand on vieillit, les premières émotions de la vie reviennent puissantes pour dominer les faiblesses de l'esprit; il se fait un retour vers ce qu'on a adoré; M. de Talleyrand a plusieurs de ces faiblesses. Le croirait-on? pour un homme qui a passé à travers tant de vicissitudes de fortune; qui s'est assoupi sous tant d'opinions et de nécessités, le croirait-on? ce qui le préoccupe encore, c'est d'être enseveli en terre sainte avec les honneurs mortuaires de l'église. Qui n'a vu le front impassible de M. de Talleyrand se couvrir de nuages, toutes les fois qu'il lisait dans les journaux un refus de sépulture pour un prêtre non réconcilié. Il veut que la terre lui soit légère; il craint le scandale des funérailles, et voilà pourquoi il désire mourir à l'étranger, ou à Valençai, qu'il accable d'aumônes, dans l'intention de mériter quelques prières du bon chapelin du château.

“ Qui sait, si à ces idées de dévotion ne se mêlerait pas aussi quelque autre pensée de la Restauration, laquelle lui assurerait si profondément les suffrages du clergé de France. Qui sait, si le rôle ne jetterait pas sur sa tombe une couronne de fidélité à ses sermens!

“Aussi Louis-Philippe a-t-il refusé toutes les offres de M. de Talleyrand pour le voyage de Vienne, et depuis ce moment, une froideur marquée s’est manifestée entre le Roi et lui. Nous en savons tous les détails, car M. de Talleyrand est un de ces hommes qui communique à ses amis les secrets qu’il veut que tout le monde sache. Il paraît donc que l’ambassadeur, un peu piqué, aurait dit au Roi, que puisque sa vie politique était finie, il était essentiel d’expliquer une conduite que le public pourrait mal interpréter. Le Roi aurait répondu, que ceci sortait de l’usage habituel ; les lettres de démission étaient des pièces secrètes entre le souverain et le démissionnaire ; à cela M. de Talleyrand aurait répliqué, que par sa position personnelle, et les quelques services qu’il avait été assez heureux de rendre au Roi et à la France, il pouvait mériter une exception ; qu’il croyait indispensable de publier quelque chose sur sa démission, et qu’il le ferait en dehors de tout caractère officiel, si le Roi ne voulait point accepter lui-même une publication plus authentique. Louis-Philippe, ainsi pressé, déclara que toute la question était dans les termes, et que le Prince de Talleyrand avait trop l’esprit des convenances, pour ne pas rédiger sa démission de manière à ne point embarrasser son gouvernement. La rédaction a été faite, de concert sur le bureau royal, aux Tuileries ; plusieurs projets ont été touchés et retouchés, et M. de Talleyrand a eu la malice d’en envoyer un, avec quelques corrections *de la main du Roi*, à un de ses amis.

“Quant à l’effet produit par cette démission, je puis vous dire qu’elle a été longtemps prévue ; M. de Talleyrand l’avait annoncée en plein salon chez le Comte Grey, avant son départ de Londres, en accusant, avec assez d’aigreur, Lord Palmerston des embarras que pouvait offrir la situation de l’Europe.”

The Countess de Poulpry, formerly attached to the Court of the Bourbons, and very hostile to the present order of things, has been staying with the Duc and Duchesse de Guiche here for some days. They all talked with delight of the family of the Duke of Hamilton, and the magnificence of his palace, who received the Court of Charles X. with great hospitality, during their stay in Scotland.

The affair of the pictures which recently took place between Louis-Philippe and Marshal S—— is not the first attempt of the latter to realise the plunder of his campaign in Spain which has proved unsuccessful : a similar negotiation took place with Charles X. for the whole gallery ; the price was fixed at, I believe, three millions, and the bargain was absolutely concluded, when the Duchess, his wife, wrote to the King, and demanded an addi-



tional sum of 100,000fr. *pour les épingles* for herself; Charles X., who had offered a very liberal price, was so offended at this indelicate encroachment of the parvenue Duchess that he made answer, "C'est par trop bourgeois," and annulled the agreement.

This lady, not distinguished by her elegance or high breeding, was not deficient in that pride which generally accompanies rank of late date. I remember that Mademoiselle Bourgouin, the celebrated actress, told me several years ago of a correspondence which actually took place between her and Madame la Maréchale, on a singular subject; they were then living as next door neighbours in the same street in Paris, and the great lady had a favourite cat, which, for some private reasons, often strayed to the house of the actress and was missing at home; complaints were repeatedly made of these wanderings; but still the cat was always to be found in the kitchen of the actress, notwithstanding the prohibition given to harbour him. At length the Duchess, who had just received her title from the Emperor, wrote a most indignant letter to Mademoiselle Bourgouin, making her responsible for the absence of her favourite, and signing herself with great pomp, Eugénie de Dalmatie. Mademoiselle B., whose epigrammatic wit was almost proverbial, could not let slip this opportunity of mortifying the pride of her neighbour; she wrote a very appropriate letter in reply, and signed herself Iphigénie en Aulide, which was one of her favourite characters on the French stage, and the world could not help smiling at the parallel.

*Tuesday, 23rd.*—During the examinations at the trials which were still going on at the Luxembourg, and which is now called the *procès monstre*, facts are at times elicited of a most curious nature: a sergeant in one of the regiments forming the garrison at Lyons during the tumults gave evidence last week, that he was ordered to convey a fourgon with cartridges and gunpowder to a distant quarter of the town; he was stopped on the road by a large party of the mob, who insisted upon knowing what was contained in his fourgon; he knew that the rioters were in the greatest want of ammunition, and that this supply would materially assist their cause; he therefore replied, that it was filled with money from the military chest; these wretched artisans, with perhaps not a sous in their pockets, immediately let him pass unmolested, disdaining, as they said, to tarnish the cause of liberty with the slightest imputation of robbery. The trait is Roman, and almost makes one think that such a cause must be ultimately successful; at any rate it must render the needless

severity of the proceedings more publicly odious, and it is said that the authors regret they had ever been commenced.

The Dowager Landgravine of Hesse Rothenburg is travelling about for her amusement to Berlin, &c., but she is closely followed wherever she goes by Baron Von Steuber, as *curator ventris*, who is appointed by the Elector of Hesse to watch all her movements in that capacity, till the hour of her *accouchement*.

In one of the late encounters with the Christinos, Zumalacargay has been wounded; but the cause of Don Carlos continues to prosper.

*Thursday, 25th.* — The Whigs have appointed Lord Charles Fitzroy Vice-chamberlain in the room of Lord Castlereagh: the King, it is said, now treats his household with as much neglect as his ministers, and avoids any communication with them, except when absolutely necessary: he attended the anniversary dinner of Waterloo, at the Duke of Wellington's house, on Thursday last, and was well received by the people. The Municipal Corporation Reform Bill is going through the house without much opposition. The Duke of Orleans is gone on a tour to Switzerland, where the Queen of Würtemberg and her family are making a short stay: it is hoped that he may be accepted for one of the Princesses, which would cause great exultation here at the *château*, as all attempts hitherto to procure him a wife have proved unsuccessful, from a dread of the uncertain tenure by which his father holds his crown.

*Saturday, 27th.* — Mademoiselle Lenormand is not infallible: there is no appearance of insurrection to-day, but there certainly has been a fall in the funds since her prediction, owing to the Spanish intervention. The French seem particularly prone to credulity in these matters, and the trade of fortune-teller is not one of the least lucrative in Paris; it is carried on openly, and subject to no legal penalties as in England. The different memoirs attest many communications made to the Kings of France by apparitions or inspired individuals, particularly that of the Blacksmith from the forest of Senars to Louis XIV.; but there exists still in this neighbourhood, between Versailles and Rambouillet, a labouring man, who had several interviews with Louis XVIII. of a warning nature. It was his custom whenever he received the inspired commission, to place himself in the custody of the *gens-d'armes* belonging to his *arrondissement*, and request to be led to the Royal presence, which, having once accomplished, orders were given that in future he should always be admitted. I have it from one who stood high in the confidence of that court, that

he constantly warned Louis XVIII. of the fate which awaited Charles X., and that he counselled him to use every means of strengthening his throne during his own lifetime, that fewer difficulties might remain to be encountered by the weakness of his successor. It was in consequence of this warning that Louis XVIII., shortly before his death, issued an ordinance to abolish the liberty of the press in France; which passed without resistance. His speech on that occasion is well remembered: "Un Roi qui touche à sa mort peut ôser de faire ce qu'un Roi à son avènement ne pourrait même contempler."

The first thing that Charles X. did on his accession was to revoke this salutary enactment, in order to obtain a fleeting popularity; and when he at last found the error he had committed,—when after ill-judged severities on one side, and as ill-judged concessions on the other, he found the throne itself in jeopardy, a rash and hasty recurrence to the measure of his predecessor only accelerated his ruin, and fulfilled his predicted destiny.

A letter from G—— this morning says, "Meetings are held at the Duke's, but little hopes of change for the present. Pozzo seems as sulky as a bear. Two days ago I was with the Duke, who spoke very kindly about you, and hoped 'by and by to be of use to you.' I was much pleased at his manner, which was *striking* for *him*."

*Sunday, 28th.*—I heard this morning a singular anecdote. M. Auguet was attached to the Bourbon family, and followed them to their exile at Holyrood House; he afterwards determined, for some motive or other, to retire to Spain, and requested Charles X. to give him letters of introduction to that country. He was accordingly furnished by him with letters to the King Ferdinand, to Don Carlos, and to the Duchess of Berry. He established himself in Spain, and was warmly protected by the Royal family. At the death of Ferdinand, he followed the fortunes of Don Carlos, was with him in England, and accompanied him during his escape from thence through France into Spain, which has been matter of so much comment, and has been attempted to be denied by the French Government, in order to excuse the neglect of their police, whose vigilance they deceived. It is however a fact, that Don Carlos, accompanied by M.—, embarked at Brighton, landed at Dieppe, and stayed two days at Paris, visited M. Jauge the banker, and then proceeded by Bayonne into Spain.

On leaving Paris in a postchaise, they passed over the Place de Louis XV., and nearly on the spot where Louis XVI. was be-

headed they met Louis-Philippe, in his great omnibus with eight horses, surrounded by the Queen, the Princesses, and Madame Adelaide, &c., driving towards Neuilly. Auguet was the first who observed the cavalcade, and turning to his companion, said, "Voyez donc, Sire, voilà votre Cousin ;" upon which Don Carlos, excited by his curiosity, put his head out of the window, and Louis-Philippe mistaking the action of the Prince for a mark of respect from some one who wished to salute him, which from its rarity he is always anxious to return, took off his hat, and made a formal bow to the very person whom he would at the time have been most desirous of placing under arrest.

The travellers then continued their journey, smiling at the mistake ; but when they arrived near the frontier, no post-horses were to be procured in the town, and so little suspicion had been created by their appearance, that they absolutely procured by a bribe, the troop-horses of two gens-d'armes stationed in the neighbourhood, upon which they mounted, and crossed the small river which separates the two countries ; thus owing their safety to the police itself.

*Monday, 29th.* — The telegraph announces that General Zumalcarraguy died on the 25th instant, in consequence of his late wound in the thigh ; the loss of his personal influence in Navarre will be severely felt by Don Carlos ; but if his cause is likely to prosper, it cannot depend on the life of one single individual. Don Carlos and Queen Christina themselves are only ostensible rallying points, the real struggle is between the two great principles independent of all family interests ; and the idea once entertained of conciliating the adverse parties by a treaty of marriage would be useless and nugatory.

On Friday night, the Whigs brought in their Irish Tithe Bill, the resolutions in which are even more appropriate of church property than was expected. As long as they can keep their places, they care not upon what terms they maintain them.

*Tuesday, 30th.* — After a fortnight of storm, cold, and rain, like the month of November, the weather again begins to be mild, but our summer must be short.

Louis-Philippe, when he defaced the fleurs-de-lis from his arms in 1830, had a precedent in his own family for this act of *poltronnerie*. His father, Philippe Egalité, committed the same *bassesse* when the first revolution broke out in 1789 ; upon which occasion M. de Crequy remarked, "Qu'il avait gratté de son écusson ce qu'on auroit dû lui marquer sur l'épaule."

*Wednesday, July 1st.* — The trials before the Peers still con-

tinue, without exciting any interest beyond the doors of the Luxembourg, though the language held by the prisoners is of the most violent description, and grating to the ears of royalty. As an example, the prisoner Reverchon said yesterday, that he and his companions were "the enemies of the present power which governed the destinies of France, and the partisans of a natural and rational power, which had the future in its favour. It was for a jury to try the prisoners, who refused to enter upon their defence before the exceptional jurisdiction of a star-chamber, composed of judges seated with swords by their sides. Among those judges were men to whom he (the prisoner) could say: 'Brothers and good cousins,—Where are your oaths?' The prisoners had long regarded their lives as not belonging to themselves. They had been prevented from choosing their own counsel; but he would not be prevented from telling the Peers that there (pointing to the Avenue of the Observatory) walked the shade of a murdered hero! (Violent murmurs.) The Peers might call themselves the devoted servants of the monarch of their choice: he was not the first whom they had served. The law officers of the crown might demand the lives of one hundred and twenty individuals; but they might at least refrain from asserting that it was for their own sakes that the prisoners had been restricted in their means of defence, thrown into unwholesome dungeons, supplied with food such as dogs would refuse, and exposed to the most atrocious moral torture that could be inflicted on any one. But even this odious tyranny could not shake the firmness of a Republican. He (the prisoner) had been torn from his family, from his wife, from his children, one of whom, though not more than twelve years of age, had written to him in these terms: 'The tyrant Philippe and his valets wish to kill you; but we will avenge you: the future is ours.' These prophetic words would shortly be realised; and the peers, who now heard him, might yet live to witness the exile of the last of their kings. Every circumstance portended that such an event was not far distant." The prisoner then avowed his participation in the insurrection of April, and explained the motives on which he had first acted from its outbreak: "Noble peers," said he, in conclusion, "here is my breast! Strike, if you have the force to strike; for on the seats on which you now sit, I can see only corpses!"

It was highly imprudent to have departed from the usual forms of law, and summoned the peerage to hear language which now gains double publicity. Lord Melbourne has appointed Lord

Durham ambassador to St. Petersburg, which may, in some degree, account for Pozzo's ill-humour in London. It is evidently a nomination to flatter the Radical party. If the Tories showed an ultra feeling in appointing Lord Londonderry, the Whigs have equally gone into the extreme on the other side.

*Thursday, 2nd.* — The Court of Peers have condemned Reverchon, for an offence against the person of the king, to five years' imprisonment, a fine of 5000 francs, and the loss of civil rights for five years, independent of any further sentence which may be awarded for the political crimes under which he is arraigned on this trial.

One of the most remarkable writers in France is undoubtedly Victor Hugo, though some objections have been made to the scenes of horror which he occasionally introduces on the stage. The following commentary on his works and genius is not without interest, as coming from the pen of an Englishman:—

“We are great admirers of the dramatic genius of Victor Hugo, and of the courage with which he has always endeavoured to employ the theatre as a means of conveying truth to society. There may be some differences of opinion as to what he really effects; but there can be no denial of the intention, or (we think) of the power with which he directs it. If he has committed any errors, it has been through an extreme desire to avoid the errors of others, and to attain a higher point of moral influence and usefulness than others have sought to attain.

“He has been accused of exaggeration and grossness; no one could ever accuse him of flimsiness, of extravagance; no one could lay affectation to his charge, or a want of refinement; never, with any justice, of a want of truth and nature! Some of these charges we have no hesitation in admitting, while we retain all our admiration of Victor Hugo. We think them incidental, indeed, to the path he struck out for himself so boldly. A man cannot write down intolerable abuses, and then write as if they had never existed. A new dramatic poet of France, who has heaved the ground from under the feet of the admirers of Corneille, and Racine, and Voltaire, must, that he may make himself even heard amidst the roar of opinions loosened from their accustomed hold, speak out himself more loudly, and with more exactness, than he would otherwise think either necessary or appropriate. It is fair to consider, too, the agent with which he works, and whether many things, that are ascribed to a want in him, should not be in reality referred to a want in the agent. On the stage, for instance, in the absence of very great actors, other

means of effect must be occasionally used ; and in the hands of a man of genius, we can scarcely object to trust them. We are not afraid that our sufferance in his case will lead to an undue toleration of others. There are few painters to whom we would grant the use of a positive relief of paint, because Rembrandt uses it upon his altar-piece of his 'Woman taken in Adultery.'

"The power of a great conception warrants a particular indulgence. Victor Hugo's object is immediate, and so, therefore, must be his means. He wishes to strike a great blow at present, and can trust nothing to the gradual operation of taste and manners. He will not write with the impression that posterity need be his only care. He believes the theatre to have a great and serious mission to accomplish in the present, and of the greatest importance to humanity. He knows what is ordinarily expected from it ; none better than he : — curiosity, interest, amusement, laughter, tears, never-ending observation of all that nature owns ; but he would hold it incomplete indeed, and useless, if to all these characteristics, true only in their ability to please, he could not add a power to instruct. He would not have any audience quit the theatre without carrying away with them 'quelque moralité austère et profonde,' something which should survive beyond the mere renown and power of the poet in the very hearts of the multitude : and he aims at this by no remote means. He would accomplish it simply by withdrawing his genius from the service of any party, or of any form of society, and by devoting it to the service of humanity. He would enlarge the sphere of the poet's art, show him best how to secure the sympathy of the present and the future, teach him his influence and usefulness towards the great work of civilisation, and makes his art a *power*. A few words out of Shakspere, of whom he professes himself the most devoted and the humblest of disciples, will show his principal means of accomplishing this.

"He would discern the soul of good in things evil ; he would penetrate under the surface of society, — deal out to the great the consideration of the little, and to the little the measure of the great, — teach the crowds of the theatre, that there is often a little evil in the best, and almost always some good in the worst, — and so to the bad give hope, and to the good indulgence."

*Saturday, 4th.* — In consequence of the enrolments which are taking place for Spain, in England, the French Government — not wishing to appear backward in the cause, published a notice from the Prefect of the Seine for the same purpose in Paris ; but the determination is suddenly changed, and the parties who offer

to enlist are told, that a counter order has been received for the present.

*Sunday, 5th.* — The Duke of Orleans continues his journey in Switzerland, but the Würtemberg family has taken flight, and returned to their own dominions.

Transports have sailed from Toulon for Algiers, to convey the French Legion to Spain, and 500 of the motley band have sailed from the Tower of London, for the same destination.

*Monday, 6th.* — I was in Paris for a few hours; at the embassy I learnt that Lord Durham is to proceed to Constantinople on his way to St. Petersburg, that he may form his opinion of the affairs of the East on the spot. Fred. Byng was there on his annual visit to inspect repairs, &c., at the hotel, and going on a tour to Bordeaux, &c.

Letters from England say, that party feeling in society is more bitter than ever, that London is still very gay; but as all the fêtes and amusements are given by the Tory party, the Whigs are quite in the background. The King does not notice them.

*Tuesday, 7th.* — The wheels of this old world seem worn by jerks, but every jerk increases their velocity. Ages formerly gave less wear and tear than *lustra* latterly — nations had their routine — society was almost stationary. There were scarcely but two classes, — conquerors and conquered, despots and slaves, — and force or corruption was the order of the day.

At length a new spirit arose; mind, like a giant refreshed with sleep, started up, and man became a new agent. What came next? A new series of events partly the cause, partly the consequence. Printing and protestantism, the compass and Columbus; the nations had a new chain — the new lights were their new links: the portals of long-benighted ages were unclosed, and the aspect of the world was changed. What has done all this? A new process, a new process in civilisation.

Civilisation has its species, its modes, its types, its epochs: it developes man the individual, as well as man in the mass. Go to the savage and learn his art. Seek the nations and mark their ages by the tablets of civilisation. It has its classes; these classes have their conflicts with each other; and these conflicts are sometimes as strange as between refinement and barbarism. We call antiquity barbarous, because our claims to civilisation are so different — posterity may call us the same, for we shall be antiquity to them. Civilisation moves on; it has its monuments, but it has also its milestones, and, like the great orb that enlightens us, its risings and settings.



When the north and west were dark, the south and east were in glory, the Chaldeans flourished and Babylon fell. Egypt hands her arts to Greece, the pilgrim looks to her pyramids, the isles show their temples and tombs. Rome the young barbarian running her course called all others barbarians, till Attila came with his Huns: then came Christianity with all its agents and instruments; then chivalry with all its modes, and the Arabs with their arts; then the monks, the monarchs, and the Church, and at length comes Mind; here a new process appears, here a new progress is marked; nations hurry on in its march, and civilisation takes its round to the west.

The philosophy of revolutions, unlike their politics, is but the common philosophy of things around us; the physical, like the moral, world has its tablets to date from, and nature, like nations, its chapter and chronology. We distinguish natural from national revolutions by saying, that one works in a chain, the other in a circle, in like manner as we distinguish history itself; but even here their philosophy is united, for the chain may roll out into the circle, and the circle be bound up in the chain. This is of no importance; circles and chains bind up all things — nothing stops short — nothing stands still. The death of the animal gives life to the vegetable, that of the vegetable to the animal: the mineral stands apart, but the mountain wears down. With the sun's last beam comes the first star's brightness; when the last star has faded, dawn begins to break. There is a great law above, and abroad, in the skies, and in the earth, in man, and in the worm: we all know it, action and reaction, motion and change; but we forget it; our passions blind us; we exaggerate our own little circle within the great one, and like the fly on the chariot-wheel cry, "what a dust we make!" instead of marking the great mandate here assigned, instead of mounting the height and looking out on the main, we stand on the shore; the foam dashes around; we listen to the roar, but are deaf to the warning it conveys. Look at it in events now going on, look at it in the modern nations — go to the ancients, — use tending to abuse, abuse tending to resistance, resistance to reform, and reform often going back to begin the circle.

When revolutions are mere reforms, we see their proud light shining on, and the pure realms they lead to; but when the passions fling in their brands, and brute force is summoned forth, we shrink from their blaze, we turn away in despair, and prefer despotism with its laws to liberty with its terrors. If the Reformation was the insurrection, the French Revolution was the

explosion, of mind: we call it the great landmark of our age, but it will be the landmark of ages to come.

England escaped the convulsion, but not the contagion; the sparks that rose so near, fell in the waves that guard our isle; but the air was heated, and the glow breaks out; everywhere the proud spires of our sacred edifices rose up as *paratonnerres*; but though they averted the flash, they could scarcely divert the commotion. With the new century, therefore, a new scene opened on us; it found us deep in the struggle—the cause was sacred, our altars and homes—when other nations were worn with their woe, England ever watchful at the trembling helm, her greatness grew with the madness of the gale, her bosom hung on the wings of the storm; it was a glorious sight, all looked to her confidently, many loved her sincerely, her features were strongly marked, her barriers staunch and stern.

What produced this paroxysm of public spirit? Our union of all classes. What gave us the victory? Our credit and resources. What was each founded on? The nature of our constitution. It was not our brave hearts and hands that bore us through the fight; but it was that glorious political principle, by which these hearts and hands could pull together. How did this principle differ from that of other states? By having that intermediate power working through all parts, by which none could be displaced without displacing that next to it. What was this power and principle? Our aristocracy.

A strange day came at last—a day of peace. How did it find us? During our struggles all seemed prosperous, all seemed employed, and money circulated in every channel; commerce found new colonies, agriculture new products, manufactures a new impulse: in short, our resources seemed growing from our exigencies, and the greater the pressure the higher we seemed to rise; but it was a straining, a stress, an unnatural state of things: like a wheel loaded with weights, or one of our own steam machines, we whirled on by our own momentum, but without safety-valve or regulator. Peace came—the wheel stopped, our energies were dislocated; we looked about us—we saw the game we had been playing; we saw the inequalities of condition it had given rise to; the rich made richer, the poor poorer, hundreds having gained, thousands having lost.

We gained the race amidst the nations, we then turned to race amidst ourselves: when public spirit ebbs, party spirit rushes in, and when party spirit gains certain heights, what does it not deluge?

*Wednesday, 8th.* — The great modern trial between England and France, has been *depth* versus *diffusion* or *vice versâ*; in the one all accumulating, in the other all spreading out. France is purely agricultural: the division of the soil by her revolution gave each man an interest in it, and therefore the wealth was no more in holes and corners. This new division produced of course new industry, and with new industry came new ambition; but how did this operate? The great moral principle of the revolution was to equalise society, as its natural principle was to equalise the land, and thus the sentiments of diffusion became the sentiment of democracy.

Now what has been going on with us at the same time? With the first of the storm we thought that all the governments were mob-menaced, and we therefore attacked their democracy in the mere cause of good order; but when their King, nobles, and all fell, our spirit rose higher, and we clung around that class which had supported us.

Against this class in France, revolutionary vengeance was hurled; it was not against the monarch, but as the monarch was the head of the aristocracy.

Thirty thousand privileged families had absorbed the land; forty millions of acres had lain bare; the mere cultivation of such was a rush of new wealth, and commerce and agriculture united had new products.

England had nothing of this: she looked abroad more than at home, but yet she mingled all: ships, colonies, commerce, agriculture, manufactures, united their interests. This created public spirit and patriotism: our nobles supported us, they infused themselves into all our interests, and society was one great field of aristocracy.

Peace soon showed this; ranks and classes multiplied and extended; and the whole wheel coming to a full stop, showed us plainly what was before us. This would have been of less importance, if we could have lived and laid by like old Holland on her savings; but we had new struggles to contend with; England was no longer the bazaar of the nations, her monopoly was over, and we had to meet them in their own markets; fortunately new resources came to us: we had laid aside the arts of war; new impulses gave rise to other arts; and steam and machinery rose up as protecting genii. But what did this exhibit? It lengthened the moneyed chain; it lessened hands, when population was pressing; it showed depth, but not diffusion. Commerce tends to spread, manufactures to accumulate.

*Thursday, 9th.*—In old France circles and classes were never marked by *manners*. The real distinction was immense, and therefore the apparent sought to hide, or at least to soften it, social feeling being the national feeling. This alone promoted ease, and where there is ease, there is not vulgarity. It was necessary to introduce the small coin of complaisance, which soon became current in the realm. From constant friction, it is true, it could seldom show its value, but still ceremony printed certain letters on it, and the whole passed for politeness: this arose from the school of Louis XIV.: under Louis XV. commercial wealth rushed in for a time with its rudeness, but in the last half century all was subverted. The nobles now descended, the people ascended, both met midway, and the cottage no more copied the court. The social feeling was therefore a little disturbed; ambition and wealth gradually crept in, but still the only real distinctions were proprietorship; these proprietors never could be great, and the love of equality was still in the nation. In so short an interval, therefore, between the death of one kind of aristocracy and the birth of another, there was no time for a new system of manners, no occasion for vulgarity to start forth. Vulgarity only arises when opposite classes mix together: vulgarity is unknown in France as a distinct sentiment, because all have the sentiment of ease and equality. Society is the Frenchman's great school; he looks to the mass, not to the individual; he has certain duties in this school to perform, which by means of certain machinery he can easily do; and therefore anything awkward or glossy would put him out of his way, which he hates. Vulgarity was the levelling feeling of the Revolution, by giving the lower orders brevet rank; but vulgarity could never show itself when all became vulgar together.

In England vulgarity is a modern monster, full grown, full fed, and dressed, and therefore more hideous than in its native deformity; it is a miasma, a plague, a pestilence; it has its colours, classes, and odours, like aristocracies, and our nice sense of difference and distinctions in the one, corresponds pretty nearly with those of the other. Of old, our strainings for gentility were few; we gave it up to our neighbours, battled and brawled about our liberties, and called them courtiers and slaves.

This would do no longer, when we met them after peace; they had got our liberties and laws, and we thought we must get their manners. It, however, was not so much an affair of rivalry with them, as of self-defence for ourselves. New glories and wealth had been showered down upon us. The wheel of fortune had

taken such jerks, that dirt was flinging up as dignity was flinging down, and therefore a new school of manners became necessary. Here gentility and vulgarity got their distinct tickets and labels, and in calling our friend a "gentlemanly man," we summed up his entire character. This, however, had nothing to do with Chesterfield. Politeness is of two kinds, moral and mechanical: the one mere friction externally, the other an internal sentiment. True politeness partakes of both, and seeks to make others as easy as itself. How could this be, when circles were all clashing, when each sought its own exclusiveness, and when the art of ingeniously cutting was the art of ingeniously tormenting?

The mere term Aristocracy, is now becoming ill-favoured. Pride must have its fall: and like the punishment of the Roman General at Carthage, the rapidity of the descent only increases its torture. In France it has undergone its fate, but we are differently circumstanced. Their Revolution destroyed it; the Restoration revived it; the barricades of 1830 brought in a new power, and our Reform threatens to do the same.

Poor Mathews, the comedian, is dead: "he is gone, with his gibes and his jokes." He was a worthy man, an entertaining companion, an excellent mimic, but no ventriloquist, though by the modulations of his voice he attempted to appear so. The first time I ever saw Mathews was at my own house at dinner. Pope, the actor, had been drawing my poor wife's picture in crayons, for which he had a peculiar talent. He brought him to dine with me; and his imitations of Kemble, Munden, Bannister, Quick, &c., were *inimitable*. Pope, in the course of conversation, alluded to some old gentleman in the country, who was so madly attached to the society of Mathews, that whenever he came to town, he went straight to his house, and if he did not find him at home, would trace him, and follow him wherever he might happen to be. This did not excite much attention; but at about nine o'clock, we all heard a tremendous rap at the street door, and my servant came in to say that a gentleman was in the hall, who insisted on speaking with Mr. Mathews. The latter appeared very much disconcerted, made many apologies for the intrusion, and said that he would get rid of him instantly, as he doubtless must be the individual who so frequently annoyed him.

As soon as he had retired, we heard a very noisy dialogue in the hall, between Mathews and his friend, who insisted on coming in, and joining the party, while the other as urgently insisted on his retreat. At length the door opened, and in walked a most extraordinary figure, who sat down in Mathews's place, filled

himself a tumbler of claret, which he pronounced to be execrable, and began in the most impudent manner to claim acquaintance with all the party, and say the most ridiculous things to every one. We were all, for the moment, thrown off our guard; but we soon detected our versatile companion, who had really not taken three minutes to tie up his nose with a string, put on a wig, and otherwise so metamorphose himself, that it was almost impossible to recognise him. Of that party were also Tom Sheridan, C. Calvert, and R. Calvert, all of whom, alas! are now numbered with the dead.

Mathews had one peculiarly good quality, which may rather be called good sense, and formed a contrast to many of his contemporaries. He was always amiable and obliging in company, and ready to enliven a party with his talents; whereas, I have seen many others who refuse every proposal to assist hilarity, lest it should be supposed they were asked merely for that purpose.

*Friday, 10th.*—We rode yesterday through the forest towards Meudon. The scenery is beautiful. Versailles is surrounded by woods of great extent, which are pierced in every direction by alleys, and form the most agreeable rides and drives for many miles in every direction; but the great defect in the prospect is a want of water, where the Seine is not visible.

Lord Suffield, who, some days ago, had a severe fall from his horse, when riding in the streets of London, died on the 7th instant, in consequence of the injury which he received.

We found the old Duc de Grammont, who has a house at St. Germain, where he passes the summer, this evening at the Guiches'.

They said that at one time so little hopes were entertained of a restoration in France, that the Duc de Polignac and his brothers Jules and Melchior joined to form a colony on the shores of the Black Sea, near to Odessa. They collected fifteen Russian families for that purpose, and began a settlement; but the Duc de Polignac soon abandoned the scheme, and the project was sold for 100,000 francs. It has since flourished in other hands, and a town has been built, which is called Polignacoff, and which now carries on a very extensive commerce on that sea.

*Saturday, 11th.*—The tulip mania, which formerly existed in Holland, is not yet extinct, as appears by the following notice:—“A new tulip, reared by M. Patrix, a gardener in Ghent, and which the Society of Florists of the town has named ‘the Citadel of Antwerp,’ has lately been purchased by M. Vanderninck, a horticulturist of Amsterdam, at the price of 16,000 francs.”

M. Thiers is the great advocate in the cabinet for intervention in the affairs of Spain; he had even brought round or bullied MM. de Broglie and Guizot to his opinion, and the King, who was averse to the measure, sent for M. de Talleyrand, from his seat in Normandy, to come to his assistance. In the meantime, Medem, as Russian chargé d'affaires, jointly with the representatives of Prussia and Austria, were not backward in making their remonstrances.

It is said that M. de Talleyrand has been successful in counter-persuading the cabinet as to the enrolments here, which accounts for the contradictory orders which have been issued by the prefect of the Seine. He is since gone to Bourbon for the benefit of the waters, according to his annual custom.

The "Chronique de Paris," alluding to the talked-of marriage of the Duke of Orleans, says: "La vérité est que l'Europe ne croit pas à la consistance de cette couronne, et puis, il y a dans la noblesse Allemande un sentiment de famille, qui rend toujours odieux les changemens de dynastie. Il s'en suivra que M. le Duc d'Orléans aurait trouvé un meilleur parti princier, s'il était resté Duc de Chartres, qu'avec sa haute dignité de prince royal, avec son écusson vide, son Coq Gaulois, et ses deux ou trois drapeaux tricolores, qui se promettent majestueusement au pied des glaciers de la Suisse. Que n'épouse-t-il donc une simple bourgeoise?"

*Monday, 13th.*—The French Government had placed at the disposal of M. Jessier the sloop of war "La Mesange," to make his philosophical observations and soundings on the coast of the Black Sea; Admiral Roussin, having demanded from the Porte a firman to permit the entry of this expedition, has received a reply from the Reis Effendi, that the late treaty of Unkiar Skelessi interdicted the navigation of the Black Sea to any ships of war, except those of Russia. Lord Ponsonby has likewise met with a similar refusal for a British steam-boat, bearer of an envoy from England to the court of Trebizond. We shall see what reception is reserved for my Lord Durham, when he arrives at the Straits, on his circuitous route to St. Petersburg.

When Matuszewitz said to me, two years and a half ago, that Turkey would be a *Belgium* for Russia, he did not speak at random; and when Pozzo told me in Paris, in 1833, that Russia would make any concessions to the Duke, if he returned to power (see October 8th, 1833), we may thank the Whigs for this national insult. The "Chronique" remarks: "Et croit-on que l'Angleterre remuera? Pas le moins du monde, elle subira cet affront sans murmurer, car la première condition du principe ré-

volutionnaire est de jeter les peuples ou dans une guerre violente ou dans une complète inertie."

*Tuesday, 14th.*—Several of the prisoners confined in St. Pelagie, who are on their trial before the peers, contrived yesterday to make their escape. It would have been a relief to the government if they had all disappeared; but several refused to join their comrades in the attempt, which was effected by digging a subterraneous passage from the prison into a neighbouring garden, in the Rue Copeau.

The marriage between Prince Leopold of Naples and the Princess Marie, daughter of Louis-Philippe, is declared.

The cholera is raging with great violence at Toulon. All classes are panic-struck, more than two-thirds of the shops are shut up, one hundred and forty-one deaths have occurred in forty-eight hours, and the town has become a complete desert.

A box at the French Opera has suddenly become vacant by a singular coincidence. It was occupied by two friends, the Counts Delabatue and Dubourg, *roués* of the first class in Paris, and the former very notorious, during the carnival, by his carriage and six horses full of maskers, which made a sensation on the Boulevards. They are both dead. Delabatue died suddenly at an inn at Pisa; and Dubourg, on the very same day, was thrown from his horse, near St. Cloud, and killed on the spot.

F. Howard is to join his uncle, Lord Durham, as attaché at St. Petersburg.

*Wednesday, 15th.*—A Letter from a Whig in London, seems to acknowledge that the Melbourne Ministry is tottering. The writer owns to the following statement of its adherents and its adversaries in the country:—

FOR THE TORIES.

The King.

The House of Lords.

The Church.

The Bar, and all the Law.

A large minority in the Commons.

The agricultural interest.

The moneyed interest generally.

FOR THE WHIGS.

A small majority in the Commons.

The manufacturing towns.

A portion of the rabble

G— writes that the King is impatient to give them their dismissal. The Duke of Wellington is now received with the greatest applause wherever he appears. At the Cambridge festival, the other day, he was received, not only by the different colleges, but by all the surrounding yeomanry, with the most



signal honour; at Vauxhall and at a grand review in Hyde Park, he was greeted with a burst of enthusiasm. After the experience of the past, it would be rash to be sanguine; but it would really appear as if the country was becoming at last indignant at a reckless faction, which, for its own selfish purposes of place, was ready to destroy the institutions of the country. Wherever the ministers appear they meet with the most perfect neglect and indifference. The contrast must be galling to them.

*Thursday, 16th.*—Some two years ago, at Vienna, when M. de St. Aulaire, who is remarkable for esprit and politesse, was the Ambassador of France at that court, a soirée was given by the Princess Metternich, which was attended by the whole corps diplomatique, among whom was the envoy from Sweden, who requested M. de St. Aulaire to present him to the lady of the house. The latter immediately approached the Princess, and demanded permission to introduce him, when he was greeted with the following reply: “*Fi donc, M. l’Ambassadeur, vous savez que je ne peux pas souffrir les illégitimes.*” Without being thrown off his guard, M. de St. Aulaire bowed and said, with a smile: “*Ah, Madame, vous êtes toujours charmante et pleine de malice!*”

When my poor friend Lord Dudley was at Vienna (it must have been about the year 1817, before his father’s death, when he was Mr. Ward), he was dining one day at the table of Prince Metternich, with a large party, when the conversation turned on the merits of Napoleon as a great general. Every one gave his opinion according to his own impressions, except Ward, who remained silent. Prince Metternich then addressed himself to him, and asked what he thought of the hero’s career. When Ward, curling up his lip, as was his practice when he said anything emphatic, made that reply which, for its finesse, has been often quoted and admired in Europe: “*Mon Prince, je ne suis pas militaire, mais il me semble qu’il a rendu la gloire passée douteuse, et la renommée future impossible.*”

The Marshal Maison was also French ambassador at Vienna; but a great contrast in manners and refinement to M. de St. Aulaire. This marshal had a mother of very low birth and homely manners, who had never seen any society but that of the province in which she had resided. She was invited by her son to Paris, and installed in a large hotel which he inhabited, in the Faubourg St. Honoré, nearly opposite to the English Embassy, where she chiefly passed her time in the porter’s lodge, conversing with the servants and tradesmen in the neighbourhood. One day,

the marshal gave a grand dinner to some of the most distinguished persons in Paris, at which his mother likewise was present. She was in ecstasy at seeing him surrounded by such magnificence, and listened for a time in silence to all he said; at last, unable to contain herself, and exulting in the idea that she could be the mother of so great a man, she cried out, "Et moi, je suis sa mère! Qui auroit crû que moi j'ai porté ce grand homme dans mon ventre, qu'il a été dans mon corps?" The company were astonished, and the marshal was confused; he could only say: "Merci, ma mère; c'est assez; je vous prie, je vous en supplie, de grâce."

*Friday, 17th.* — The death of General Valdez, commanding the queen's troops, in a state of mental derangement, is announced from Miranda.

In the House of Lords, Lord Radnor's Bill for abolishing the subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles in the Universities, which was warmly supported by the Government, was thrown out by a majority of 163 against 57. This may give some idea of the fate of the Church Reform Bill.

Lord Wiltshire told us an anecdote of the Princess Metternich, which passed in his hearing at Vienna. One evening, she appeared with a splendid crown of diamonds on her head, which was much admired. M. de St. Aulaire went up to her and said, "Votre couronne est magnifique, Princesse, et vous va parfaitement." "Oui, Excellence," she replied, "du moins n'est elle pas volée." The ambassador of Louis-Philippe was not so ready in his reply as on the former occasion. The royalty of July is doomed to meet with many rebuffs.

*Saturday, 18th.* — The pageant of the Giant of Antwerp took place on the 14th, in that town, before Leopold and his queen. It is called Druon Antiguon, said to have been the founder of Antwerp, and who was killed by a captain of Julius Cæsar's army, named Brabo, from whom is derived the appellation of Brabant. After this event, all persons who refused to pay the conqueror the tax imposed on the navigation of the Scheldt had their hands cut off, and were thrown into the river. Hence it is that the bearings in the shield of the arms of Antwerp, are two hands. The present figure of the giant was made in 1567, by a sculptor named Van Aelst, the more ancient figure, which was exhibited for the last time at the entrance of Philip II. at Antwerp, having fallen into decay. The height of the giant was so great, that it was necessary to take away all the lamps and lamp chains which crossed his line of march. He was preceded by an

enormous whale, which completely filled the middle of the Place de Meir, flapping his immense fins, and throwing up from his mouth and nostrils fountains of water, which inundated all who came within twenty yards of him, thus effectually clearing the way. Next followed two dolphins, mounted each by a young Triton; then came several small boats, filled with children in sailors' dresses; a large vessel, filled with numerous mariners, who rent the air with shouts of "Vive le Roi," and "Vive la Reine." At length appeared the mighty Druon Antiguon, followed by the goddess Minerva, each in a triumphal car, drawn by six horses. The giant wore a cuirass and arms, after the fashion of the Romans, but his helmet was adorned with a tricoloured plume of feathers, and he wore a scarf of the national colours of Belgium. On arriving in front of the palace the doughty champion halted, and, having bowed respectfully to the king and queen, who were placed in a balcony to receive his homage, he returned to the place from whence he came. A representative of Vulcan was to have graced the ceremony, but he had become too much worn out with age to make his appearance. In 1810, when Napoleon and Marie-Louise visited Antwerp, after their marriage, the corporation of blacksmiths, who followed the fabulous god, forged, under the windows of the palace, an iron crown, which Vulcan, from his size, was able to present to the emperor at the balcony.

When Mr. Ward (the late Earl of Dudley) was presented at the Tuileries to Louis XVIII., the king, who knew he was a profound classical scholar, addressed him with a quotation from Virgil. He could not have chosen his author more fortunately for Ward, who knew it almost by heart, and when Louis had finished, he took up the passage, and continued the quotation. The king was delighted: he began in another place, and Ward, in return, followed in his wake. In this way, they went on for above ten minutes, like scholars in a class, to the great astonishment of the surrounding courtiers, who probably did not understand a word of this mysterious discourse. At last Louis stopped, and said, with evident marks of satisfaction, "Monsieur, je vous cède la palme!"

*Sunday, 19th.* — There is a hitch in the marriage between the Prince of Syracuse and Princess Marie, it is said on account of money. The "Chronique" remarks, "C'est une fatalité du Roi des Français de voir toujours attaché à sa personne une question d'argent et de liste civile."

There is much rumour about an attempt to assassinate the King

at Neuilly, of which no proof exists, and which nobody believes. The papers openly assert that it is a mere pretext to obtain a regiment of body guards for the monarchy of the barricades.

*Monday, 20th.*—Madame de — followed the family of the Bourbons to Holyrood House, but instead of trying to keep up the spirits of the party, she caused an additional gloom by her unceasing lamentations at their exile. Charles X. attempted to remonstrate with her, by alluding to her former emigration which she had born with such fortitude. She said, “Le premier exil fut glorieux, mais celui-ci est honteux ;” to which the King replied, “Le fait est, Madame —, qu’alors vous étiez jeune et jolie, maintenant vous êtes vieille et laide ; voilà la différence.” The journey was sad enough for all parties, but amidst all their forebodings of the future, not one of the royal family would believe it possible that the Duke of Orleans would seize the Crown ; “Jamais il ne prendra notre place,” was their constant remark ; and it was only when Madame la Dauphine received that celebrated hypocrite’s letter from the Duchess of Orleans, beginning with “Vous êtes bien plus heureux que nous,” that their eyes began to be opened. Their flight was the height of imprudence and folly, and made the game of their enemies sure.

*Tuesday, 21st.*—Count d’Erlon is recalled from Algiers, and is succeeded by Marshal Clausel.

An engagement has taken place between the French troops under General Trezel, and the Arabs under Abdel Kader, in which the former have been overpowered by numbers, and lost 500 or 600 men. The result of the colony seems still doubtful. In the list of killed in the engagement is Colonel Oudinot, son of the Marshal.

*Wednesday, 22nd.*—Madame d’Abrantes has published two more volumes of her Memoirs, in which she does not mention the Bourbons with much partiality or gratitude, whereas the Duc de Guiche informs me that they allowed her 24,000 fr. a year out of their private funds, which he regularly sent to her every half year by a man on horseback to Montreuil in this neighbourhood, where she resided. The authoress of these prolific Memoirs, which have already extended to eighteen volumes, is now left in very reduced circumstances. The facts which she relates are amusing, but not sufficiently accurate to guide the future historian ; they are distorted throughout by personal vanity, and a wish to raise her own importance. Whoever could now see Madame d’Abrantes would be at a loss to recognise that *air de cour*, and high-bred manner, with the idea of which she attempts to impress the reader in her

own person. Her own conduct has given much handle for censure in the world: she has nearly caused the ruin of M. de Balancourt, *her friend*, who at one time paid 300,000 fr. for her; and her daughter, Mademoiselle Junot, who is a most estimable character, preferred a refuge in a convent to the irregularities which she witnessed in her mother's house.

Another celebrated authoress of the present day is Madame Dudevant, whose works have appeared in print under the name of G. Sand. She is a woman of superior talent, writes with great ease and elegance, as to style, though not much regulated by the principles of morality. Her novels of *Indiana*, *Valerie*, *Leoni*, are all written to illustrate her favourite axiom, — the inutility and the injustice of marriage, and the absorbing power of love in the female breast. The character of Talleyrand which I have extracted from the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*," was written by her. She is handsome, romantic, and her conduct through life has been consonant with the principles which she advocates in her writings. Another author of great celebrity in the present day is M. Balzac, whose novels are read with avidity, and paid highly by the booksellers. His stories are full of interest, his style is terse and peculiar to himself, abounding in wit and humour, his descriptions of private life accurately delineated, and presenting a true picture of French manners without exaggeration. His details of provincial life in *Eugénie Grandet*, and his description of the *Pension* in the *Père Goriot*, are painted with a truth and accuracy which are unrivalled. But with all this talent and this rare power of amusement, M. Balzac is saturated with the prevailing leaven in French literature of the day, a total want of morality in his subject, and very frequently even of delicacy in his descriptions. There are few of his works that can be submitted to the perusal of a well-disposed young woman, many that are too gross for the eye of any female. In this respect M. Balzac seems to have followed as much the bent of his own inclinations as the fashion of his contemporaries. I have no acquaintance with him myself, but I have heard ladies remark that his conversation was very much tinctured with the levity of his writings.

Eugène Sue is the C. Vernet in literature; he is the painter of maritime life, and his scenes are full of a thrilling interest. Here is the same national antipathy, the same courage, the same recklessness and superstition which characterise the British sailor; but in spite of all the *poésie* which M. Sue endeavours to throw round his heroes, it is evident that the French sailor is a more ferocious animal than his rival. His novels are upon the

whole inferior to the Red Rover, the Water Witch, and other productions of the same kind by the American Cooper. His details of the slave trade are written with some humour, though the atrocities are not concealed. The following is his type of the Corsaire.

“Le blasphème et la pipe à la bouche, fumant de la poudre à défaut de tabac, l’œil sanglant, et le corps couvert d’un réseau de cicatrices profondes à y fourrer le poing.”

There is yet more wit in French literature than formerly, because education has become more general ; but there is less depth of reasoning and wisdom, because there are few who soar above the crowd.

*Friday, 24th.*—During the debate on the Irish Church Bill on Wednesday, Sir Robert Peel made a long and eloquent speech ; but the disorderly conduct of the O’Connells created so much confusion that the House was adjourned to the following day.

*Sunday, 26th.*—Yesterday came on at the Assize Court the trial of Bancal the surgeon, who in March last murdered Madame Prioudland at an hotel in the Rue Neuve St. Augustin, intending at the same time to effect his own destruction by taking acetat de morphine and stabbing himself with a knife. He is since recovered, and after a long investigation of the facts, which prove their mutual intention to commit suicide, he was acquitted.

The following is a curious calculation of the proportion of the inhabitants of various countries, who are receiving the benefits of education. In Switzerland 1 in 6, in Bavaria and Baden 1 in 7, in Prussia and Scotland 1 in 10, in Bohemia 1 in 11, in Holland 1 in 12, in Austria proper 1 in 13, in Moravia 1 in 14, in England 1 in 16, in France 1 in 17, in other Austrian states 1 in 18, in the Venetian Provinces 1 in 30, in Denmark 1 in 33, in Italy 1 in 45, in Poland 1 in 80, in Galicia 1 in 83, in Portugal 1 in 84, in Spain 1 in 346, in Russia 1 in 954.

*Monday, 27th.* — Paris is in movement to begin the celebration of the anniversary of the Three Days ; and while the government amuses the populace with fêtes and shows, the advocates of those principles which achieved the Revolution are on their trial at the Luxembourg.

*Tuesday, 28th.* — After all Mdle. Lenormand has only failed in her prediction by one month ; instead of the twenty-eighth of June, the mischief has occurred on the twenty-eighth of July. While the king with his staff and his sons was proceeding along the Boulevard du Temple, a tremendous explosion was heard from a house opposite ; an infernal machine had poured forth a shower of balls

upon the cortège. Marshal Mortier, Duc de Trévisé, fell and expired without uttering a word. General de la Chasse de Vesigny was killed, and Captain Villate aide-de-camp to Marshal Maison, in all about fourteen victims, besides several wounded so dangerously that little hopes are entertained of their recovery.

Colonel de Rieussec of the 8th Legion of National Guards, who had just arrived at the spot, was struck down by three balls: he was our neighbour at Viroflay, and I had conversed with him for a long time last Sunday fortnight at the concert given by M. de Pigneux. This miserable slaughter has created a general shock and confusion. The king's horse received a wound in the neck, but neither he nor his family received any injury. The author of the murderous plot appears to have been a man of the working classes, about thirty-four years old: he had hired and lived in the room for a fortnight previous to the attempt, with no other sustenance than bread and water; during this time he had screwed into a frame of wood twenty-five gun-barrels pointed on the boulevard, which he ignited by a train of powder. His means of escape were prepared, but some of the barrels having burst during the explosion, he was so severely wounded in the head himself, that he was unable to avail himself of them, and was taken by the police who rushed into the house. His name is Girard. A delay of one second in lighting the train saved the lives of all the royal family.

The left-handed marriage of Prince Augustus of Prussia, with the daughter of a Prussian Major Ostrowski, has caused a powerful sensation at Berlin. He was born on the 13th of September, 1779. The young lady is of rare beauty.

Pigault-Lebrun, the novelist, died the other day at La Celle near St. Germain.

On the 10th inst. a wild goose was shot on a moor near Dantzic, with a brass collar round its neck bearing the following inscription in Dutch, — *Juis te Baak by Zutphen in Guelderland* 1800, which may be taken as evidence of the long life of the wild goose.

*Wednesday, 29th.* — Above 100 people have been arrested to-day on suspicion of being accessory to the plot, among these several editors of journals; and it is the general opinion that this act will be followed up by some severe enactments against the liberty of the press. Here there is the same dilemma which cost the Bourbons their throne; but the National Guard is so irritated by the late massacre, in which some of their comrades fell, that they will stand firm round the throne; and then will become evident the fatal

error which Charles X. committed, in disbanding that efficient force, which, if he had prudently conciliated it, would have preserved his crown in spite even of his ordinances and his bigotry. The country in fact is ruled by this force; and as their only object is to protect their shops and property from pillage, they will always stand by the powers that be against any symptoms of anarchy or confusion.

*Thursday, 30th.* — Girard is recovering from his wounds, but as yet little light is thrown on his accomplices; it appears certain that he was not alone in the room, and a man named Boiraud is taken up on suspicion; the first examination before a committee of the Peers has taken place.

*Friday, 31st.* — The Chancellor of the Exchequer has agreed for a loan of fifteen millions, to pay off the W. India indemnities. The funds have fallen about 1 per cent., they are 89 $\frac{3}{8}$ ; the French funds decline also: national credit is now so generalised in Europe that a demand for money in one quarter is sympathetically felt on every other exchange.

It is presumed that Girard will speak out and betray his accomplices, as it would appear that they had loaded five of the gun-barrels up to the muzzle, so that they must inevitably burst and destroy him who was left to fire the train, by which they hoped to avoid all trace of detection. The inconsistency of Louis-Philippe has long been a subject of ridicule, and he now finds how completely it has failed in its object. On assuming the reins of government his great point was to obtain popularity with the lower classes, for which contemptible object he would cheerfully court the most degrading familiarity with the mob, while in proportion as his power became more firmly established, he was aiming at the destruction of their liberties. He flattered himself that he could purchase the love of a whole nation by *des poignées de mains*, without any other claim on their gratitude.

During the first year after the Revolution it was the constant amusement of the Parisian mob to assemble in the evening before his windows in the court of the Palais Royal and call out *Vive Louis-Philippe!* In less than a minute he would appear in the balcony, bowing and grimacing to his loyal subjects; and when they began to sing *La Parisienne*, he would turn round with a theatrical air to embrace Lafayette or Lafitte, and join in the chorus, beating time with his hands to his ragged friends below.

Under the pretext of their being National Guards, he would invite the lowest artisans to his dinners and balls, till at last the fêtes at the palace became the most vulgar meetings in Paris and



the *risée* of all society. One day when a M. Dufailly was driving in his carriage on the Boulevard, he met the Citizen King walking by himself in a round hat with a large tricoloured cockade, and his umbrella in his hand, *faisant l'aimable à tout venant*. He stopped his carriage and said to his footman, I will give you 20 fr., if you will go and shake hands with the king. The man, who desired no better amusement, jumped down from the foot-board, and, offering his hand to his sovereign, said "Bonjour, mon ami;" which the other very cordially took, and said in return, "Ah, bonjour; comment te portes-tu?"

In former times, when some impertinent person who wished to be familiar with M. de la Rochefoucauld, had said to him, "Bonjour, mon ami; comment te portes-tu?" the old gentleman replied, "Bonjour mon ami; comment te nommes-tu?"

The result, however, of all this double conduct is that no monarch is more unpopular, or indeed surrounded by more enemies. There is nothing truly great in the character of this man; he has physical courage without moral courage; cunning without great talents; some head, but little heart; a boundless ambition without magnanimity, but preferring always by instinct the crooked to the straight path; he has no pride, it would mar his projects; he has no private vices, they would interfere with business; but he has above all that insuperable bar to all noble feeling, an inordinate love of money, which no principle can check or hypocrisy disguise: it starts to light in every action of his life, from the infamous collusion with Madame Feuchères to the lowest details of his household.

He might have made a thriving tradesman, but he can never become a glorious king.

*Saturday, August 1st.*—A man with a severe wound on the arm presented himself yesterday at the hospital Saint Louis, stating himself to be one of the victims of the explosion; but the delay in one so much hurt excited suspicion, and as a second hat found in Girard's room exactly fitted his head, he was immediately arrested. Three men, three women, and two children, among the crowd, all seriously wounded, are taken to the hospital Saint Louis; five National Guards are killed; Col. Rieussec is dead of his wounds.

The Rev. W. Long, brother of Lord Farnborough, died suddenly, from a fit of apoplexy (26th ultimo), while showing the house and grounds at Bromley Hill to Prince Esterhazy and a party.

*Sunday, 2nd.*—A *chapelle ardente* is prepared in the church of

St. Paul, Rue St. Antoine, which is open to the public from nine in the morning till nine at night, previous to the public funeral on Wednesday, when all the bodies will be interred together in the church of the Invalides. This chapel is hung with black, and no light is admitted from without; but the space is illuminated by silver lamps, suspended from the roof, candles at the foot of the coffins, and large candelabra, which dispense a green and gloomy light around the scene. The different coffins are displayed on a stage, and rise gradually from right to left, up to that of the Maréchal Duc de Trévise, which is elevated above the rest, and forms the centre. Each is covered with a pall; each is distinguished by a crown of stars, in the centre of which are described the name and age of the dead. On that of the Maréchal are seen his sword, the ribbon of his order, and the escutcheon with his arms. On both sides of the chapel altars are raised, where priests remain in constant prayer. National Guards and troops of the line are stationed at the foot of the stage; there are in all fourteen coffins. It now appears that the king's forehead was slightly grazed, and he was bled in the evening.

*Monday, 3rd.*—The Chambers are convoked afresh; the deputies, who had retired to the country for the recess, are returning to Paris; and the new laws of restriction to meet the present circumstances will be speedily proposed. The press are evidently alarmed; one of the menaced papers observes:—"Quoi donc, nous avons parmi nos ministres trois ou quatre journalistes d'opposition, qui ont oublié déjà ce qu'ils écrivaient eux-mêmes lors du forfait de Louvel."—"A cette époque M. C. Nodier fût mis au ban des journaux libéraux, pour avoir écrit dans le drapeau blanc, que le poignard qui avoit frappé le Duc de Berry étoit une idée libérale, et aujourd'hui des ministres, qui ont écrit dans le Constitutionnel, dans le National, voient des idées Républicaines et Carlistes dans les 25 canons de fusil à la machine de Girard."

Marshal Mortier was born at Château Cambresis in 1768, and entered young as a volunteer in the French armies, at the call of the National Assembly. He served in all the wars of the Revolution and the Empire; he took possession of Hanover in 1803; he commanded a corps in the wars with Austria and Russia till 1807, and during the invasion of Spain, from 1808 to 1811; after which period he commanded a corps of the Grand Army in the fatal Russian campaign, and remained true to the Emperor till the capture of Paris by the Allies in 1814. During the Restoration he retired from public life; at the Revolution of July, 1830, he was made Grand Chancellor of the Legion of

Honour, in which capacity he attended Louis-Philippe to the melancholy scene, where he closed his earthly career by the hand of an assassin, after having escaped the dangers of so many battles.

Notwithstanding the efforts of the English cruisers, the slave trade still continues on the whole coast of Brazil: the annual importation into that country amounts to 40,000 negroes; the number of vessels employed in this horrid traffic is 200, making two voyages each year. In the interior of Africa the cost of a slave is 16s., on the coast it is 1*l.*; the slave merchant pays 5*l.* per head, and on his arrival at Brazil receives 12*l.* or 14*l.* for each slave; whilst the planter in the interior pays 25*l.* to 30*l.*, which is still much cheaper than before the prohibition.

*Tuesday, 4th.*—An extraordinary circumstance has transpired respecting Girard; his real name is Fieschi, and he is a native of Corsica; he entered early into the army of Naples, and gained the cross under Joachim Murat; he went with that last unfortunate expedition into Calabria in 1815, and has since led a wandering life in poverty. He was recognised by Monsieur Olivier Dufresne, the inspector-general of the prisons, who, having been confined to his house for six weeks by a fall, only saw him for the first time in the Conciergerie on Monday last. The prisoner was evidently annoyed by the discovery; he still refuses to make any disclosure of his accomplices.

An address to the king is published, signed by all the ministers, in which the periodical press is designed as the cause of all the anarchy and discontent which prevails throughout the kingdom, and demanding the strongest measures to repress its licentiousness. The language of this document is couched in the same terms, but more hardy and explicit, than the ordinances of Charles X.; it ends with saying, "*Le moment est venu de recourir à des mesures qui rentrent dans l'esprit de la Charte, mais qui sont en dehors de l'ordre légal, dont toutes les ressources ont été inutilement épuisées.*"

After this measure, with what justice can the prisoners at Ham be detained in confinement? After all the cry which has been raised against them, their enemies are at last obliged to adopt the same measures; and the vaunted Revolution of July is proved to the world a barefaced intrigue with only one object, "*Oùte toi de là, pour que je m'y mette.*"

*Wednesday, 5th.*—The funeral passed off very quietly, as might be expected; the procession was splendid, the funeral train of fourteen hearses, commencing with the modest corbillard of Mademoiselle Remy, a young girl of fourteen years old, one of the

victims, drawn by white horses and followed by twelve young girls dressed in white and veiled, was closed by the magnificent car of Marshal Montier, adorned with armorial and military trophies, forming together a very striking scene.\* The service took place in the church of the Invalides, before the king, the royal family, the peers, deputies, ministers, &c. &c.

Now that the excitement created by this catastrophe begins to subside, the public press is beginning to raise the cry of alarm, and the journals avail themselves of the short interval that remains before the new edicts are passed to stir up the country in favour of the liberty of the press. The king and the government are arrived at a fearful crisis; the laws will be passed by a servile and bribed Chamber of Deputies; but discontent will increase, and no one can foresee the results.

*Thursday, 6th.* — A *Te Deum* was celebrated at Notre Dame before the king and all the court, with the usual Catholic pomp.

The English papers announce that the House of Peers has carried an amendment for hearing evidence on the Municipal Reform Bill, by a majority of seventy against the Government; and Lord Melbourne, with the House of Commons at his back, seems determined to browbeat the Peers under their own roof. A collision seems inevitable, and the two most powerful nations in Europe seem given up to their own mad devices, and are marching blindly to ruin.

The city of Brussels has just been condemned to pay the following indemnities for damage occasioned by the riots on the sale of the Prince of Orange's horses. To Monsieur Meeus, Governor of the Bank, 300,000 fr.; to the Prince de Ligne, 50,000 fr.; Countess d'Oultremont, 40,000 fr.; General Jacqueminot, 6000 fr.; and the servants of the Prince de Ligne, 3,000 fr. The tribunals moreover decreed that the above-named persons should be entitled to receive double the value of the objects plundered, unless the city should prefer replacing them in kind.

*Friday, 7th.* — Serious tumults have occurred at Barcelona; several convents have been burnt, and the monks murdered by the populace.

*Sunday, 9th.* — It is now asserted that if the infernal machine had been more coolly directed, and if all the barrels had been sound and proof, they were loaded with so many balls, slugs, and

\* "Tout le monde disoit qu'il manquoit deux corbillards, un pour la révolution, un autre pour la presse." — *Gazette de France*, 6 Août, 1835.

missiles, that above two hundred lives might have been sacrificed at one discharge. If any proof could be wanting of the pitch to which crime and immorality have arrived in this disturbed country, the annals of the tribunals during the last three months sufficiently attest it. I was imputing this state of crime to the present state of literature in France, which is notoriously corrupt and depraved. A friend replied: "Vous prenez le cuisinier qui prépare les plats, pour le convive qui les commande. La société existe par elle-même, la littérature n'est qu'un symptôme de sa faiblesse ou de sa santé."

If literature is not the source of crime, it tends at least to perpetuate it.

*Wednesday, 12th.*—The Government has appointed Lord Auckland to be Governor-General of India.

*Thursday, 13th.*—Some serious disturbances have occurred at Berlin, which were put down by the armed force, after some loss of life. The cause of the insurrection was of a trifling nature—an interdiction to celebrate the fête of the king in the Thiergarten.

Those who are about the court at the Tuileries, and even the members of the royal family, are continually receiving anonymous letters, menacing the life of the king: some allude to assassination, others to poison, which, whether groundless or not, have always the effect of spreading terror and dismay throughout the circle. Madame Adelaide is said to be seriously affected by these rumours; and openly expresses her disgust at the French nation. The queen and her daughters live in constant alarm, but the king appears calm and unconcerned in public, though he must naturally pass many bitter hours in private. It is said that when the detonation took place on the 28th, and Louis-Philippe saw the victims bleeding at his feet, his first impulse was to turn back and stop the proceedings altogether, when Marshal Lobau said to him: "Il s'agit de votre couronne." He went on.

*Friday, 14th.*—The burning of convents in Spain continues, and the government remains inactive. The impunity which the perturbators enjoy adds fuel to their animosity against the monks. Barcelona and Saragossa are not the only scenes of these disorders; the same excesses have been committed at Murcia, Cordova, and Carpe. The fury of revolution, under the name of reform, is spreading over Spain.

A French woman, who kept a coffee-house at Algiers, has fallen into the hands of the Bedouins. Having gone to Maelma on a visit, she was returning under the escort of three soldiers,

when they were met by a party of Arabs, who cut off the heads of the three men, and carried off the lady to their tribe.

The Court of Peers has pronounced sentence on the Lyonese prisoners at the Luxembourg: fifty have been condemned: their sentences have been transportation for life and imprisonment from one to twenty years: nine have been acquitted.

The new laws are passing through the Chamber with a large majority.

The other day, a wag called at the hotel of M. Persil, the Garde des Sceaux, and left with the Suisse the visiting card of M. Peyronnet, who held the same office and signed the ordinances under Charles X., for which he is now paying the penalty at Ham.

*Saturday, 15th.*—The Roman Catholic Marriage Bill has been thrown out in the Lords; and the Municipal Reform Bill will be either mutilated or rejected.

*Sunday, 16th.*—The House of Lords went into committee on the Municipal Reform Bill on Thursday night. Lord Lyndhurst moved his amendments, which preserved in perpetuity the rights and properties of the freemen. These amendments, in spite of the opposition of Lord Melbourne and the violence of Lord Brougham, were carried by a triumphant majority against the Government of 97.

*Monday, 17th.*—The drought has been so great this summer in the Departement du Calvados, and the rivers are so low, that the mills have ceased to work. At Falaise water is sold at 50 fr. a tun: in several cantons of Brittany cider is given to the cattle to drink.

The cholera, after having attacked Genoa and Leghorn, has now reached Florence and Savoy, and is rapidly approaching Switzerland.

*Tuesday, 18th.*—Fieschi is gradually recovering from his wounds, but hitherto has made no discovery. Between one and two hundred persons have been arrested on suspicion; but all have been released after examination, except about fifteen, for whose detention the grounds are but slight. Among those arrested was an inoffensive old lady, Madame Giordi, who had ordered posthorses and procured a passport on the 28th, to take a journey into the south. Her *femme de chambre* had a lover, a journeyman painter, who was very averse to the separation, and had used every effort, but in vain, to induce her not to accompany her mistress; irritated by the disappointment, he availed himself of the confusion which occurred at the moment to lay an information with

the police against the old lady, as concerned in the plot to assassinate the king, and thus prevented her departure. As this was in some measure corroborated by the circumstance of the passport being demanded on that day, the poor old lady was taken up, and only released after a long and tedious examination. On grounds equally slight, M. Gisquet, the prefect of the police, has caused various other arrests, in order to prove his vigilance, which had been seriously called in question previous to the catastrophe.

The four Spanish provinces of Catalonia, Aragon, Valencia, and Murcia have declared themselves independent of the Queen's government. The captains-general, despairing of overcoming this movement, at length determined to second it. The new authorities which have been created in every town have, as their first act, declared and decreed the complete destruction of all the convents.

The royal family came yesterday to Versailles, and the carriages were escorted by a detachment of Cuirassiers, with the usual number of mouchards from the police in plain clothes. The object of a body-guard is accomplished; but the jealousy of the army will hardly permit a distinct corps to be raised for that service.

*Wednesday, 19th.*—Lord Durlham and suite have sailed from England for Constantinople.

*Friday, 21st.*—Lord Lyndhurst's amendments on the Municipal Reform Bill, which quite alter its democratic tendency, are carried by immense majorities in the Lords; but notwithstanding the inability of the Government to carry their own measures, they show no disposition to resign their places.

The massacre of prisoners on both sides still continues in Spain, notwithstanding Lord Eliot's treaty; and Don Carlos has replied to the English consul, that all foreign auxiliary troops which may fall into his hands will be treated with the same rigour.

The Duc de Nemours has gone on a tour to England, where he will see, notwithstanding the violent political agitation which exists, an unexampled state of wealth and prosperity.

*Saturday, 22nd.*—The late Marshal Mortier was educated in the English College at Douay, where he was contemporary with the present Duke of Norfolk, Lord Stafford, George Silvertop, &c., and nearly the whole body of the Catholic nobility and gentry of that day.

One of the new laws against political offences here inflicts transportation, accompanied with imprisonment. To justify this severity, a government paper states the inconvenience which

might result from leaving a political convict at large in the place of transportation, and adds, "Might not the colonies be tempted to adopt the language of Franklin to the British Parliament, when England claimed the same right: 'You send us your convicts; what would you do if we were to send you our rattlesnakes?'"

*Monday, 24th.*—On Friday night the Chancellor of the Exchequer moved in the House of Commons the *postponement of the Supplies*, which had created an indescribable sensation in the country. This extraordinary and reckless measure is put forward by the Government to intimidate the House of Lords, and by retaining the power of issuing the supplies in their own hands, to prevent a change of administration which has no power to carry its own measures.

On the 15th instant a revolution broke out at Madrid, in which the urban militia took the lead with cries of liberty and the constitution. A deputation was sent to the Queen with propositions, but the answer has not been received. The Torreno administration was the object of general discontent.

An ambassador said the other day to M. de Broglie, "Nous aurons bientôt, Monsieur le Duc, les ordonnances de Juillet sans émeute, et un coup d'état sans révolution."

Marshal Soult hastened to Paris to congratulate the King on his escape, notwithstanding the coolness occasioned by the affair of the pictures; and it is said that the reconciliation will be established by his succession to the place of the unfortunate Marshal Mortier.

Another discovery has been made of an attempt to escape from Ste. Pélagie, which has been frustrated; but on the preceding Wednesday three of the prisoners by means of false keys obtained their liberty. It is supposed that the police have invented the latter plot themselves, to show that they are not always unsuccessful in detection; and that the cry against M. Gisquet's incapacity is unfounded. Among the three individuals who made their escape on Wednesday, is the pretended Baron de Richemont, alias the Dauphin, alias Louis XVII., who was tried last year: when challenged by the sentinel, they stated themselves to be architects employed in the repairs of the prison, and having papers under their arm, were allowed to walk out unmolested.

*Tuesday, 25th.*—The postponement of the supplies was only to extend to next Friday, under the plea that the Militia Act could not have been passed into a law before that time; but it is easy to see that this proceeding of ministers is intended as a threat to



the majority in the House of Lords, if they persist in their hostility to their Municipal and Church Reform Bills.

The disturbance at Madrid seems to have been quelled in a short time without bloodshed, but discontent still prevailed in that capital.

The other day, at the club in Paris, some comments, not of a very flattering nature, passed on the son of an English nobleman who had just returned to England. One of the speakers, a younger son of the Duc de —, thoughtlessly observed to Yarmouth, who was present: "J'ai toujours remarqué du reste que les aînés des grandes familles en Angleterre avaient plus de suffisance que de mérite." Yarmouth replied: "C'est vrai: ils sont à peu près comme les cadets ici,"—a fair retort.

*Wednesday, 26th.*—I went to Paris in the morning. The accounts from England are gloomy. The unguarded hint of Mr. Spring Rice of delaying the Appropriation Bill has been taken up by his Radical supporters much more violently than he wished: it was a dangerous subject to moot in such a House of Commons, and any minister who for party purposes has the rashness to glance at such a measure, may live to repent it. His retraction comes too late: every one can see that it was meant only as an empty threat to intimidate the Lords; but it may now be held out *in terrorem* over himself, and he has received a convincing proof by the applause of certain members how readily they would adopt such violent proceedings.

In the Radical press we hear much of what they boastingly call the majority in the House of Commons, which may at the utmost be called 20 members out of 658, including the Scotch and Irish. But take the *English members*, those who represent the property and population of *England*, and you find a large majority in favour of Conservative principles. Thus it will appear from the working of this Reform Bill, that England herself has no voice in protecting her own institutions and her own welfare; her members are outvoted on their own ground, by a small phalanx of revolutionary Irish, who not only dictate their own laws to the country, but wage war against our peers for opposing them. When to this power is added a Radical ministry, which instead of checking, fawns upon our oppressors, then indeed it becomes a question whether a repeal of the Union, which would confine these foreign legislators to their own parliament and their own affairs, would not be a beneficial measure for England.

In a state of things like this it is that such men as Hume

and O'Connell presume to insist on a stoppage of the supplies, which would break up the whole machinery of the government and the country. I have made a rough calculation of the present Parliament from the general voting and known politics of the members, and it appears that the Conservative interest has a clear majority of thirty among the English members; that including the Scotch members they have a little majority of twelve, but including the Irish members, they are outvoted and left in a minority of from twenty to thirty; it is, therefore, this handful of Irish Radicals, commonly called O'Connell's tail, which rules the destinies of the whole empire.

*Thursday, 27th.*—The Irish Church Bill came into the House of Lords on Monday night, and, undaunted by the clamours of the press, the threats of Lord Melbourne, and the ominous looks of Lord Brougham, the Peers have begun courageously to throw out the exceptionable clauses, by triumphant majorities of four to one against the Government.

*Friday, 28th.*—The Duc de Nemours has been sent to England by his father, to keep him out of the way. He was received at Windsor on Monday, and joined the royal party at Egham race course. Madame de G—— is indignant at our King's receiving the son of the usurper. The Duc de Damas' grandson and his tutor were drowned, in the Seine near Fontainebleau, as they were bathing.

The King went to pass one day at Fontainebleau and review the troops: among the officers who came to pay their respects at the Palace was M. Berryer; to whom the King said, "Je ne vois plus M. Berryer, le député, depuis cinq ans: autrefois il venait me voir. Je conçois qu'il ne vienne pas aux Tuileries, mais qu'il vienne me voir en voisin à Neuilly, ou à St.-Cloud; je serai enchanté de le recevoir." The firm opposition deputy is not very likely to accept the invitation.

*Monday, 31st.*—Went in the morning to Paris. Fieschi makes no confessions: he has alluded to one or two individuals of little importance, but nothing transpires in any shape to implicate the Carlist party; whatever supporters he may have are among the republicans. His health is nearly restored.

The Peers are going on steadily in their work of repressing the Radical movement. It is not yet the time for the Tories to take up the Government, they would even commit a fault in attempting it. They must let the Whigs remain in their at present isolated state for some time longer; without their Radical allies, they are become contemptible as a party. O'Connell is much more prime

minister than Lord Melbourne; he can carry with him the majority in the House of Commons. When the country becomes sick of such a degrading cabal, the Tories must be brought in by the voice of the nation.

Tranquillity seems restored at Madrid, but letters announce that an insurrection had broken out in Seville, similar to that in Catalonia and Valencia; convents have been burnt, monks massacred, and the magistrates of the queen deposed.

The "Chronique de Paris," under the head of a letter from Prague, sneers at the new laws. "On sait que Charles X. s'oppose en effet à toute tentative qui tendrait à le faire remonter sur le trône: il est persuadé que la providence a réglé elle-même le jour et l'heure du retour de la branche aînée. Il regarde, lui aussi, son cousin comme l'homme de la circonstance et de la nécessité. La même lettre parle de l'effet produit par la nouvelle de la présentation des projets de loi. Vraiment, a dit Charles X., je reconnais là encore la providentielle mission de mon cousin; à lui appartenait le soin d'exécuter mes ordonnances; je m'y suis pris quatre ans trop tôt, mon cousin a toujours su attendre, j'ai toujours été trop pressé:—Peut-être aussi, a dit la Duchesse d'Angoulême, que votre majesté n'a eu que le tort de mal choisir ses ministres. Avec de francs libéraux comme ceux qui ont remplacé les vôtres, vous auriez obtenu des chambres tout ce que vous désiriez. Ce pauvre Polignac, a répondu Charles X., avait bien raison de me dire, que rien n'étoit plus facile que ce qu'il me proposait. On en voulait bien plus aux hommes qu'aux choses."

*Tuesday, September 1st.*—The Duchess of Berri is now living at Brandeis in Upper Austria, but her children are still with Charles X. at Prague: the two families continue much estranged from each other. Those individuals who fall under the displeasure of the old king, are assured of a friendly reception from the Duchess.

*Wednesday, 2nd.*—The following is a proof that the infernal machine is no new invention.

In the year 1789 a watchmaker at Senlis, named Billon, who had been expelled from a company of the Chevaliers de l'Arquebuse, determined on gratifying his revenge, and took advantage of the occasion of the consecration of the colours of the National Guard, in that year. As the procession must pass before his house, he arranged a certain number of gun-barrels at his windows, and fired them all off as the company came in front; the commander of the National Guard, and several individuals, fell

pierced with balls. The outer door of Billon's house, and that of the room in which he was, were both barricaded, but were soon forced by M. Aulas de la Bruyère, followed by a lieutenant of the same corps, and a great many of the inhabitants. The lieutenant, on entering Billon's room, was laid dead by a pistol-shot, but M. de la Bruyère seized him, and was dragging him away, when the villain contrived to put a lighted match to a species of infernal machine under the floor, which immediately blew up, carrying with it all the upper part of the house, and burying those who were in it in the ruins. M. de la Bruyère was, however, alone taken out alive, though he was deprived of an eye, had one of his kneepans broken, and no fewer than twenty-six other wounds in his body. He lived at Santes till a short time ago.

—————. — We went with the Bonnevals, to see the atelier of Horace Vernet, who is established in Versailles for the purpose of painting four great historical pictures for the museum at the château. We found him in the artist's dress, a white linen jacket and trowsers, with a cashmere sash, at work on the battle of Jena, of which Napoleon and his horse are the principal objects. The Emperor, followed by Murat and Berthier, is passing the Old Guard, who salute in silence, when a young soldier in the ranks, unable to restrain his enthusiasm, holds up his grenadier cap to shout, *Vive l'Empereur*; the Emperor stops and looks round sternly to remark this want of discipline. The lineaments of the face expressing displeasure are skilfully drawn, but the attitude of the horse, a chestnut Arab, thrown suddenly on his haunches by a check of the bridle, is admirably seized. The horse of Murat, and the lather on his quarters, were quite in nature, and seemed starting from the canvas. I remarked to him that his talent had achieved that which the painter Zeuxis could only accomplish by accident when he threw his brush at the picture in despair at his want of success. Another of the paintings is the battle of Wagram, which is not so forward as the other: here the countenance of Napoleon is represented in repose, as a contrast to the other; he is sitting calmly on horseback, while the Austrian troops are seen at a distance, and a French regiment of cavalry is defiling before him. The genius of painting seems hereditary in this family; the grandfather, Carl Vernet, is well known and celebrated for his marine views, which are almost equal to those of Canaletti; then the father succeeded to his renown; and lastly, Horace Vernet, whose name needs no comment. His slightest sketches of horses sell for large sums. The

chestnut charger of Napoleon is taken from a beautiful Arab, which we saw in M. Machado's \* stables this morning.

*Friday, 4th.* — I went to visit Ball Hughes at Enghien, a small house prettily situated on the lake near Montmorency, about four leagues from Paris, beyond St. Denis. There is good perch-fishing and constant amusement in rowing and sailing on the lake. I went with him on the following day to see the Hermitage at Montmorency and the room where Rousseau lived for some time and composed his "Nouvelle Héloïse:" some of his worm-eaten furniture is still shown as a curiosity, and the garden is ornamented with his bust, as well as that of Gretry the composer, whose heart was buried here, notwithstanding the requisition of his countrymen at Liège, who wished to transfer it to that city. The Cockneys from Paris flock every Sunday to this spot, and as the price of admittance is ten sous a head, it becomes a valuable property. The proprietor gained last Sunday two hundred and fifty francs by his visitors, who finished their junketing by riding on asses through the woods, and dining at a *traiteur's* in the neighbourhood.

On Saturday and Sunday Lord and Lady G — came down to dinner. His first wife was Madame de la Bruyère, the widow of a French general, who died in France of the cholera, and he has since married her *femme de chambre*.

On Sunday also arrived M. Bertin, a French physician, who has lived many years in England during the Revolution; he has lately been to Ham to visit Prince Polignac, who is seriously indisposed under a complication of three different disorders,—the gout, an affection of the liver, and a hydrocele, which are very much aggravated by mental anxiety and the severity of his confinement.

The new projet de loi may be considered as carried, but it has been firmly opposed by an opposition of 153, the most considered and the most enlightened Deputies in the Chambers: it has been carried by a majority composed of public functionaries and servile adherents of any power that may be in existence.

The meeting with Lord G — yesterday, whom I had never previously known, recalled to my mind the melancholy fate of his father, who had been my schoolfellow at Eton, and with whom I had always lived on terms of intimacy. He fell a victim to that system of slander and calumny which has so long disgraced the press in England.

\* Employed formerly as an agent abroad by the Cortes Government of Spain after the peace: rich, and very fond of English horses.

*Monday, 7th.*—I returned home to Versailles. On a former occasion, in mentioning the Château de Meudon, I forgot to add that it was sold to Louvois by Sabléson of Servient, superintendent of the finances in the time of Louis XIV. who spent treasures in embellishing it. He entirely buried the old village and rebuilt the new one, in order to form that beautiful and extensive terrace on the hill, which is so much admired.

*Tuesday, 8th.*—Lord Auckland's appointment is ratified, and the usual dinner was given to him by the East India Company on Saturday. His father was of Mr. Pitt's school, by whom he was made peer. The son joined the Whigs at Brookes's, and was afterwards made President of the Board of Trade by Earl Grey, when he came into office. The party was anxious to secure a few peers, for the sake of appearance, in their Radical administration, and as he was not influenced by the same scruples which damped the ardour of his first colleagues, Lord Melbourne readily selected him as First Lord of the Admiralty, where his reserved manner and taciturn habits did not much conciliate the navy. The first object of this administration, which did not foresee any long duration, was to grasp at patronage and displace their opponents; fortunately for their views, Lord Heytesbury, though formally appointed, had not sailed for India; he was without ceremony laid upon the shelf: the Court of Directors would not hear of Grant, now Lord Glenelg; but as the primary object was to ensure the nomination, rather than to select an eligible man as Governor-General, and as the choice among their adherents was very limited, the appointment was given to Lord Auckland.

He has never lived much in the gay world; his habits are retired, and his manner reserved; a rubber of low whist, and the prozing coteries of a few old dowagers, who prized him as Madame du Deffand did Horace Walpole, formed his chief resource in society.

*Thursday, 10th.*—The Corporation Bill, as amended by the Lords, has passed into a law, and Parliament will shortly be prorogued.

The laws on the press and jury here are also carried. Both countries for the last month have been kept in a state of extraordinary excitement by measures of the most diametrically opposite tendency; that in France enforcing despotism, that in England encouraging anarchy; each principle has triumphed for the moment, but such is the mutability of political opinions in the present age, that a few short years may drive back each country into an opposite track.

*Friday, 11th.*—I showed the Duc de Guiche this evening a paragraph in the English papers, being an extract from the Journal of Sir James Mackintosh during his stay in Paris in 1814. “August 31st. I breakfasted with de Staël; met Lally Tollendal, Constant, and the Duc de Broglie, a young man of twenty-two, who is a patriot, and an active member of the opposition in the House of Peers. *He went to speak for the liberty of the press.*” We both smiled at the inconsistency of his present opinions, and his speech the other day in favour of the new laws. The conversation then turned on \* \* \* \* and her mother, Madame de ——. A gentleman whom she was anxious to secure for a son-in-law having called on her, she immediately ordered the servant to call down Madlle. —, who appeared in a sort of fancy costume with very short petticoats and a long muslin veil to form a drapery to her figure: she was first made to exhibit her talents on the piano, which were surprisingly loud and brilliant. Madame de — then said to the footman, “Where is your fiddle?” he immediately took a little kit from his pocket, on which he scraped, while the young lady danced the Shawl dance with all the theatrical graces of Bigottini. When this exhibition of talents was finished, the mother was anxious to know the effect on her visitor, who could not be blind to the object, and who, feeling really embarrassed, adroitly avoided the dilemma by whispering in her ear, “Quand on est auprès de la mère, on ne peut avoir des yeux pour la fille.” Though not satisfactory, the reply was palatable.

I remember a circumstance of the same nature when Madame de — was in England. Her great object then was to find an English husband for her daughter, and as A — at that time was living at a great expense, and was pre-eminent among the young men of fashion of the day, he became the object of her chief attention.

One evening at Almack’s that he was engaged to dance with the young lady, not feeling much interested in his partner, the conversation began to flag, when seeking for a subject he looked round the room, and seeing Lord Jersey enter at the opposite end, remarked to her, “What a handsome man Jersey is:” Madlle. de —, true to her instructions, immediately replied, with a tender look, “He shall not be so pretty than you.”

I have often heard him tell the story with glee.

*Saturday, 12th.*—The Revolutionary party is making great strides in Spain; numerous cities have proclaimed the constitution of 1812, and the government of Isabella is now assailed by two factions, both hostile to each other. A decree has been issued

from St. Ildefonso, by Torreno, against the Revolutionists, which it is hoped may intimidate this new insurrection; but affairs are becoming daily more complicated in that wretched country, and the cause of Don Carlos must reap benefit from these new divisions amongst his adversaries.

The "Moniteur" contains a mysterious statement that a permission has been given for the Brig "La Mesange" to pass through the Bosphorus, at the request of the French Ambassador, and when it was granted, his Excellency thought proper not to make use of it. It seems a shuffling arrangement with the Porte, to mislead the public and soothe the clamour, without deranging the plans of Russia: some such manœuvre will probably be repeated with the English steamer, on its way thither with Lord Durham.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

Lady — has just left Versailles for the seaside; her situation is very unfortunate and unmerited. She has been separated many years by mutual consent from her husband, with whom she never agreed, and who is now unjustly suing for a divorce.

It was to him that Brummell said, when he talked of keeping a coach for his friends, "You may keep a *vis-à-vis*, and you will always have a vacant-place."

Poor Brummell, what a fate was his! he was in his time the very glass of fashion, every one from the highest to the lowest conspired to spoil him; and who that knew him well could deny that with all his faults, he was still the most gentlemanlike, the most agreeable of companions? Never was there a man who during his career had such unbounded influence, and what is seldom the case, such general popularity in society. Without being a man of intrigue, for I never knew him engaged in what is called a *liaison* in society, he was the idol of the women; happy was she in whose opera-box he would pass an hour, at whose table he would dine, or whose assembly he would honour, and why? Not only because he was a host of amusement in himself with his jokes and his jeers, but because he was such a favourite with the men, that all were anxious then to join the party.

In French society, the women give the *ton*, assert their influence, and by their verdict alone determine the weight which each man shall have in their circle; the men only live under the sanction of their approbation, and the idol of to-day may be the object of *persiflage* to-morrow. From their judgment there is no appeal. Whether it may be that the numerous clubs in London render the men independent of women's society, or whether the



absence of those unremitting attentions on their part, which characterise what is called good-breeding in France, renders the English women more anxious to engross the admiration of the men, the thing itself is certain, that not only do they make greater advances to attract attentions, but even in their predilections for certain individuals they are much more influenced by the opinions of the men than by their own. I have generally observed that, with a few exceptions, the greatest favourites with the women have been those who were most popular among men.

Be this as it may, Brummell was as great an oracle among the women of the highest rank in London, and his society as much courted and followed, as amongst his male associates. His opinion on all matters of taste and dress was implicitly adopted. Among the present generation we see no such being. In those days gone by it was considered necessary that a well-bred man should still have some little tincture of what is called the *old school*. Brummell was born in 1777, and was first sent to Eton, where our acquaintance originated, His father, I believe, was under-secretary to Lord North, and left each of his children at his death 30,000*l*.

He commenced his career in the 10th Light Dragoons; where his agreeable manners soon attracted the attention of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, the colonel of the regiment, which ushered him at once into the highest and most distinguished society of the day. By degrees he became a constant inmate of Carlton House and of the Pavilion, was introduced to all the Prince's private friends, and admitted by himself into the greatest intimacy.

He afterwards left the army, and lived in a house in Chesterfield-street; where, as he has often told me, the Prince would come in the morning to see his toilette, and would sit there so late, that he would send away his horses, and insist on Brummell giving him a quiet dinner, which generally ended in a deep potation.

This violent intimacy, notwithstanding the disparity of rank, lasted for some years; till at length, in an unguarded moment of inebriety, he risked some freedom of speech to his royal patron:—it was said, "George, ring the bell;" but this Brummell himself always denied. The result, however, was an immediate rupture, and the Prince never spoke to him again. There was no excuse to be made for his indiscretion, but it produced a rancour on the other side which lasted to the tomb.

The ridiculous part of the story is, that Brummell took the matter up in a high tone, and waged open war against his royal

enemy, assailing him with ridicule in all quarters, and affecting to say, that *he* had cut the connection. Every one may recollect his saying to Jack Lee, in St. James's-street, whom he had just seen speaking to the Prince, "Who is your fat friend?" and Moore in his Twopenny Postbag commemorates the quarrel in his parody of the letter from the Prince, to the Duke of York, in which he says :—

" I indulge in no hatred, and wish there may come ill  
To no mortal, except, now I think on't, Beau Brummell,  
Who declared t'other day, in a superfine passion,  
He'd cut me and bring the old King into fashion."

All these attacks must have increased the royal animosity. Still he was young, and the Prince had seduced him into many follies.

Deserted by the Prince of Wales, but courted by all the 'high society of London, he found a new friend and patron in H. R. H. the Duke of York, who was never known, in good or ill report, to desert a friend. The society of Oatlands, which consisted almost exclusively of men, was the most agreeable that could be imagined. I never can look back to any period of my life with so much fond regret as to that which I passed under that roof. The Duchess was very partial to Brummell; and, as she had great *finesse*, excellent taste, and was a very nice discriminator of good breeding and manners, the approbation of such a woman must be highly creditable to the individual himself. It may indeed be said, in favour of the manners of that day, that I have often heard the Duchess remark how superior they were to the tone which existed at the period of her marriage and first arrival in England, when the Duke was surrounded by a set of *roués* who seemed to glory in their excesses, and showed a great want of refinement and courtesy in women's society. She particularly mentioned Charles Wyndham, Hervey Aston, and a few more as the objects of her dread and aversion.

England for very many years had been without a court, till the present reign revived something like the shadow of a shade, which is limited in the extreme; but, during that long interval, the little circle which surrounded the late Duchess of York was the only existing retreat of correct manners and high breeding. Without impugning the polished manners of high society in England, every one will allow that there is at times an excessive ease, a *laissez aller*, which may degenerate into occasional indecorum; but under the roof and in the presence of a princess of

the blood every man must feel the necessity of being constantly on his guard, and even find a pleasure in evincing the most profound respect, while it in no way operates as a *gêne* to the hilarity and pleasure of the society. In this point Oatlands might be deemed a court in which the affability on one side and the respectful attention on the other were equally remarkable. It may be said to have given a tone to the manners of that day. *C'est fini.*

The life which Brummell led at last plunged him into difficulties. He had lived constantly beyond his means, was deeply in debt, and the notorious usurers Howard and Gibbs refused further supplies unless furnished with the securities of friends. Here his popularity supplied a source which was fatal to the purse of many of our friends in the sequel. At this period Watier's Club, which had been originally established for harmonic meetings, became the resort of all the fine gentlemen of the day; the dinners were superlative, and high play at Macao was gradually introduced. The first effort of the beau was unsuccessful, and, as he was then not addicted to games of chance, his depression was very great. It was five o'clock on a fine summer's morning when he was walking home with me through Berkeley-street, and was bitterly lamenting his misfortune; he suddenly stopped on seeing something glittering in the kennel; he stooped down and picked up a crooked sixpence. His countenance immediately brightened. This, said he, is the harbinger of good luck. He took it home, and, before he went to bed, drilled a hole in it and fastened it to his watch-chain.

The spell was good (this was I think in 1813); during more than two years he was a constant winner at play on the turf, and I believe realised nearly 30,000*l.* The blind goddess then deserted him; but not till after he had formed some projects of domestic life in which Miss —, the late Lady —, was the object of his addresses, which were not accepted. The tide however turned, but I never could understand that his losses were very considerable, and I never was more surprised than when, in 1816, one morning he confided to me, that his situation had become so desperate, that he must fly the country that night and by stealth. The next day he was landed in Calais, and, as he said, without any resources. I had several letters from him at that time written with much cleverness, in which his natural high spirits struggled manfully against his overpowering reverses; but from the first he felt confident that he should never be able to return

to his own country. In one of his first letters from Calais, dated 22nd of May, 1816, he writes me:—

“Here I am *restant* for the present, and God knows solitary enough is my existence; of that, however, I should not complain, for I can always employ resources within myself, was there not a worm that will not sleep called *conscience*, which all my endeavours to distract, all the strength of coffee, with which I constantly fumigate my unhappy brains, and all the native gaiety of the fellow who bears it to me, cannot lull to indifference beyond the moment; but I will not trouble you upon that subject. You would be surprised to find the sudden change and transfiguration which one week has accomplished in my way of life and *propriâ personâ*. I am punctually off the pillow at half-past seven in the morning. My first object—melancholy indeed it may be in its nature—is to walk to the pier-head, and take my distant look at England. This you may call weakness, but I am not yet sufficiently master of those feelings which may be called indigenuous to resist the impulse. The rest of my day is filled up with strolling an hour or two round the ramparts of this dismal town, in reading, and the study of that language which must hereafter be my own, for never more shall I set foot in my own country. I dine at five, and my evening has as yet been occupied in writing letters. The English I have seen here—and many of them known to me—I have cautiously avoided; and, with the exception of Sir W. Bellingham and Lord Blessington, who have departed, I have not exchanged a word. Prince Esterhazy was here yesterday, and came into my room unexpectedly without my knowing he was arrived. He had the good-nature to convey several letters for me upon his return to London. So much for my life hitherto on this side of the water. As to the alteration in my looks, you will laugh when I tell you your own head of hair is but a scanty possession in comparison with that which now crowns my pristine baldness; a convenient, comely scalp, that has divested me of my former respectability of appearance; (for what right have I now to such an outward sign?) and if the care and distress of mind which I have lately undergone had not impressed more ravages haggard and lean than my years might justify upon my unfortunate *phiz*, I should certainly pass at a little distance for *five-and-twenty*. And so, let me whisper to you, seems to think Madame la Baronne de Borno, the wife of a Russian officer who is now in England, and in his absence resident in this house. Approving and inviting are her frequent smiles as she looks into

my window from the garden-walk; but I have neither spirits nor inclination to improve such flattering overtures."

In the year 1818, when the army of occupation was retiring, he wrote:—

\* \* \* \* \*

"I heard of you the other day in a waistcoat that does you indisputable credit, spick and span from Paris, a broad stripe, salmon colour, and *cramoisi*. Keep it up, my dear fellow, and don't let them laugh you into a relapse so Gothic as that of your former English simplicity. There is nothing to be seen here but rascals in red coats waiting for embarkation. God speed them to the other side the water, for on this they are most heartily loathed. No news of interest to you, excepting indeed what may incense you against Russian indifference to etiquette when betrayed at the expense of one of your favourites. At the great dinner given by Wellington at Valenciennes to the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia, my Lady \* \* from her rank was first turn for the Autocrat's hand; and, when dinner was announced, the said lady stepped forward, in the confidence of being led in first; but Alexander bowed, passed her, and took Lady William Russell (Bessy Rawdon), who was standing next to her, which was remarked by the whole room."

Again in 1820, on the accession of George IV. to the throne, he writes to me on the 13th of February:—

\* \* \* \* \*

"He is at length King. Will his past resentments still attach themselves to his crown? An indulgent amnesty of former peccadilloes should be the primary grace influencing newly throned sovereignty; at least towards those who were once distinguished by his more intimate protection. From my experience, however, of the personage in question, I must doubt any favourable relaxation of those stubborn prejudices which have during so many years operated to the total exclusion of one of his *élèves* from the royal notice; that unfortunate—I need not particularise.

"You ask me how I am going on at Calais? miserably! I am exposed every hour to all the turmoil and jeopardy that attended my latter days in England. I bear up as well as I can; and when the patience and mercy of my claimants are exhausted, I shall submit without resistance to bread and water and straw. I cannot decamp a second time," &c.

At times he would write in better spirits, and the following later extract will very much remind his old friends of his usual style of conversation in society:—

“I hear you meditate a *petit domicile* at Paris for your children; you cannot do better. English education may be all very well to instruct the hemming of handkerchiefs and the ungainly romp of a country dance, but nothing else; and it would be a poor consolation to your declining years to see your daughters come into the room upon their elbows, and to find their accomplishments limited to broad native phraseology in conversation, or to thumping the ‘Woodpecker’ upon a discordant spinet. You will do well, then, to provide in time against natural deficiencies by a good French formation of manners as well as talents; and you will not have to complain hereafter of your gouty limbs being excruciated by the uncouth movements of a hoyden, or of your ears being distracted by indigenous vulgarisms,” &c.

In this way Brummell lived for several years at Calais, constantly visited by the passing travellers, who often left with him very substantial proofs of their friendship and liberality. Independent of which, frequent remittances were made to him from London by those who had liked and known him in better days: as Lord Stuart de Rothesay used to say, no one can lead a more pleasant life, for he passes his time between London and Paris. But even his altered circumstances could not impress him with any ideas of economy; his room was again replenished with commodos in old buhl, with specimens of old Sèvres china, old lacque, and, if he saw a trinket or a curious snuff-box, no reference to his resources would prevent his yielding to the temptation. In the meantime his applications to his friends were unceasing; and though for a long time liberally answered, at last they were wearied by the repetition, particularly when no signs of indigence could be observed in his habits or mode of life. His kind friends Alvanley, Worcester, and Lord Sefton, with many many others, were constantly ready to assist him on these occasions; but when he at last had recourse to statements of distress and imprisonment which the next post proved to be unfounded, their patience began to be exhausted. His great object was to be appointed consul at Calais; and he would without a doubt have succeeded, through the zeal and interest of his friends, in obtaining the appointment, if a vacancy had occurred, but the incumbent Mr. Marshall persisted in living. At last he was nominated consul at Caen; but the next difficulty was to leave Calais, where he had contracted a considerable debt. This object, however, was, after much perplexity, accomplished by his giving a security on the future appointments of his new office to the Calais creditor.

No sooner was he installed as consul at Caen than he committed an act so extraordinary, so incomprehensible, that it overwhelmed his friends and well-wishers with astonishment and disgust. He wrote a formal letter to Lord Palmerston, the Foreign Secretary, stating that the place itself was a sinecure, and the duties attached to it so trifling, that he himself should recommend its being reduced. It remains still a mystery what was the object of this manœuvre, for it can bear no other name; whether he hoped in such a case to get a better appointment, or whether he wished to throw over the creditors who held a lien upon his salary; but, be it what it may, he was himself the real sufferer. Lord Palmerston, who was his well-wisher, said, "What can I do? In the present time of popular cry for retrenchment and reform I can only act upon his instructions and reduce the place," which was done.

Thus was poor Brummell once more utterly unprovided, and by his own wilful act.

The sequel becomes more melancholy. He continued to live without resources at Caen, incurring fresh debts and plunging into new difficulties from the increasing claims of his creditors, till at length the awful moment arrived, and he was actually thrown into prison. A subscription has since been raised amongst his friends to affect his liberation, but how precarious still must be his future fate! Those who have witnessed his prosperity and his reverses can have but one feeling of regret for his lamentable fate.

Brummell was tall, well made, and a very good figure. He became latterly bald, and continued to wear powder to the last of his stay in England; he rather piqued himself on preserving this remnant of the *vielle cour* amidst the inroads of the crops and roundheads, which dated from the Revolution. He was always studiously and remarkably well-dressed, never *outré*; and, though considerable time and attention were devoted to his toilette, it never, when once accomplished, seemed to occupy his attention. His manners were easy, polished, and gentlemanlike, stamped with what St. Simon would call "*l'usage du monde et du plus grand et du meilleur*," and regulated by that same good taste which he displayed in most things. No one was a more keen observer of vulgarism in others, or more *piquant* in his criticisms, or more despotic as an *arbiter elegantiarum*; he could decide the fate of a young man just launched into the world by a single word. His dress was the general model, and, when he had struck out a new idea, he would smile at observing its gradual progress downwards from the highest to the lowest classes. With-

out many accomplishments, he had a talent for drawing miniatures in water-colours, though I believe that beautiful one of the Prince of Wales (George IV.) in the robes of the Garter, which he wished to palm upon us as his own production, was in fact executed by Cosway. He was a fair judge of paintings, but particularly of Sèvres china, old lacque, buhl, and all those objects of art which were encouraged by the old French court, and which in those days were much more rare in England than they have since become. He had a fine collection of valuable snuff-boxes; one of which, remarkable for two fine Petitots of Madame de Sévigné and Madame de Grignan, I bought at the sale of his effects at Robins's auction rooms for 125 guineas.

It is only justice to say, that he was not only good-natured, but thoroughly good-tempered. I never remember to have seen him out of humour. His conversation, without having the wit and humour of Alvanley, was highly amusing and agreeable, replete with anecdotes not only of the day, but of society several years back, which his early introduction to Carlton House and to many of the Prince's older associates had given him the opportunities of knowing correctly. He had also a peculiar talent for ridicule (not ill-natured), but more properly termed *persiflage*, which, if it enabled him to laugh some people out of bad habits, was I fear too often exerted to laugh others out of good principles.

He was liberal, friendly, *serviable*, without any shuffling or tortuous policy or meanness, or manœuvring for underhand objects; himself of no rank or family, but living always with the highest and noblest in the country, on terms of intimacy and familiarity, but without *bassesse* or truckling; on the contrary, courted, applauded, and imitated, protecting rather than protected, and exercising an influence, a fascination in society which no one even felt a wish to resist.

Here we must stop and mark the reverse of the medal, — never did any influence create such wide and real mischief in society. Governed by no principle himself, all his efforts and example tended to stifle it in others. Prodigality was his creed, gambling was his lure, and a reckless indifference to public opinion the very groundwork of his system. The cry of indignation that was raised at his departure, when he left so many friends who had become his securities to pay the means of his past extravagance, some of them at the risk of their own ruin, was a low and feeble whisper when compared to the groans and sighs of entire families who have since had to deplore those vices and misfortunes which first originated in his seductions. What a long



list of ruin, desolation, and suicide could I now trace to this very source!

*Monday, 14th.* — Lord and Lady Munster are arrived in the Place Vendôme from Switzerland, where they were nearly killed by a drunken postillion overturning their carriage down a precipice. Lord and Lady Carlisle are expected on Friday at the embassy, which induces Lord and Lady Granville to return immediately from their excursion to Dieppe. Paris will probably be full of English this year, as the cholera will check ramblings to Italy. The King of Naples has issued an order that no one shall quit the country; as the cholera will check the arrivals, he is determined to balance the account by checking the departures.

The sovereigns and a flock of strangers, among whom are Lord Douro and some Englishmen, are arrived at the camp at Kalish. The Emperor of Russia daily hears mass in the open air surrounded by 60,000 troops; which is closed by a crash of music from the bands of above fifty regiments. The manœuvres are to last some time. Colonel Gustavson, who is in the Austrian service, son of the ex-King of Sweden, has been invited to attend the meeting with some form. King Carl Johann has taken umbrage at this attention to the exiled family, and made remonstrances on the subject to Prince Metternich, which, not being duly regarded, his son Prince Oscar has declined attending the reviews.

Thirty new peers have been created here by Louis-Philippe; which is a most unnecessary promotion in a political view, as the majority for government in that house is overflowing. If it is meant to obtain popularity, it will be unsuccessful, as it has excited jealousy and discontent in the Chamber of Deputies, who find themselves excluded. “Qui accorde un bienfait, fait cent mécontents et un ingrat.” The news from Spain is alarming; the revolutionary spirit increases, and it is expected that Queen Christina will shortly take refuge in France. It is even reported that apartments are preparing for her at Fontainebleau with her minion Munoz; where, if he displeases her, she may re-enact the part of her namesake from Sweden with another Monaldeschi.

A grand fête has been given by Rothschild to the Duke of Orleans and a party of *chasseurs* at his estates at Ferrières, where he has a large property, and is daily adding landmark to landmark; perhaps with the intention hereafter of forming an asylum for the lost tribes of his nation. Solomon in all his glory was not so magnificent as the Samuel Bernard of the present day in receiving his guests, for whom great previous efforts had been

made to insure a splendid battue ; but a common morning's diversion at Sudbourne, or at some other houses in England, would have beat it hollow. Fifteen or sixteen guns could scarcely bring down 300 animals of every description.

The Rothschilds, who began by sweeping out a shop at Manchester, have become the metallic sovereigns of Europe. From their different establishments in Paris, London, Vienna, Frankfort, Petersburg, and Naples, they have obtained a control over the European exchanges which no party ever before could accomplish, and they now seem to hold the strings of the public purse. No sovereign without their assistance now could raise a loan. When Rothschild was at Vienna, and contracted for the last Austrian loan, the Emperor sent for him to express his satisfaction at the manner in which the bargain had been concluded. The Israelite replied : "Je peux assurer votre Majesté que la maison de Rothschild sera toujours enchantée de faire tout ce qui pourra être agréable à la maison d'Autriche."

When Louis XIV. in his latter days, was pressed by foreign wars, and in great distress for money, the famous Jew banker Samuel Bernard positively refused to make him any further advances ; in this dilemma he concerted with Chamillart to appoint a meeting with the capitalist at Marly, and when he was quitting the interview, as refractory as ever, the king met him as if by accident at the door, expressed great pleasure on seeing him, and insisted on showing him the beauties of his park and gardens. During the drive he loaded him with civilities without ever alluding to the object of his visit to the Minister : but when they parted, Bernard was so intoxicated with the honour that he had received from a Monarch, who on common occasions would hardly look at a *roturier*, that he returned to Chamillart, and complied with all his demands, saying, "that he would risk the last *livre* in his purse to serve such a gracious Prince."

Rothschild, however, has taken a higher flight than his predecessor, and that Revolution which levelled so many nobles, has been the means of his elevation : money has risen in the scale, and titles have descended : "*dat census honores* : " he is a member of the Legion of Honour and a German Baron : when he obtained the latter title, it was said, "Montmorency est le premier Baron Chrétien, et Rothschild est le premier Baron Juif."

Standish said to me the other day, "Qu'est-ce que vous faites à Versailles ?" I could not help replying to him as Monsieur de Fervaques, when he retired to the monastery of La Trappe, "Je m'ennuie ; je me suis trop diverti ; c'est la pénitence."

*Monday, 21st.* — Lord Hertford, who is come to Paris, is of opinion that the resistance to Lord Melbourne's bills in the House of Peers has only protracted the crisis for a few months. Peel has lost favour with the Tories, by the admissions he has made in favour of Reform, and in proportion as the ultra party is inflexible to all concessions, I see that they are desponding, which only proves that Peel is right.

*Friday, 25th.* — Fieschi's trial will come on shortly: he has been greatly reduced by diet and bleeding, in order to weaken his mind through the body and extort confession, but without success; the other day when his surgeon was taking from him an unusual quantity of blood, he observed to him quietly, "Vous ne laisserez rien pour le bourreau." Bellini the composer, who has delighted the musical world at the opera both here and in London, with the *Pirate*, *Norma*, the *Puritani*, &c., died on Wednesday last, at Puteaux, near Paris, after a short illness, aged only twenty-nine.

*Saturday, 26th.* — The accounts of the cholera in Italy are still alarming for travellers, and Paris will be thronged with visitors this winter.

I told Lord Granville that Louis-Philippe in his journey to Versailles was now always accompanied by a strong guard; he replied, "Yes, it was very much against his will, but *the ministers insisted on it.*"

*Monday, 28th.* — O'Connell's journey through the north of England has one sole object, — to stir up the minds of the people against the House of Peers: his motto is, "*delenda est Carthago.*" The Melbourne ministry are frightened at the ally whose assistance they implored: and England herself, however she may treat his artifices with contempt or indifference, may take heed lest his crusade produce some serious consequences.

A man of the name of Pepin, who had fled from Paris, has been arrested in the neighbourhood of Meaux as an accomplice of Fieschi; the police attach great importance to this capture, but after all their researches, it is as yet impossible to trace the act to any political party. Pepin is a grocer in the Faubourg St. Antoine, who appears to have supplied Fieschi with money. The trial will commence in December, and as yet not more than seven individuals have been detained on suspicion.

This Government, after having permitted for five years the publication of the most indecent and irreligious works, and winked at the grossest immorality, from the contemptible motive of gaining popularity, has now suddenly turned round, and without any

warning begun to confiscate them in the shops. It is unjust to the bookseller whose property they seize, renders the government ridiculous, and brings into fresh notice publications which long had been forgotten.

It is a fact that Don Manuel Godoy, the Prince of Peace, formerly so loaded with honours and riches at the court of Spain, is now living on the fourth story of a mean house in Paris, reduced to publish his own memoirs for a meagre subsistence.

A dreadful murder has been committed lately on a Monsieur and Madame Maes, in the Rue des Petites Ecuries, who were found dying in their apartment, stabbed with various wounds. A Flemish servant is suspected to have done the deed.

Monsieur Maes was possessed of great wealth; he had lately married his kitchenmaid, who had lived forty years with him, and they were just returned from Ghent, of which town he was a native, and where he was upon ill terms with his relations. A curious point in law has occurred as to the disposal of his large property.

He had left a large portion of it by will to his wife, excluding thus his relations by blood; but as he survived his wife by one quarter of an hour, it becomes a *lapse* legacy, reverts in that interval to himself, and thence (as intestate) to the heirs at law.

*Wednesday, 30th.* — The camp at Kalisch has broken up, and the conferences at Töplitz are begun. But when is agitated Europe to be at rest? Discord, anarchy, and discontent, are yearly making fresh progress over the earth. Last year we thought it fearful, this year it is worse. Look at England, France, Spain, Germany, Italy, Turkey, Greece, and Portugal, — are they not all exploding, or ripe for explosion? where can we find a nook of land on the broad map of civilised Europe which may be termed peaceable, happy, and contented? And what is the cause of this universal furious excitement? Is it the aggressions of a conqueror? No, we are at peace; nation is no longer arrayed against nation. Is it famine or poverty? No; our harvests are abundant, our revenues productive, and all classes amply supplied with the means of support. Is it pestilence and disease? No; all Europe is healthy, thriving, and teeming with population. If then we are by divine mercy exempted from the three great scourges of war, pestilence, and famine, and favoured with a more than usual share of prosperity, — whence is the general cry of discontent that seems to convulse the whole earth?

Truly, our ingratitude and the devices of our own hearts have been the blind means of converting blessings into a curse.

*Thursday, October 1st.*—Accounts from Argos of the 6th September, mention that Lord Durham had arrived in Greece, and was well received by King Otho, who presented him with the cross of the Sauveur. General Strongonoff was at Athens, attempting to negotiate a marriage between the King and a Russian Princess.

*Saturday, 3rd.*—The King and Queen of the Belgians are arrived at Ramsgate, on a visit to the Duchess of Kent, in a steamboat without any retinue. The sovereigns of the present day will soon travel about by the stage coach.

Prince-Buteira, the Neapolitan ambassador, is going to marry the Princess Schouvalow, a Russian widow with a large fortune. He is a Hanoverian of no rank, having served in that army as a subaltern. He captivated the Princess Buteira at Naples by fighting a duel in her defence, married her, took her name, and at her death succeeded to her fortune, which he is now about to increase by a new union. He is tall, thin, pale, about fifty, of mild manners, but without either wit or talents to account for his success in these matrimonial speculations.

The Duke de Grammont, father of De Guiche, is now eighty years old, hale and strong, though very deaf, and his memory is stored with recollections of the various scenes which he has witnessed during his long life. He was captain of the guards to Louis XVI., which situation, being venal, like all other places about the court in those days, he purchased for 500,000 fr. This sum is now lost to his family. He has shown me where he rode down the great stone staircase near the orangeries in the garden at Versailles, at the head of his regiment, when the mob came from Paris to assail the king and queen at the commencement of the Revolution. He has been a steady adherent of the Bourbons during their good and bad fortune, which he has shared throughout: he followed them into banishment wherever they could find a refuge; returned with them at the Restoration; accompanied Charles X. to Scotland; and, since his settlement at Prague, has retired to a small house at St. Germain on a limited income, where the cultivation of flowers, and the society of a few neighbours at a game of whist serve to pass away his time. But the name of Louis-Philippe is never mentioned by him or his family, except as an usurper.

*Monday, 5th.*—Charles André Pozzo di Borgo, the present representative of France at the court of St. James's, was born in Corsica on the 8th March, 1768, and reached the period of manhood at the time when the French Revolution was at its height.

The impulse of liberty was readily felt and seconded by the population of Corsica; but even in the origin, two contending parties sprung up among the principal families in the island, who differed essentially as to the application of the new tenets. The Bonapartes, the Arenas, the Salicettis, advocated the principles of Rousseau, Mably, and the rights of man as expounded by the theorists of the day; the Paolis, the Pozzi di Borgos, sought for national independence, and had for their object the restoration of ancient Corsica from a foreign yoke. About this time, Louis XVI. had convoked an assembly of the Corsican nobility at Ajaccio, in order to represent the grievances of which they complained, and the young Pozzo, then twenty-two years old, was appointed secretary, and in a short time afterwards sent as deputy to the National Assembly in Paris.

This was the first theatre on which the future agent of the Holy Alliance appeared in public life; and, what is still more singular, the school in which he first studied the science of that diplomacy which was hereafter destined to wage war with revolutions, was no other than the *Comité diplomatique* under the presidency of Brissot. Roman liberty was then the order of the day, and the sovereign People would hardly deign to treat with kings on a footing of equality. Some specimens of his eloquence in that assembly are still extant, delivered in 1792, which breathe a very different spirit from the principles which he has since devoted his life to maintain. His mission to France having expired, he returned to Corsica, where he enlisted himself in the cause of independence under Paoli, who was bent on forming a republic in that island. Here began that interminable hate between him and Bonaparte, which lasted till the destruction of the latter. The Arenas and Bonapartes, who were affiliated with the clubs at Paris, denounced Paoli and Pozzo at the bar of the Convention, as striving to separate Corsica from the mother country. This open hostility on their part only hastened the catastrophe; and at a public assembly in Corte it was decided that no attention should be paid to the mandate from France, and that the renegade families should be consigned to everlasting infamy. The gauntlet was thrown down, and to recede was now impossible; but what resources could Corsica find to maintain a struggle against the overwhelming power of France? An army was already assembled at Toulon, and menaced an immediate invasion.

In the midst of this dilemma an English squadron appeared before Ajaccio; Admiral Elliot offered the protection of his sovereign, and on the 10th of June, 1794, the bases of a constitution

were submitted to him, and the independence of Corsica was proclaimed to the world.

This new government only lasted two years; the distant power of England was insufficient to maintain its existence, France was triumphant on all sides, and the frail power of Paoli was gradually undermined. The tricoloured flag was hoisted at Ajaccio, and Pozzo, unable to stem the tide of revolution, embarked on board the English fleet, which quitted its moorings before Corsica, laden with the wrecks of the government.

They touched at Naples, at the Isle of Elba, when Pozzo had the opportunity of visiting that sovereignty which was afterwards destined to be the prison of his fallen enemy. At length the *Minerva* frigate conveyed our adventurous Corsican to the British shores.

He passed eighteen months in London, where he was well received by our ministers, who did justice to his talents and energy in his late administration; he here formed new connections among the English nobility and certain of the French emigrants, laying the foundations of those secret negotiations and diplomatic missions, which he afterwards conducted on so grand a scale.

In 1798 he was at Vienna; it was the time of the coalition, when Suwarrow's arms were crowned with victory in Italy, and Pozzo, embracing the cause with vigour, was indefatigable in promoting his success. But the tide of affairs was turned at Zurich. The Austro-Russian army was defeated at all points by Massena; the Coalition broke up: and, after many fruitless journeys through the seat of war, Pozzo returned to Vienna, where he remained on very confidential terms with that cabinet. Bonaparte in the meantime returned from Egypt, founded that power which he afterwards carried to such a height, and cemented the victory which crowned his arms by the peace of Amiens. But he did not then forget his Corsican friends, who by his orders were subjected to a rigorous proscription.

This fictitious peace was soon followed by a fresh war. Pozzo entered into the Russian service, and commenced his career as a diplomatist, for which character his talents were peculiarly adapted. He was named by Alexander a privy councillor and member of the Cabinet at St. Petersburg, was thence sent on a mission to Vienna, where he organised the fresh coalition against France, which terminated in the fatal battle of Austerlitz. He afterwards followed his master to the army, and after the battle of Jena, being sent again to Vienna, where he found his efforts unavailing to rouse Austria to fresh exertions in the general cause,

he was dispatched to the Dardanelles, with proposals of peace to the Turks, under the mediation of England. He arrived at Tenedos, when he was received on board the ship of Admiral Siniavin, and bore a part in the engagement of Mount Athos, between the Russian fleet and that of the Sultan.

Napoleon was now Emperor, and Europe was at his feet. The bloody struggle between the French and Russian armies had terminated in the treaty of Tilsit, where the unsuspecting nature of Alexander had been completely fascinated by the artful suggestions of his enemy, and expressions of personal friendship were interchanged by the two sovereigns, which excited great jealousy and discontent in Russia.

Pozzo immediately felt the impossibility of retaining his present position; he gave in his resignation, and notwithstanding the entreaties of Alexander, remained firm in his purpose of quitting the service. He had a long audience of the Emperor at St. Petersburg, to whom he expressed himself in the following terms: — “Far from being of service to you at present, I could only be an embarrassment. Bonaparte has not forgotten the hatreds of his early days. A day will come when he will demand that I shall be given up to him. Your Majesty is too generous to accede to such a request, but I should then become a cause of misunderstanding between you, which it is my duty to avoid. After all, I have great doubts if this friendship between your Majesty and Napoleon can be of long duration. You will find at a later period that no conquests can satisfy his insatiable ambition. You have Persia and Turkey on your hands, Bonaparte on your breast. Well! clear your hands first, and a violent effort will extricate you from Napoleon; in the meantime I remain always devoted to the service of your Majesty; and I foresee that not many years will have elapsed before you will graciously deign to recall me.”

Pozzo returned to Vienna in 1808, where he remained during the campaign of 1809, actively employed by Austria, but narrowly watched by Napoleon, who having again conquered a peace, insisted on his being given up, which was pointedly refused by the Emperor Francis. But Pozzo, aware that his stay at Vienna was not more advisable than at St. Petersburg, decided on moving to Constantinople. Thus driven from Europe by his unceasing foe, he took refuge in Asia for a time, and, after visiting Syria, Smyrna, and Malta, he at last bent his course again to England, where he arrived in October, 1810. His predictions to Alexander were now on the eve of accomplishment: the peace of Tilsit had



proved only an armed truce; war broke out with redoubled vigour, and the French armies passed the Niemen in 1812. He did not then quit London, but was again attached to the Russian service as a diplomatic negotiator: he was at the close of that campaign recalled to join the Emperor's counsels, and had his first personal interview with that Monarch at Kalisch, after an absence of five years. He found the Emperor, though flushed with success, still biassed in favour of Napoleon, and all his efforts were now directed to counteract an influence so fatal to the interests of Europe. It was to his urgent solicitations and counsels that may be attributed the steady progress of the war during 1813, and finally the invasion of France by the allied troops, which ended in the deposition of Napoleon. He was next dispatched to England, with orders to return with Louis XVIII. to Paris, and during that journey, he gave such salutary advice to that Monarch, as to the real state of feeling in France, that he was induced to promulgate the charter, which gained him so many adherents among the liberal party. Pozzo has since been continued in his post as ambassador here, till affairs in England becoming more complicated, his services were deemed more useful in London. His talents are of the first order, and his conversation highly interesting; his memory is inexhaustible; not a tissue of anecdotes like that of Talleyrand, but a collection of annals, which embrace the history of Europe during a period which must always be considered the most eventful and most extraordinary in the records of the world.

*Tuesday, 6th.*—About this time died in London at an advanced age the Earl of Chatham, Colonel of the fourth regiment of foot, and late governor of Gibraltar. He was son of the first Earl, who was struck with death in the House of Lords, May, 1778, after making a remarkable speech on the American war, and elder brother to the Right Hon. William Pitt, whose name and high character will last as long as the history of Great Britain shall be read. He was an indolent man, and so remarkable for his want of punctuality that he was frequently called *the late* Lord Chatham. He commanded the unfortunate expedition to the Isle of Walcheren, while the fleet was entrusted to Admiral Sir Richard Strahan: their inactivity on this occasion gave rise to the well-known epigram:—

“ Lord Chatham, with his sword undrawn,  
Keeps waiting for Sir Richard Strahan;  
Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em,  
Keeps waiting too, — for whom? Lord Chatham!”

General Sebastiani is arrived from London, where he has left his countess. Their hospitalities during the last season have been on a very limited scale, and Lord Hertford\*, who has let to them his late mother's mansion in Manchester Square, is under no apprehension that the furniture will suffer by the admission of guests.

The spirit of discord is at its height in the United States, and this land of liberty is the scene of continued warfare between the abolitionists and those who persist in the employment of negro slaves. As the first principle of an American is his own interest, the most violent rancour prevails among the slaveholders against those who advocate the new doctrines of humanity, and they have taken the initiative by committing repeated acts of violence against the abolitionists. In Virginia particularly, the excesses have been most deplorable, and in defiance of all laws; but as the States without negroes form a majority of the whole population, it is hoped that they will have an influence in the new elections, to support the cause of emancipation in the House of Representatives. At the same time the two Carolinas, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Alabama, which comprise in themselves four-fifths of the negro population, are secretly uniting themselves to resist the proposed measures of Congress.

For the last twelve months great efforts have been made to establish a steam-carriage from Paris hither: one or two essays have been made with partial success; but to-day the whole town was assembled on the Avenue de Paris to witness the arrival of the train which was now completed. After a long fruitless expectation it was announced, that the Directeur des Ponts and Chaussées, apprehensive that the weight of the machine would destroy the road, had forbidden the experiment. The speculator therefore is saddled with the loss.

*Wednesday, 7th.*—Mendizabal is appointed Minister at Madrid, and some of the juntas in the provinces have sent in their adhesion to his system. Colonel Evans†, with his auxiliary troops, has gone into winter quarters at Bilboa, having deferred their expected laurels till the spring; in the meantime dissensions have taken place amongst them, some of the officers have resigned, and others have been dismissed without ceremony and sent home.

*Friday, 9th.*—I went to Paris in the morning, called on Yarmouth, and found him surrounded with plans and designs of architects. He has just bought Bagatelle, in the Bois de Boulogne,

\* The late Lord Hertford.

† Now General Sir de Lacy Evans.

for 313,100 fr. I have already described the place last year. The building itself is substantial, and requires no solid repair; to raise the roof, and convert the first floor into good apartments, will not be very expensive, and it will then be a handsome mansion for a small family; the dependencies out of doors, if entirely repaired, may be the most serious expense.

That Society called the *Bande Noire*, which has already devastated so many fine palaces in France, buying them for the sake of the materials, was one of the principal bidders at this sale; and it is a fortunate circumstance that this beautiful spot, which is also a *souvenir* of the old court, should have been rescued from their grasp. Count Sebastiani came to Versailles yesterday to pay a visit to the Duc de Guiche: he told him that on a nearer view of affairs in England, his apprehensions of a revolution in that country had much subsided; that he saw so much conservative spirit among all classes, so much power still remaining in the hands of the aristocracy, and perhaps good sense in the nation generally, that though new measures of change and Reform might still be carried, no serious collision or intestine war was in his opinion likely to occur. He thought the return of the Tories to power very distant or improbable, and they seemed themselves impressed with that idea.

*Saturday, 10th.* — Lord Durham has arrived at Constantinople, on board the *Barham*, where the first circumstance that occurred was a misunderstanding about the salutes. The frigate only fired nineteen guns instead of twenty-one, the number required by etiquette for the Sultan; no return was made from the batteries; and interchange of messages not of the most cordial nature took place with the shore, which lasted during six hours, without producing the desired effect; at last the two deficient guns being conceded by the frigate, the return salute was made by the Turks in the usual form. This *début* of his Lordship does not promise well for his future negotiations.

A trifling circumstance occurred which has given scope to many satirical remarks in the papers on Count Sebastiani. On his late journey from London being pressed for time, he preferred the English steam-packet to the French, which were both waiting in the harbour; as soon as he had departed in the former, the Frenchman, indignant at his choice, put on all his power of steam, set-off and, as it is said, arrived at Calais twenty minutes before his rival. When the Count arrived, he was greeted on the pier by the French captain and crew with shouts of ridicule. A satirical paper adds, "*Le capitaine Anglais s'en est excusé par*

une plaisanterie ; ‘Le Général,’ a-t-il dit, ‘a porté malheur à mon paquebot : je le savais léger de gloire, mais, ma foi ! il est si lourd d’esprit qu’il est encore heureux que je n’ai pas sombré en route.’”

A book has lately been published by Gust. de Beaumont, called “Marie, ou l’Esclavage.” Its object is to detail the state of the slaves in America, and the cruel regulations both physical and moral under which they labour. In this famed abode of freedom, the slaves form half of the population in certain districts, and are not only treated with rigour by the whites, but with a disgusting contempt and indignity unknown in our West Indian Colonies. A stain of black alliance in a white family, though it may date a hundred years back, will subject the posterity to the state of Pariahs for ever ; they are never allowed to mix with the whites in any society, even in the church ; and, unprotected by the law, they are subject to continued assault and persecution. It is difficult to imagine that such unnatural and cruel oppression can exist much longer in the present age. The following census was taken in 1830 of the slaves :—

South Carolina	- 54 in 100	Virginia	- 38 in 100
Louisiana	- 51 ”	Alabama	- 37 ”
Mississippi	- 48 ”	North Carolina	33 ”
Florida	- 44 ”	Kentucky	- 34 ”
Georgia	- 41 ”	Maryland	- 23 ”

*Monday, 12th.*—Notwithstanding the previous coolness, Lord Durham was received by the Sultan with the greatest civility and attention on the 11th ultimo : his stay at Constantinople was short, and produced no relaxation in the terms of the treaty with Russia, as to the admission of armed ships through the straits, since it is stated, that on the 15th ultimo, his Lordship embarked on board the Pluto steamer for the Black Sea, which having *no guns on board*, was unable to return the salute of the Russian frigate anchored at Buyukdur. The Barham frigate sailed on the following day for Malta. Thus ends this *important* mission, which the Whigs so pompously announced would counterbalance the Russian influence in the East. The sovereigns of Austria, Russia, and Prussia are all assembled at Töplitz, with their numerous retinues ; their time is passed in visits and fêtes, at which the only two English present of any note are the Duke of Cumberland and Lord Douro, as representing the Conservative interest in England ; the negotiations, if any are really going on, which is very doubtful, are kept in the back ground.

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*Tuesday, 13th.*—No event ever produced so great a sensation in English society as the introduction of the German waltz in 1813. Up to that time the English country dance, Scotch steps, and an occasional Highland reel, formed the school of the dancing-master, and the evening recreation of the British youth even in the first circles. But peace was drawing near, foreigners were arriving, and the taste for continental customs and manners became the order of the day. The young Duke of Devonshire, as the *magnus Apollo* of the drawing-rooms in London, was at the head of these innovations; and when the *kitchen* dance became exploded at Devonshire House, it could not long be expected to maintain its *footing* even in the less celebrated assemblies. In London, fashion is or was then everything. Old and young returned to school, and the mornings which had been dedicated to lounging in the Park, were now absorbed at home in practising the figures of a French quadrille, or whirling a chair round the room, to learn the step and measure of the German waltz. Lame and impotent were the first efforts, but the inspiring airs of the music, and the not less inspiring airs of the foreigners, soon rendered the English ladies enthusiastic performers. What scenes have we witnessed in those days at Almack's, &c.! What fear and trembling in the *débutantes* at the commencement of a waltz, what giddiness and confusion at the end! It was perhaps owing to this latter circumstance, that so violent an opposition soon arose to this new recreation on the score of morality.

The anti-waltzing party took the alarm, cried it down, mothers forbade it, and every ballroom became a scene of feud and contention: the waltzers continued their operations, but their ranks were not filled with so many recruits as they expected. The foreigners, however, were not idle in forming their *élèves*; Baron Tripp, Newmann, Ste. Aldegonde, &c., persevered in spite of all the prejudices which were marshalled against them; every night the waltz was called, and new votaries, though slowly, were added to their train. Still the opposition party did not relax in their efforts, sarcastic remarks flew about, and pasquinades were written to deter young ladies from such a recreation. The following was much cited at the time:—

#### ON WALTZING.

“ With timid step and tranquil downcast glance  
Behold the well-paired couple now advance;  
One hand holds hers, the other grasps her hip,  
But licensed to no neighbouring part to slip,  
For so the law's laid down by Baron Tripp.

In such pure postures our first parents moved,  
 While hand in hand thro' Eden's bowers they roved,  
 Ere Beelzebub with meaning foul and false  
 Turned their poor heads, and taught them how to waltz."

A M. Bourblanc, attached to, I forget what Embassy, and a zealous partisan of the new dancing school, took up his pen in reply to these attacks, and wrote some verses advocating the innocence of the waltz; and it may be supposed, from the gradual establishment of the custom in society, that his arguments were not without weight in promoting it, though his verses were not very good. This poor M. Bourblanc had a very singular fate for a frequenter of Almacks'; he was sent afterwards by his government on some distant mission out of Europe; the ship in which he sailed got out of her course, and touched at an unknown island, whither the captain sent part of his crew in a boat to obtain information. Bourblanc from motives of curiosity joined the party, which had no sooner reached the shore, than they were surrounded by savages, massacred, and absolutely devoured in sight of the vessel. When the news came to England, he was much regretted, particularly in the circle at Almacks'; and a young lady has been heard to say, on observing an awkward waltzer, "Quel dommage qu'il n'ait pas été mangé par les sauvages, au lieu de ce pauvre M. Bourblanc!" To return to the waltz: it struggled through all its difficulties; Flahault, who was *la fleur des pois* in Paris, came over to captivate Miss Mercer, and, with a host of others, drove the prudes into their entrenchments; and when the Emperor Alexander was seen waltzing round the room at Almacks', with his tight uniform and numerous decorations, they surrendered at discretion.

Baron Tripp was a Dutchman: he and Baron Tuyll emigrated from Holland at the beginning of the century, and were most hospitably received in England; they were introduced into the first society, where they became very popular from their agreeable manners and good-breeding.

They both entered the British service; Tripp obtained a commission in the Prince's regiment, 10th Light Dragoons, and Tuyll in the 7th Light Dragoons, commanded by Lord Paget\*, now Marquis of Anglesey, with whom he always lived on terms of private friendship. With such introductions, and belonging to the two crack regiments of the day, which were entirely composed

\* Late Marquis of Anglesey.

of young men of the first rank and fortune in the country, they lived very much in the world. They were both handsome men: Tripp was an agreeable boaster, swearing like a hussar, and speaking a sort of *baragouin*, half German half French-English, which was very entertaining. Tuyll was a more sedate character, of more polished manners; but both were extremely good-natured and liked in the London circles. Tuyll was unquestionably a man of very good family in his own country, but Tripp's claims to the same distinction were not so generally allowed. When I was at the Hague, in 1814, and constantly in the house of Lord Clancarty, the English Ambassador, where at that time were staying the Lady Castlereagh and Lady Emma Edgcombe, now Countess of Brownlow, with several other English, and Tripp himself then in his native country, it was generally observed by us that he seemed to have no relations in Holland of any importance. After the peace Tripp went to Brussels, where he spent his time in philandering with the fair sex, a propensity which seems constantly to have brought him into trouble. His attention to Miss C. produced at last a duel with the father, which, though it did not end seriously, created considerable comments in the place.

Poor Tripp's end was rather mysterious; he went to Florence, and lived much with the gay society of which Lord and Lady Burghersh's house formed the centre: there were many English in the place, among whom was a Mrs. Fitzherbert, a pretty young married woman, *very coquette*, not much known in the London world. Tripp fell violently in love with her, and became her professed admirer, but whether from jealousy or from what cause is not exactly known, he retired one afternoon to his lodgings, borrowed a pair of pistols from a friend, and shot himself through the head, leaving only a few lines on his writing table, to intimate that he was tired of life. I saw a great deal of him at one period, and always heard him profess the principles of a downright atheist, which may account for the wretched manner in which he finished his career.

Tuyll afterwards obtained a situation under our Government in the West India Islands, where he remained some time; he has since returned and lives partly in Holland, partly in England, but everywhere generally liked and esteemed by all who know him.

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*Thursday, 15th.*—Hopes are entertained that some alleviation of the fate of the prisoners at Ham may be granted by the Government. Guiche went to Paris yesterday to attend a

meeting of the friends of Polignac to further this object. A. Macdonald is arrived from England for the same purpose; and as the prisoners' health is much impaired by confinement, the first step will probably be to remove them to a *maison de santé*; Sebastiani interests himself much in their cause, with a view of ingratiating himself with his wife's family.

Lord\* and Lady Munster are still in Paris: the former attracts much notice by riding daily in the Champs Elysées, with his three little boys on ponies; and Louis-Philippe, who pays great court to every thing which has a tinge of royalty, shows marked attention to him.

I called the other day on Lord Granard, who, with his two daughters, Ladies Adelaïde and Caroline Forbes, has for several years resided in Paris: the eldest daughter, Lady Rancliffe, lives also in their neighbourhood, but much secluded. They were formerly much in the gay world of London, but various reasons have induced them, like so many others, to pitch their tents on the Continent. Lord Forbes, who married a few years ago a woman of fortune, in the north of England, is in a very precarious state of health, and not likely to live long.

*Saturday, 17th.*— I went to Paris to meet Macdonald, who has been passing a fortnight at Ham with Prince Polignac, and arrives this evening. The crowds of English that are flocking to Paris are wonderful; the hotels are overflowing.

*Sunday, 18th.*— I found my poor friend Macdonald in a lamentable state: a severe attack of liver complaint which he experienced in the summer, has ended in total, but I trust temporary blindness,—he can distinguish nothing; he is accompanied by his two daughters, and, wonderful to say, his spirits do not seem affected by this dreadful calamity, though it made me wretched to see it. His account of Prince Polignac's health is more satisfactory; M. Peyronnet remains in the same secluded state, having no communication with his fellow prisoners; M. Chantelauze is nearly out of his mind, and in a bad state; M. Guernon de Ranville alone keeps up his health and spirits, and struggles manfully against his misfortunes. The strictness of the surveillance is perhaps a little relaxed, but I can see that the hopes of liberation rest upon very slight foundation. The Princess and her children still live at the foot of the castle, doing every thing in her power to alleviate her husband's confinement; he is about

\* The late Earl of Munster, the eldest son of the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., and Mrs. Jordan.



fifty-four years old, out of which time ten years have been passed in a prison under Napoleon and Louis-Philippe.

I met at Macdonald's in the morning the Duc de Polignac, and the Count de Menars, master of the horse to the Duchesse de Berri, the companion of her journies, and the *père de son enfant*, which died at Blaye, and by the scandal of its birth, proved such a fatal weapon to the unmanly policy of Louis-Philippe against his exiled relations. I staid to dine with Macdonald, and met the Duc de Polignac, young Armand de P. the eldest son of the Prince, and his tutor, M. Capelle. The Duke is just arrived from Prague, where he left Charles X. in good health; fortunately for him he does not play whist, otherwise he would never have obtained leave of absence from his Royal master, whose whole evenings are devoted to that amusement, and who finds but few partners in his limited suite.

It appears that Sebastiani is come to Paris to solicit for the baton de Maréchal, and the vacant post of Chancellor of the Legion of Honour, for which he is willing to resign his embassy; but as the number of marshals is limited to twelve, and Soult has forestalled him in his pretensions to the Chancellorship, he must be contented to return to his 300,000 fr. a-year in England.

The trial of Fieschi seems fixed for the 15th of November; he is quite recovered, and appears perfectly tranquil and unconcerned as to the result; his conduct in prison is marked with levity as well as hardihood; he talks of sparing no one, and making great discoveries, but hitherto he has revealed nothing. The other day he had occasion to write to the Procureur du Roi, wishing to have a private interview with that magistrate, and requested he would visit him in his prison; the letter concluded with these words, "Vous me trouverez chez moi toute la journée." He affects to have the greatest contempt for all his colleagues; he has shown a memorandum of all the sums which he has received, and piquing himself on his exactness, he says that there is a balance of ten francs remaining in his hands, which he is ready to account for. He says that the discoveries which he means to make on his trial will not only astonish all France, but the whole of Europe. One of the persons implicated with him, named Morey, determined on starving himself to death in prison; he in consequence persisted in refusing all nourishment for several days; at length yielding to the pain of his situation, and the suggestions of his gaolers, he changed his mind, and consented to live; but his constitution had been so under-

mined by the long abstinence, that great doubts are entertained of his ultimate recovery.

On Monday last, between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, a young man in great agitation threw himself into one of the omnibuses which were moving down the Avenue de Neuilly, and heaving a deep sigh, shortly expired in the carriage: he had just time to cry out, "Je n'aurais jamais crû, qu'on en voulait à mes jours." The wretched man had been stabbed with a dagger in various places. The recherches of the police soon discovered that he was a working gunsmith, by name Case, and the perpetrator of the murder proves to be a M. Verninhac de St. Maur, a chief clerk in the General Post Office. This man has been suspected of various embezzlements in his department, by stealing remittances out of letters sent through the post office, and the murder is supposed to have been committed in order to make away with an inconvenient and perhaps repentant accomplice.

*Tuesday, 20th.* — Count Pahlen, the long-expected Russian ambassador, is arrived in Paris, and yesterday delivered his credentials at the Tuileries. He has recently formed one of the Emperor's numerous suite at Töplitz, where he had frequent interviews with Nesselrode, Metternich, and Ancillon, the prime ministers of the three northern powers.

*Thursday, 22nd.* — Mr. Murray, the celebrated publisher, came to Macdonald's this evening, where I dined. He read us a letter from Miss Fanny Kemble, remarking on the severity with which her journal on America had been treated by the reviews, which she bears with great philosophy. She alludes to M. de Beaumont's book on slavery in that country, which she says is a fair picture of that horrid system, and as the slave owners now wage war like tigers on the abolitionists, the country presents one scene of lawless murder and persecution.

The club in the Rue de Grammont is full of petty jealousies and cabals; they have black-balled two most unexceptionable candidates, Lords W. Bentinck and Alvanley. No one can tell why.

The Duke of Orleans is going to make a campaign at Algiers, and Walewski \* is appointed one of his *aides-de-camp*.

Among all the decorations which are so promiscuously lavished by the sovereigns of the Continent, none is more inconsistently ridiculous than the order of Christ, which has been given to the Jew banker Rothschild.

*Saturday, 24th.* — I met the Duc de Polignac at Macdonalds'. More English arrived; the Duke of Sutherland and family, with

\* Now Minister of Foreign Affairs in France.

six carriages and thirty servants; they have taken the hotel Lobau: Mr. Ponsonby and Lady Barbara the hotel Crillon. Paris will be an English colony this winter, and houses are taken at most exorbitant prices.

*Sunday, 25th.* — At Versailles this evening. At the Chevalier de Pigneux we heard Kalkbrenner play on the piano-forte. There were only a few of the neighbours, but among them were M. and Madame Horace Vernet, and M. and Mde. Paul De la Roche, their son-in-law and daughter. Paul De la Roche is a celebrated painter of the modern French school, whose picture of the execution of Lady Jane Grey was so much admired at the Exposition in the Louvre. His wife is a beautiful person, and eccentric in her dress, which was a strict copy of the time of Henry VIII. in England. On leaving the house she put on a white mantle belonging to the order of the *Pénitens blancs*. She was altogether a singularly interesting figure, though a woman with less beauty might not have found this departure from the *mode* a very safe experiment.\* After all, in this old world there is nothing really new. A revival of former habits proves at least “*Qu’il n’y a rien de nouveau dans la mode que ce qui a été oublié.*”

There are rumours of a change in the ministry here, and the retirement of M. Humann from the finance department. He is anxious to effect the conversion of the Five per Cents., which the present price of 108 would render a safe operation, and a great relief to the Treasury; but the National Guards, who are all holders of stock, would become discontented at this reduction of their income, and as *they* are the main prop and support of the throne of July, it is thought by those in power that this measure, however beneficial to the country, ought not to be risked at the present moment. There have been likewise some partial signs of insubordination lately shown in the army, which, though perhaps not very serious, are still of sufficient importance to render the government apprehensive of exciting unnecessary discontent in the country. The large standing army now maintained in France, composed not of mere automatons as in former times, but of men who, from the general spread of education in the present day, can freely exercise their reasoning faculties, and feel not only anxious but qualified for advancement, who are all impressed with Napoleon’s favourite maxim, that “*Chaque soldat a le bâton de Maréchal dans son sac,*” and at the same time must see that the general peace in Europe, and a life occupied in

\* Madame De la Roche is since dead.

garrison duty, or in labour on public works, can offer no hope of ever realising such expectations, may very naturally feel dissatisfied with their position, and eventually become a source of real danger to the state. This is one more of the awful difficulties which the intricate position of Louis-Philippe seems doomed to encounter.

A notable object for popular curiosity has presented itself here, in the arrival of General Allard from Lahore. He was formerly an officer in the French service, which he quitted at the restoration, and having travelled through Egypt, Persia, and Cabul, took up his residence with Runjeet Singh, sovereign of Lahore, married a near relation of that prince, and at last became his prime minister and generalissimo of his armies. Though possessed of immense wealth, and enjoying the highest dignities in the East, he determined to pay a visit to his native country, and is lately arrived in Paris, having left his wife at Troppez, in France, where his relations have always resided. He wears the Eastern costume, with a very long beard, and exhibits himself with much apparent satisfaction at the Opera, and other places of public resort, where the crowd of idlers follow him daily with undiminished curiosity. He has dined at the Tuileries, and in various other houses, appears much struck with the progress of civilisation in Europe, but finds nothing there that can be compared to the riches and magnificence of his own adopted home. His wife is most anxious to return thither, and as soon as he has made arrangements for the education of his children in France, and purchased ordnance for the Lahore army — of which they were in want — he will set sail again for the East, and leave the Parisian idlers to look out for fresh interest in some other wonder.

*Tuesday, 27th.* — Met young Armand de Polignac at Macdonald's, and a M. Pougeolat, *homme de lettres*, one of the writers for the "Quotidienne," who had travelled in Arabia, and who could only sing the praises of romantic life with the Bedouins.

The committee of physicians who had been ordered to proceed to Ham, and report on the health of the prisoners have been suddenly countermanded by the Government.

Having occasion to consult a French solicitor on the subject of a robbery, which I could not exactly trace, he let me into some secrets of the disadvantages and *désagrémens* attending such complaints in the courts; which, though they by no means implicate the justice of a French tribunal, are sufficient, in many cases, to prevent a plaintiff from suing the culprit, particularly if he is one of the lower orders. Independent of the reporters to the

public press, who are on the watch to glean for their journals any circumstance in the trial which may furnish satire or ridicule of the parties, in order that they may extort money for the omission of the article hereafter in their reports, there is always a large assemblage of the lower classes in the court, who testify their impatience of any prosecution by what they call the rich against the poor : if a verdict is given in favour of the plaintiff, it is *parcequ'il est riche*, and on his retirement from court he is often assailed by unpleasant demonstrations of their dislike. He recounted to me several instances of this nature, and added that there were many adventurers in Paris who gained a livelihood by wilfully incurring prosecutions, which the parties afterwards seeing that no redress could be obtained, were willing to give money to be allowed to drop. Among other instances he cited the following :—a man came to the proprietor of a house at Batignoles near Paris, which was to be let, and offered to take it on lease for the term :—The owner, without making sufficient inquiry, signed the lease ; months passed, after possession had been given, and no signs of occupation, or of furniture sent in by the tenant, the property was suffering from neglect, and the landlord at length demanded by law the fulfilment of the contract. The tenant proved his poverty and inability to comply with it, but still refused to abandon his lease, and the landlord, finding he could neither get back his property nor satisfaction for his rent, found it most for his advantage to pay him a sum of money to cancel the agreement.

Succeeding in this point, the rascal then went to the lawyer (my informant), and asked him to lend him 15 fr. : seeing no end to the imposition the latter ejected him from his chambers, and in the struggle knocked off the man's hat on the staircase. The other brought an action against him for the value of his hat, which he rated at 20 fr. ; and when the lawyer alluded to his mean appearance, and the impossibility of his hat being worth so much, the mob in court immediately cried out, "*C'est parcequ'il est riche qu'il ne veut pas payer,*" and he was glad to pay 10 fr. to get out of court.

These remarks are quite independent of the administration of justice, which is executed with talent and impartiality. The *juge d'instruction* before whom I had made my declaration appeared to me to be a most sensible clear-headed magistrate, but the French people, having succeeded in levelling the distinctions of the aristocracy, would willingly also abolish that of wealth, which alone combats their ideas of equality.

*Friday, 30th.*—Among the innumerable rooms which are destined to form the Museum at the *château* of Versailles, is one which contains the pictures of Napoleon's Marshals, represented in that station from which they originally commenced their military career,—Junot as a private soldier, Bernadotte as a corporal, &c. Flahault was detailing this circumstance the other day to Lord Fitzgerald, but added that he himself had asked the King whether it was well-judged to hold up these examples to the army, at a time when all prospects of such expectations being realised again had passed away for ever.

This government is evidently too weak to attempt the measure for converting the Five per Cents., the unpopularity of which they dare not incur. It is a pitiable state of things in a country when the selfish views of private interest can impede a measure of general benefit.

The speech of Louis XVIII. to Monsieur Villele on this subject, shortly before his death, is still on record:—

“Dépêchez vous pour votre projet de conversion; faites la pendant que je suis en vie, et que j'ai quelques mois seulement de répit que Dieu a donnés à mon existence; en mourant les haïnes bourgeoises ne s'attacheront qu'à un cadavre. Mais, au nom du ciel, ne faites pas de cette mesure un des actes de l'avènement de mon successeur, car vous tueriez sa popularité dont il a grand besoin.”

No one understood the state of France and the position of himself and his family, better than Louis XVIII.; no one worse than Charles X.

*Monday, November 2nd.*—Among the painters who are engaged to create historical pictures of the French arms for the new Gallery at Versailles, is a Monsieur Vinchon, who is occupied in representing the siege of New York. Among the prominent figures in this picture, General Rochambeau appears as commanding the French, and General Lafayette the American troops. The other day an *aide-de-camp* of Louis-Philippe came to view the performance, and observed to the painter, that from particular motives the king strongly objected to the introduction of the figure of Lafayette in his picture. Monsieur Vinchon replied, “that he himself was no admirer of the individual; that he entirely disapproved of his political conduct, and thought he had done much injury to France; but that was no reason why in an historical representation he should omit the principal actor, and sooner than mutilate his subject he would resign the undertaking.” Finding him fixed in his determination, the *aide-de-*

*camp* desisted from his objections; but five years ago, Louis-Philippe asserted that he only accepted the crown from the pressing solicitations of Lafayette in the name of the nation.

The Gallery goes on slowly; the inhabitants of Versailles are not deemed loyal subjects, and the *château* will not be opened to the public till next year.

Lord Durham has arrived at Odessa in the "Pluto" steamer, where some fresh difficulties have occurred with the local authorities on the subject of the salute, to which a demur had been made, grounded on the vessel not being a ship of war, and the Admiralty flag being unknown in the Black Sea. The salute was afterwards conceded, but not to the satisfaction of the Earl, who forwarded a complaint to St. Petersburg.

*Thursday, 5th.* — Heard at Macdonald's that the prospect of the prisoners at Ham is not cheering; nothing seems likely to be done for the present. The Government holds out hopes of a gradual mitigation of the sentence, and Monsieur Thiers said, "Il faut manger l'artichaut feuille à feuille," but as yet no commencement is made.

The King and Queen of the Belgians are on a visit at the Tuileries, where frequent dinners are given, and many English are invited of all politics.

The Prince of Saxe-Coburg is to marry the Queen of Portugal, Donna Maria, widow of the Duc de Leuchtenberg.

General Allard has brought to Paris from India a great quantity of antique medals. Most of them go back to the expedition of Alexander to India, and several of them are said to have been picked up at the very spot where historians and geographers agree to place the field of battle which decided the fate of Porus; some are even of higher antiquity.

The whole collection is valued at 400,000 fr., and it is said the Government is in treaty for it, to enrich the museum of medals in Paris. Accounts are arrived through Persia, stating the defeat of Runjeet Singh's troops by their neighbours, the Afghans; but General Allard maintains that it is impossible, as the discipline, which he has introduced among the army of Lahore renders them invincible by any Asiatic troops.

*Saturday, 7th.* — Admiral de Rigny, one of the ministers of the present cabinet, died this morning.

After many years of public service, he had lately married a lady of large fortune from Mons, and having just moored his bark in affluence and prosperity, he is suddenly cut off by the hand of death from all his enjoyments.

*Sunday, 8th.* — Took leave of Macdonald and his family, who depart to-morrow for England. The Belfasts are arrived in Paris. Alvanley was elected at the club. I sat with Matuscewitz, who is here on his road to Naples, where he is appointed Russian minister: he had just received the account from Marseilles that his baggage had wrecked on the coast of Italy. He spoke with much warmth against Lord Melbourne and his ministry, and of their truckling to O'Connell, by whom they must now either stand or fall.

*Tuesday, 10th.* — There is no news. Don Sebastian has got through the French frontier from Italy, and has joined his uncle Don Carlos in Navarre, where the war is still carried on by partial skirmishes with the Queen's troops, with no decided success on either side. The new minister, Mendizabel, has decreed a levy of 100,000 men for the army, who as yet have only appeared on paper.

*Wednesday, 11th.* — As the American claim still remains unsettled by France, the Secretary who was left here as *Chargé d'Affaires ad interim* by Mr. Livingston, has demanded his passports and returned home. In other times this would have been tantamount to a declaration of war; but the world is convinced that neither party have any intention of recurring to hostilities, and looks upon the whole proceeding as a contemptible farce on both sides,—a vapid blustering on the part of America, and an affectation of dignity coupled with much shuffling on the part of France.

Twenty-five years of continued war in Europe have now been followed by twenty years of profound peace; and each nation seems from various reasons so interested in maintaining it, that war would almost seem impossible.

*Friday, 13th.* — On Sunday evening died at Wentworth House, in his twenty-fourth year, Lord Milton, eldest son of Earl Fitzwilliam; he was married to Selina, second daughter of the Earl of Liverpool; his disorder was typhus fever.

*Saturday, 14th.* — I have cited so many suicides, that I am weary of the subject, although the papers daily abound with them; but one of so peculiar a nature has just occurred in Paris, that I will relate it.

A working jeweller, named Charitè, scarcely twenty-years old, lived with an aged mother, whom he supported by his earnings. His employment at last decreased, his resources failed, and he became tormented with the idea of seeing his infirm mother come to want. His own health likewise became impaired, and he was at



times heard to say, that if Providence did not come to his aid, he would terminate his own existence. Last Thursday evening his mother went out at seven o'clock to visit a relation. In a few minutes afterwards the son went down stairs, gave his candle in charge to the porter, appeared to go out, but privately returned to his room. He there wrote several letters to his friends and relations, particularly to his two sisters, one of whom is living in England, the other is a milliner at Brest. He then carefully stopped up all the issues by which air could come into his room, and as if he had wished to have his fate to the last moment in his own hands, he placed a table close to a glass-door, which he might easily break with a blow of his elbow, at any time, if he should wish to stop the progress of the suffocation.

The table being thus disposed, with paper, pens, and ink, and a lighted candle near him, he wrote the following lines, which were afterwards found near his body.

“I am twenty years old and I am going to die. To my fellow-citizens and the lovers of science. These are the effects of death by charcoal: first of all a thick vapour which makes the eyes to smart; a slight headache; then the vapour causes the candle to burn dim; the light grows fainter; all that in five minutes after lighting the charcoal; the wick turns to ash—the headache does not increase—the pain in the eyes is worse—the headache now increases—tears flow, and in abundance. . . . . At this moment a woman (here the delirium seems to commence),—one does not know what one does—one . . . . .” (here are three words, but illegible, and the writing irregular), and at last “the light goes out almost . . . and I . . . . .” It is probable that at this moment the unfortunate young man expired.

About eleven o'clock the mother returned home, and found her son a corpse; a large brazier of charcoal, quite extinguished, was near the chair from which he had fallen on the floor.

*Tuesday, 17th.*—The Peers have met for the continuation of the State Trials; that of Fieschi will not come on for a month. As I was passing through the Rue des Petites Ecuries at Paris, I observed a crowd at the door of a small hotel; it was that of the unfortunate Maës family, who were murdered a few months back, and their furniture and effects were selling by public auction. Curiosity tempted me to walk in, and I found the auctioneer knocking down the curtains of a bed, still stained with the blood of the victims.

Lord Gardner is come from London to be married in a few days to Miss Hughes, daughter of Lord Dinorben.

The Court of Assizes has lately been occupied with the trial of a man named Lacenaire, and his accomplices Avril and François, for the murder of an old woman and son named Chardon, in a house in the Passage du Cheval Rouge.

Lacenaire and Avril are condemned to death; but the public attention has been singularly engrossed by the former, whose cold-blooded confessions of various revolting crimes, contempt of death, and at the same time highly cultivated understanding, combine to form a picture of reasoning depravity, seldom seen but in this country; and which may prove that the present indiscriminate extension of education, far from preventing crime, may be the means of fostering and encouraging it. The following extraordinary description of this individual is in the "Constitutionnel."

"Lacenaire is thirty-five years of age, of ordinary stature, and of a bilious sanguineous temperament. His constitution is robust, his complexion dark; his hair is jet black, but in some parts begins to verge upon grey; his neck is short and thick, its arteries pulsate with vigour; his head is large, and his forehead wide and ample. There is an evident predominance of those cerebral organs which denote intelligence, while those of the instinctive faculties or brutal appetites are small. His features are regular and handsome; his health is good; and his sleep is always tranquil and profound. He has received an excellent education, and quotes the Latin authors with facility. Neither the language, the manners, nor the countenance of the man betray the slightest marks of ferocity. He is affable and engaging, his expressions are polished and well chosen, his conversation is solid, and of an elevated cast. He has travelled much, has studied much, and has been a deep thinker. He enters with facility upon the most weighty questions of social interest, he treats them with elevation of thought and great freedom of mind, and without the least pre-occupation of his fate. He knows, however, that in a few days he shall mount the scaffold—he knows it, and he resigns himself to it, or rather he reckons upon it. How is it that this man has not applied this high degree of intelligence to a noble and useful purpose? How is it, that he has aspired to become a scourge, and an object of horror? And let it not be supposed that Lacenaire was born and fatally organised for crime. He undertakes to refute those who thus attempt to systematise man.

"On the morning of the 7th inst., Lacenaire came into a room of the infirmary in the prison of Laforce, where several men of letters, advocates, and physicians were assembled. We will let one of the interlocutors relate:—

“Lacenaire seated himself by the fire, in the midst of us, and talked of literature, morality, politics, and religion with an *à-propos*, a precision of ideas, a depth of reflection, and a fertility of memory, with which we were all astonished. ‘In politics as in gambling,’ said he, ‘one can be only a dupe or a cheat.’ But it was objected to him, that there are men who devote themselves, and die for their cause. ‘What is there surprising in that?’ rejoined Lacenaire: ‘politics are an absorbing passion, like all other passions, and a man stakes his head for a passion.’ The conversation took another turn: the new religions, the St. Simonians, the Templars, &c., were talked of. Lacenaire believes with the latter, in the migration of intelligence in all the bodies of nature. He thinks, that the principle which animates organised and living beings, may on leaving them pass into brute matter, remain there, make it live after its manner for a time, and pass subsequently into other bodies, and all this without rules and without limits. It was with a physician that he supported this doctrine. ‘Every thing,’ said he, ‘lives, every thing feels; this stone has its life, its intelligence.’ ‘Brute matter has none,’ replied the Doctor; ‘sensation exists only in organised and living bodies, and in those in which impressions go to a common centre, the brain, which perceives them and converts them into sensations; interrupt this communication, and there is no more transmission of impressions to the brain, no more perception, no more sensation. Such is the case with apoplexy, and paralysis, which is the consequence of it. In vain you cut or burn the paralysed member, the impressions are no longer transmitted to the brain, the patient feels nothing. Such, again, is the case with a man whose head has been cut off.’ At these thoughtless words, we looked at Lacenaire, but his physiognomy betrayed no emotion. Shortly after he went out of the room.

“After an hour, we passed to his bedside, in the great room of the infirmary. He had for a neighbour a young man, a professed robber, ruined by the most disgraceful debauchery, devoured by a pulmonary complaint, and having only a few hours to live. ‘Lacenaire,’ said the young man to him, ‘I regret that I am not free to attend your execution, and see whether on mounting the fatal scaffold, you have the same self-possession as you have here.’ ‘I can give you this assurance,’ replied Lacenaire, without affectation, ‘as the most guilty I should be executed last, and before dying, I could bear to see the heads of my fellow-culprits fall, if they should be condemned to death.’ At these horrible words, I no longer hesitated to talk with him on his own affairs. ‘Lace-

naire,' said I to him, 'you are not a common man, you have a deplorable direction of mind. How is it that your intelligence has not protected you against yourself?' 'It happened,' said he, 'one day of my life, that I had no alternative but suicide or crime.' 'Why did you not commit suicide?' 'I then inquired of myself, whether I was the victim of myself or of society, and I imagined that I was the victim of society.' 'That is an argument common to all criminals.' Lacenaire made no reply. 'But even if it were true, that you were the victim of society, those whom you smote were innocent.' 'Tis true, and hence I pity those whom I smote, but I killed them because it was a resolution formed against all.' 'Thus you made a system of assassination?' 'Yes; and chose it as the means of my own preservation, and to secure my own subsistence.' 'It is more easy to conceive how a man, urged by imperious necessity, commits a crime to satisfy it; but with you, it was to spend the blood in orgies. Say, Lacenaire, did you never experience some access of moral fever, a sort of frenzy for crime, and pleasure in executing it?' 'No.' 'Then you did this coolly as a commercial operation, by calculation, by combination?' 'Yes.' 'If you were not naturally cruel, how was it possible for you to succeed in stifling within your breast every sentiment of pity?' 'Man does whatever he wishes: I am not naturally cruel, but it was necessary for the means to be in harmony with the end; being a systematic assassin, it was requisite to lay aside all sensibility.' 'You never then felt any remorse?' 'Never.' 'Any fear?' 'No; my head was my stake; I never reckoned on impunity. There is one thing, in fact, in which one is forced to believe, and that is justice, because society is founded upon order.' 'But this sentiment of justice is conscience.' 'Without the remorse.' 'I do not comprehend the one without the other; does not the idea of death terrify you?' 'No, not at all; to die to-day or to-morrow of apoplexy or by the axe, what does it matter? I am thirty-five years old, but I have lived more than a life, and when I see old men dragging themselves along, and perishing in a slow or painful agony, I tell myself that it is better to die at a blow, and in the exercise of all my faculties.' 'If you could now commit suicide to escape the ignominy of the scaffold, would you do it?' 'No; if I had the most active poison, I would not commit suicide. Besides, is not the guillotine the most active of all poisons? This is why I would not commit suicide, I could have killed myself before I shed any blood. As an assassin, I felt that I had established between the scaffold and myself a bond, a contract,—that my

life was no longer my own, but belonged to the law, to the executioner.' 'This then in your view will be an expiation?' 'No; a consequence, the payment of a gambling debt.' 'What logic! Do you believe, Lacenaire, that all will be ended with life?' 'It is a subject upon which I have never been disposed to reflect.' 'Do you imagine that you shall continue to have the same confidence up to the last moment?' 'I believe that I shall look at the scaffold without fear; the punishment is less in the execution than in the expectation, and the moral agony that precedes it. Besides, I have such power over my imagination, that I create a world for myself. If I wished, I would not think of death till it was before me.' After a pause, Lacenaire said, 'Do you think that I shall be despised?' 'A man such as you inspires nothing but horror.' 'Then it is hatred I am to expect. There is nothing which, according to me, is so insupportable as the contempt of another, or one's own contempt.' After having uttered these words, he filled a glass with wine, and added, smiling, 'This is not Falernian,' and quoting a line of Horace, 'this wine is not

“ ‘Nata mecum Consule Manlio!’

a citation of Horace at the foot of the scaffold!”

There are many more characters of the same stamp, though of inferior understandings, with the same indifference to crime, the same contempt of death, still existing here.

Many in this country, whose education and requirements have unfitted them for their original sphere in life, who pant after wealth and distinction, but finding that an overgrown population has closed up every avenue to their worldly ambition, become desperate, and either terminate their own existence, or wage an indiscriminate and cruel war with society.

And these are the unruly spirits that Louis-Philippe thinks he can restrain by fettering the press, which only increases his unpopularity. Monarchs avail themselves of the indignation, which is generally felt at any audacious crime attempted against their persons, to enact new and unconstitutional means of government, forgetting that the indignation subsides, while the despotism daily becomes more irksome. Thus Bonaparte availed himself of the infernal machine to found his imperial authority. But where is the Empire? The Bourbons availed themselves of the crime of Louvel to undermine the charter, and bring back the old monarchical system. But where are the Bourbons? Lastly, Louis-Philippe avails himself of the Fieschi machine to draw tighter the

reins on his turbulent subjects. No one can pretend to say what may happen, but few people will doubt, that he now must regret having bartered the most enviable position that a subject ever held, for the most thorny and perilous crown that ever monarch wore.

*Wednesday, 18th.* — The letters from Kieff state that the interview between the Emperor of Russia and Lord Durham was short and cold.

The French and English papers have teemed with comments lately on a severe speech made by the Emperor of Russia at Warsaw, during his short stay in that city. The Radical London papers will only be satisfied with a declaration of war against Russia, but they forget to state where the supplies are to be found.

The Court of Peers has now decided that five individuals shall be put on their trial for the plot of the 28th of July: namely, Fieschi, Pepin, Morey, and Boiraud, as perpetrators of the crime, and Tell Becher as accomplice and abettor. There is no clue to any other individual, and Fieschi, who seems to have revealed everything in his power, has never alluded to any others. He owns that at one moment his heart failed him; he even attempted to pull down the wooden bars with which he had barricaded himself in his room, but the rolling of the drum was suddenly heard on the Boulevard, the procession appeared, and, to use his own words, "Cela m'a décidé. D'ailleurs je me croyais engagé d'honneur avec Morey et Pepin, et je devais, tous comptes réglés, vingt francs à ce dernier. Je ne voulais pas passer pour un fripon, et pour un homme sans cœur. J'ai fait ce que j'avais offert et promis de faire."

*Sunday, 22nd.* — This day week died at Belvoir Castle Lord Robert Manners, brother to the Duke of Rutland. He hunted with Lord Forrester's hounds on Thursday, and pursued a hard day's shooting on the Friday, was taken dangerously ill on the Saturday, and died the following day. He was a most amiable, honourable, single-minded man, deservedly beloved by his family and his friends.

*Monday, 23rd.* — Sir Francis Burdett has addressed a letter to the members of Brookes's Club, in which he submits to their opinion the question, Whether the late conduct of Mr. O'Connell does not unfit him for the society of gentlemen, and render him unworthy of being longer a member of the club. He alludes to his vulgar injurious language towards the peerage, during his tour in Scotland; to the gross and scandalous abuse which he indis-

criminally lavishes against all who offend him, while he persists in refusing the only atonement which a gentleman can demand, and particularly to the scurrility of his invectives against a member of the club—Mr. Raphael—who had charged him with receiving money from him to secure his election at Carlow. All these circumstances render him, in Sir Francis's mind, unfit for their associate. Sir F. Burdett is a high-bred gentleman of the old school, but from a misconceived idea of patriotism, and some share of vanity in his youth, has been one of the great promoters of the new order of things. He has had the weakness to imagine, with Lord Grey and some others, that he could first raise the storm and then allay it. He has given power to the "black-guards," and is now surprised that they should go further than the gentlemen. No, Sir Francis, your letter will have no effect! You have long been helping to fling up dirt and fling down dignity; you have assisted to fill up the old and respected Whig club of Fox and Fitzpatrick with a crew of vulgar Radicals; you have transformed that room, which was once the resort of wit, rank, and high-breeding, into a den of low vulgar brawling demagogues; and forsooth, because you are disgusted with your new associates, you want to turn them out. You had better retire yourself, they are much more likely to turn *you* out. Such are the Whigs of the present day; they begin the mischief heedlessly, then become frightened at their own work, and drop off one by one, leaving the course of destruction to be pursued by the Radicals with impunity.

*Tuesday, 24th.*—Every young man in France who goes into the army, must either pass through the course at St. Cyr, or do duty as a private soldier in the ranks for two years, whatever may be his rank or his fortune. Many gentlemen therefore are to be found in this humble situation, which accounts for a remark I have frequently made, that the privates often have a more distinguished appearance than their officers, and particularly than the subalterns. Alexandre de Polignac, a youth, the son of the Count Heraclius, was entered lately as a private in a regiment of cavalry; he was aware of the unpopularity attached to his name since the revolution, and was advised to carry it with a high hand among his comrades. Soon after his arrival, his name was affixed at the head of his bed in the dormitory, when a trooper passing by stopped to remark it, and began to spell it—Po—Poli—in a ridiculous manner. M. de Polignac instantly accosted him, and said, "Comment vous ne savez pas lire! votre éducation a été mal soignée: tiens, je vais vous donner une leçon. Sortons, et nos

épées serviront de plumes.” The other began to make apologies without producing any effect, and it was only from the urgent intercessions of his brother soldiers that M. de Polignac at last accepted them. It is needless to add that no one else thought fit to make a second trial of his courage.

*Saturday, 28th.*—Poor Montrond was seized about a week or ten days ago with an attack of erysipelas in the head and on the chest; it was at first not considered dangerous; his friends visited him in his bed, and he appeared so gay, in such high, perhaps unnaturally high spirits from the fever, that no serious apprehensions were entertained about him; but suddenly symptoms of an alarming nature took place, and this evening he was given over by the physicians, and little or no hope is entertained of his recovery. Much interest is felt for his situation, and many of those who from political reasons, or personal feelings, used to dislike him when living, now seem softened and speak of him with regret.

On Monday last died at Badminton the Duke of Beaufort, aged sixty-nine. He is succeeded by his son, Lord Worcester.\*

I met Lord Canterbury, who was much pleased with Sir Francis Burdett's letter to Brookes's, which he thought a good slap on the face to the present ministry, and their party.

A grand dinner was given last Tuesday at the Tuileries, to Count Pahlen and the Russian embassy, which produced some awkward circumstances of etiquette in the family, as the King and Queen of the Belgians, who are not recognised by the Emperor Nicholas, are staying on a visit at the palace.

If Count Pahlen had dined in company with Leopold, he must have yielded to him the honour of handing in the Queen of the French, and himself must have offered his arm to the Queen of the Belgians. Now as he could only acknowledge him as Prince of Saxe-Coburg, this point was impracticable. It was therefore arranged that the King and Queen of the Belgians should dine in their own apartments, and when they made their appearance in the circle in the evening, Monsieur de Pahlen showed considerable address in maintaining a long conversation with the former, without compromising his own court on the one hand, or showing any want of politeness on the other.

Among various peculiarities of Runjeet Singh, King of Lahore, mentioned by General Allard, is the sum destined by him to charitable purposes, which is thus stated: “Tous les mois Runjeet Singh se fait peser; il y a dans un des bassins de la balance,

\* The late Duke of Beaufort.



de l'or, de l'argent, des denrées, le poids du Rajah ; le tout est pour les malheureux. Il est donc fort important dans ce pays-là, que le roi soit gras, mais par malheur Runjeet Singh est fort maigre."

*Monday, 30th.* — Went to Paris : a sudden and unexpected improvement has taken place in Montroud's malady, and there are hopes of his recovery. Monsieur de Blanmesnil, a member of our club, fought a duel yesterday, in consequence of a quarrel at the theatre, and was seriously wounded. The Dowager Marchioness of Salisbury, aged eighty-five, was burnt to death in her apartment at Hatfield House on Friday evening ; the flames in consequence of this accident have consumed great part of the mansion.

The funds fell to-day on account of the warlike preparations at Toulon, and some violent articles in the "Debats" on the American question.

Saldanhas' liberal ministry has been dismissed by the Queen of Portugal, and the troops have expressed their disinclination to march into Spain and fight against Don Carlos.

*Tuesday, December 1st.* — At the sale of the effects of Baron Gros yesterday, the hat which Napoleon wore during the campaign of 1807, and at the battles of Eylau and Friedland, which had been sent to that artist for the purpose of finishing a portrait of the Emperor, and remained in his hands, was sold to Monsieur Delacroix, a physician, for 1920 fr., after a severe contest with several competitors. It was put up at 500 fr.

*Wednesday, 2nd.* — Further accounts are received of the fire at Hatfield. The Dowager Marchioness had only arrived the preceding day on her annual visit to spend the Christmas holidays with her son. She had retired at five o'clock on Friday evening to her dressing-room to write a few letters, and on her maid entering the room shortly afterwards, she complained of the dimness of light given by the two waxlights on the table, and ordered her to bring a bed candlestick also. Surrounded by these three lights she was left writing ; the rest is all conjecture, as she was never seen again. The first alarm was given by the smell of fire, and volumes of smoke issuing from her apartment, in which the flames had made such a rapid progress, that to effect an entrance was impossible. The fire quickly spread to the whole of the west wing, and was not got under till eleven o'clock at night ; but the library seems to have escaped, and its valuable contents but very partially injured.

Thus perished old Lady Salisbury, whom I have known all

my life as one of the leaders of *ton* in the fashionable world. She was a Hill, sister to the late, and aunt to the present, Marquis of Devonshire; her two daughters are married to Lord Cowley and the Marquis of Westmeath. She was one of the beauties of her day and famed for her equestrian exploits. Till a late period in life she constantly hunted with the Hatfield hounds, in a sky-blue habit with black velvet collar, and a jockey cap, the uniform of the hunt; riding as hard and clearing the fences with as much ardour as any sportsman in the field. In earlier life she hunted with Mr. Meynell's hounds at Quorn, in Leicestershire, which was the scene of many curious anecdotes in those days.

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Her Sunday parties and suppers in Arlington Street continued for near half a century to attract all the most distinguished society in London, with this peculiarity, that no cards of invitation were sent out. It was always "come to me on Sunday" to those whom she met in the preceding week, and all the young aspirants were anxious to attract her notice for the summons.

Connecting her with the ancient borough of that name, Lady Salisbury latterly went by the *sobriquet* of Old Sarum, with this exception, that she to the last bid defiance to reform.

She was the last remnant of what may be called the old school in England, and of that particular *clique* composed of the Duchess of Devonshire, Duchess of Rutland, Ladies Sefton, Cowper, Melbourne, &c. &c., who for many years gave the *ton* to society in London. She was an amiable good-natured person, with the high-bred manners of a *grande dame*, remarkable for her fine figure, but very short-sighted, which perhaps might have occasioned this dreadful catastrophe. Lady Salisbury scrupulously adhered to the state of former days; she always went to court in a sedan-chair with splendid liveries, she drove out in a low phaeton with four black ponies in the Park, and at night her carriage was known by the flambeaux of the footmen. But the last sad pageant is denied to her; not a vestige of her body has been found to claim the rites of a funeral, at least according to the latest accounts.

*Saturday, 5th.* — Received a letter from Alvanley, which mentions the intended marriage of Lady Charlotte Butler with Mr. Talbot, a rich Welsh heir. He also gives me a detailed account of the Duke of Beaufort's death, which was marked by great calmness and resignation: he announced his own imminent danger to Worcester, the physicians having concealed the fact from all. He then held a long and affectionate conversation

with him, earnestly entreating him to bring up the young Lord Glamorgan with care and attention, "as," he said, "we now live in times when his brilliant prospects may be changed, and no one knows how soon he may be reduced to live by his own exertions." He died on the following day with the utmost fortitude, most truly and sincerely regretted by all his family and friends.

The Duc de Guiche left Versailles this morning for Bordeaux to attend a fresh hearing of his important cause next week, relative to his family claims on the Château de Blaye and its dependencies.

*Sunday, 6th.* — The trial of Fieschi, which was at first supposed likely to produce such interesting discoveries of a political nature, now dwindles into an insignificant plot to commit a wanton and detestable crime for a very trifling remuneration. It has produced, however, a curious trait in French jurisprudence, which is quite opposed to all past experience of the duties to which a legal counsel for the defendant is supposed to strictly bind himself, and has created a considerable sensation among the gentlemen of the long robe here.

Monsieur Parquin has been appointed by the Court as counsel for Fieschi; he has written the following extraordinary letter to the president previous to the trial:—

"Vous m'avez fait l'honneur de me designer d'office commune l'un des défenseurs de l'accusé Fieschi à la cour des Pairs:—

"La loi d'accord avec l'humanité ne veut pas que même les plus grands coupables soient abandonnés même devant leurs juges. J'accomplirai un pénible devoir; j'assisterai Fieschi dans l'instruction et aux débats; mais le jour de l'audience arrivé, je ne peux pas promettre que ma voix trouvera quelques paroles pour sa défense.

"Je suis avec respect," &c.

It so happens that Fieschi has seen the letter and approves of it. He has in consequence written to M. Parquin a letter in broken French, which has been published. He therein states the avowal of his crime, and his present regret, the impossibility of his acquittal, his resignation to his fate, and his wish to avoid all attempt to extenuate his crime before the court.

The case is now reduced to that of a simple malefactor: there will be no attempt to give the trial that solemnity which was at first intended; the number of witnesses has been considerably reduced, and the proceedings will be despatched in a summary manner. This result is not satisfactory to the Court of the

Tuileries, already disconcerted by the complete failure of the pompous proceedings against the conspirators of April. Great expenses have been incurred; a magnificent hall of justice has been built at the Luxembourg; the Peers have been summoned and kept to a tedious and harassing duty for months; and no one point has been gained in laying open the source of that fermentation which still exists in France.

The King is now opposed to his ministry: their system is approved of generally, but "M. de Broglie n'a pas assez de souplesse dans le caractère: on regrette M. Sebastiani, M. de Rigny surtout, qui se pretaient si bien jusqu'aux moindres nuances d'une Pensée plus habile et plus haute."

*Monday, 7th.*—The summer of St. Martin, which was unusually late this year, has given place to cold fogs and gloomy weather, which seem to influence the political horizon. Naval armaments continue, and war is the subject of speculation. The English papers preach up hostilities with Russia, the French papers ominously allude to the American dispute, as big with sinister events.

It is hardly possible to imagine that war can arise from such causes; but when I turn back to Pozzo's conversation with me in October, 1833, at Paris—his threats against England if she continued the same system under her Whig rulers,—where he says, "Our plans are laid to attack her in the most vulnerable point, her commerce; and we will give such advantages to America her rival, that the whole carrying trade of Europe shall come into her hands;" and when we now see the grand commercial league which has since been formed on the Rhine, and the name of America now joined with that of Russia, as the object of European hostility,—I can only say, *ça donne à penser*. The darling object of the Americans is a port in the Mediterranean, and Russia alone could facilitate that object, and see it without jealousy.

*Wednesday, 9th.*—Lord Vernon, who had been making a voyage to the Mediterranean in his beautiful yacht the Harlequin, died suddenly at Gibraltar, a fortnight ago, of dysentery, and his body has been conveyed to England in his own vessel. He was only fifty-six years old.

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The melancholy end of the Duc de Bourbon has always remained a subject of great mystery, and the trial which took place threw little light on the real mode of his death. The correspondence between Louis-Philippe (then Duke of Orleans) and Madame Feuchères, so degrading to the character of the former, was

however at that time made public, and the abject court paid by the Prince to the strumpet, in order to obtain her influence with the Duc de Bourbon, to leave his vast property to the Duc d'Aumale, excited universal indignation. The history of Madame Feuchères is well known. Her name was Dawe, she was a servant-maid in the fruit-shop in Oxford Street, opposite the top of Bond Street. She attracted the attention of the Duc de Bourbon, and lived with him as his mistress in England during the period of his emigration. When the tide of affairs turned at the restoration in 1814, Miss Dawe accompanied the Prince to France, and lived constantly under his roof, having apartments assigned to her in the Palais Bourbon, at Chantilly, and other of his royal residences. Under these circumstances, and to avoid scandal, it was given out that she was a natural or adopted child of the Prince, in whom he might be supposed to take a parental interest.

Her power over this infatuated old man became daily more encroaching and irresistible: she saw herself the uncontrolled mistress of a princely establishment, the object of general adulation, and her ambition began to take a wider scope; all recollection of the fruiterer's girl was lost in the visions of grandeur which floated before her eyes. In her present equivocal position, any idea of moving in general society was out of the question: some people might give credence to the story of her birth, and to the innocence of her connexion with the Prince, but to the world in general it was a matter of evident notoriety. An ostensible position in French society had nevertheless become the point of her ambition, and this could only be obtained by a respectable marriage, which the rumours attached to her situation in the Prince's family by no means tended to facilitate.

Such an object, however, was found in the Baron de Feuchères, an officer in His Highness's household, who in an evil hour consented to lead Miss Dawe to the altar. Notwithstanding this connexion it is said that the Baron was a man of honour, and was duped by the inventions which were fabricated to mislead him, perhaps dazzled by the prospects which might await an alliance with the blood of the Bourbons; one thing, however, is certain, that in a short time after the irrevocable step had been taken, he obtained full conviction of his wife's real character, and quitted her for ever. The separation perhaps might have been a mutually concerted arrangement; but whether it was so or not, it exactly suited the projects of the lady, who became at once Baroness Feuchères to the world, and a free agent for her own purposes. Her influence with the Duc de Bourbon remained un-

impaired; she not only continued to reside under his roof, but from that period appeared to take a more prominent part in the subjugation of his mind and the management of his affairs.

The Duke of Orleans, whose mind was always alive to every means of promoting his own interests, was not long in perceiving the advantage which he might derive from the co-operation of this woman, in persuading the Duc de Bourbon to constitute the Duc d'Aumale heir to his vast property. The boy was nephew and godson to the Prince, on which latter title the claim alone was founded, as the Rohans and several other collateral relations were as nearly connected with him. An intimacy so flattering to the one, and so desirable to the other was very soon established; and the proffered protection of the House of Orleans, not only to further the aspiring views of Madame Feuchères at present, but to assist in securing to her that portion of the Condé property which might be hereafter bequeathed to her, was an incitement too powerful not to make her the ready tool of the pending machinations. There are letters extant from Louis-Philippe to the Duc de Bourbon, on the subject of a proposed visit with his family to Chantilly, written in such a strain of fulsome adulation, and coupled with such affectionate references to a woman of whose existence even he ought to have been supposed to be ignorant, that it is almost difficult to conceive them genuine. To be brief, after various scenes of persuasion and intimidation, in which the Baroness at times had recourse to acts of positive violence and brutality towards the feeble old man, the fatal will at length was signed by him, in opposition to all his own feelings and convictions.

Things were in this state at the time the revolution of July broke out. The Prince was at his seat at Chantilly, when the news arrived of the slaughter in Paris, and the expulsion of his family from the throne. A scene of consternation ensued which baffles all description: his fears deprived him of all judgment; at one moment he was ready to fly with his family to the frontiers, at another he would hoist the tri-coloured flag on the Castle-gate. At last, when some degree of order had been restored to the capital, he became to a certain extent more calm and composed; he seemed to have brought his mind to a more patient awaiting of the result, and as the tranquillity of his immediate neighbourhood had been in no way disturbed, he gradually returned to his usual habits of life at Chantilly. But amidst this semblance of repose his enfeebled mind was a prey to continual anxiety, and daily occupied in vague and mutable projects for his future con-

duct. The assumption of power by the Duke of Orleans at the expense of the elder branch, appeared an inexcusable crime in his eyes; the cruel and ungrateful oppression which he had of late years endured from his merciless mistress, particularly on this late occasion of the will, had completely estranged his affections from her, though long habit had engendered a feeling of submission to her will, which was now only founded in fear.

Impressed with these convictions, feeling that all his ties to France were suddenly dissolved, with a mind full of sinister apprehensions for the future, and his reason perhaps impaired by age and frequent domestic vexations, he one morning formed to himself the decision of privately quitting France on the following day. His plan was quickly concluded and imparted only to a confidential servant, who was to make the necessary preparations for the journey secretly, and who was in the first instance dispatched immediately to Paris, with an order on his banker for a million of francs, which he was instructed to bring back in gold.

On that evening the Prince appeared more than usually calm and serene to all around him; he played his rubber of whist with the accustomed party, and at the usual hour of retiring to rest dismissed his company without expressing the slightest intimation of his intended flight.

But the eyes of Argus were upon him: keenly and vigilantly had he been watched, and how could it be supposed that the wavering projects of a timid old man could escape the searching espionage of two individuals so interested in his movements? Rumours had come to Louis-Philippe's ears that he meditated the formation of a new will, and that, commiserating the fate of his exiled relations, he wished to alleviate the misfortunes of the Duc de Bordeaux, by investing him after his death with that property, the inheritance of which had been wrested from him in favour of the Duc d'Aumale. The suspicion of such an act was sufficient to rouse precaution; Louis-Philippe wrote to the Baroness, that the object of all their hopes and schemes was on the eve of destruction, that *coûte que coûte*, the blow must be parried at all events. Her own future prospects appearing equally at stake, the counsel was not less palatable to the Baroness; the same act which disinherited the Orleans branch, might, under present circumstances, be equally fatal to herself.

On the following morning the unfortunate Prince was found in his *robe de chambre* dead, and suspended by a silk handkerchief to the hook of the window curtain, which was so low that his feet still touched the ground. The doors of his apartment were locked

on the inside, and broken open by the servants, which apparently prevented all idea of the act being perpetrated by any other hand than his own. There were nevertheless many facts stated at the time which would repel this conviction: the impossibility of a man being strangled when his feet touched the ground; the handkerchief tied in a slip knot, which it was known that the Prince could never make; moreover, having long ago had the misfortune to break his collar-bone in hunting, he had not since that time been able to raise his arm to his neck, and was always obliged to employ a servant when dressing, to tie his neckcloth; his slippers, which were placed as he had left them in getting into bed over-night; and the bed-clothes found in a state of derangement, such as indicated a violent struggle before he left it. The inquest on this occasion seems to have been summary and inconclusive. A secret influence might have been excited to check a too narrow inquiry, and it may have been deemed inexpedient to implicate the high name, at which the public finger pointed still with independent audacity. The suicide of the Prince was officially declared; the will was legally proved, and their immense inheritances secured to the Duc d'Aumale and the Baroness Feuchères.

The following is the version given of this black transaction, by Prince L. de R——, to a friend of mine, who related it to me:—

That there was a small private staircase which communicated from the apartment of the Baroness to a door in the *ruelle* of the Prince's bed, of which she kept the key; this is a very customary thing in old French houses, and might have been originally planned for the convenience of servants who clean the apartments, or for other purposes. That by this communication the Baroness gained admittance to the Prince unexpectedly, soon after he had retired to rest (it is supposed), with a view of expostulating with him on his intended flight, and using the same means of intimidation and threats to divert him from his purpose, which on former occasions had been attended with success; that the discussion became serious and violent on both sides, without any yielding on the part of the Prince, who at length from over-excitement was seized with a fit of apoplexy; that at this crisis the Baroness lost her head, and rung a bell, which only communicated with a neighbouring room, occupied by the Abbé de —, who was devoted to her interest; that on his appearance they soon came to an understanding; that the unfortunate Prince was smothered by a pillow, dragged to the window and suspended in the manner



in which he was found in the morning. The room was then vacated by the private entrance, and each retired to their chamber, till the alarm should be given in the mansion.

This Abbé died suddenly in a month from that time. The dead tell no tales.\*

That wealth which it was the object of her life to secure at any price, has neither furthered the ambition nor secured the happiness of Madame Feuchères. Though surrounded by all the advantages of an immense fortune, she has since lived in an ignominious retirement away from the comments of the world. She resides at present at the Château de Morfontaine, a part of the spoils of the Prince; she has formed an attachment for a young man, who at her instigation has quitted a young and beautiful wife, but in return treats her with great brutality, and has no other object than the enjoyment of her wealth, which he draws from her with great rapacity. It is said, that he frequently beats her, and her life † seems doomed, by a wise retribution, to conclude under the same tyranny and oppression which she so unfeelingly exercised on her first benefactor.

The wags of Paris call her la Baronne de Serrecol.

*Saturday, 12th.*—My old friend Billy Churchill died this week at his house in Hill Street, Berkeley Square. Independently of his estates in Dorsetshire, and 60,000*l.* to his heir-at-law, he has left handsome legacies to all the younger branches of the Mansfields, Seftons, and other families with whom he was in habits of intimacy.

The Princess de T—— died yesterday, aged seventy-four; she was formerly Madame Grand, a Créole, very handsome, but very stupid; her witty husband said that he took her *pour se reposer l'esprit*; but apparently it did not answer, as they have been separated for the last thirty years. The Prince bears her death with much more fortitude than that of Dr. Bourdois, who had attended him for forty years, and was physician to Napoleon, Louis XVIII., and Charles X. He lately attended Montrond during his alarming illness, was afterwards seized with the same complaint, erysipelas in the head, and died in two or three days from that time.

Lacenaire is occupied during the interval preceding his execution, in writing his memoirs; he owns to having committed nine

\* Another person holding a confidential situation in the household of the Prince, was likewise soon after found dead in his bed.

† She died a few years ago in great misery in London.

murders, and his book will probably appear on the stage shortly in the shape of a melodrama.

M. Berryer, the famous French lawyer, and the staunch adherent of the Bourbons through all their reverses, has made a journey this summer to Prague, to visit Charles X.; from thence he proceeded to Kalisch, and had a long interview with the Emperor Nicholas. His account of that conversation is curious. "With regard to the Bourbons," said the Autocrat, "there is nothing to be done at present; the King has abdicated his crown, the Dauphin has followed his example, and the Duc de Bordeaux is too young to enter the lists and enforce his pretensions. Things must go on as they are for some time; and, if the French nation adheres to Louis-Philippe, they may last till his death; but we the Three Powers are determined never to acknowledge the Duke of Orleans as king; we will never permit him to marry any of the branches of our families, or consider him as having any claim to the throne now occupied by his father."

*Monday, 14th.*—I took an apartment at Paris, in the Rue des Saussaies.

An extraordinary circumstance happened at the hotel of the Princess T—just before her death. Among all her husband's relatives, none have been so unremitting in attentions to the old lady as the Duchesse d'E—, who therefore formed very just expectations of inheriting a handsome legacy. After the last religious ceremonies had been performed, an assemblage of friends surrounded the bed of the dying, who in a faint voice asked for a particular casket, which she delivered with much earnestness to the Archbishop of Paris, and requested that after her death he would make it over to Madame d'E—, as her valid gift and last testimonial of her affection. At the same time she called upon all present to be witnesses of this bequest. No sooner had the Archbishop received in his hands this deposit than the *homme d'affaires* of Prince T—, who had privately mixed with the group, stepped forward, and formally opposed the delivery of the casket, which he claimed on behalf of his constituent.

This affair has made a great noise, and will probably be litigated in a court of justice; for the box is said to contain jewels to a large amount, and a considerable sum of money. The claim is founded on some articles in the marriage settlement, which decree, that if the Princess survived her husband, she might claim the hotel in the Rue St. Florentin; but if she died first, all her property should devolve to her husband.

Anxious as the Prince appears to claim his rights in this capa-

city, he seems little inclined to perpetuate the recollection of his marriage; he has given directions that the inscription on her tombstone should indicate the fact as slightly as possible. After stating her birth, &c. at Martinique, she is described as "Veuve de M. G. —, après civilement mariée à M. de T —." Here his dominant foible comes out: he hopes that by treating the ceremony as a civil contract, at that period of the Revolution, he may now palliate that stigma in the eyes of the clergy, which is irremissibly attached to the position of a *prêtre marié*.

The divorce took place in the year 1815, when the Prince was at the Congress at Vienna: he had long been the favoured lover of the Princess of C —, with whom he had previously arranged the marriage of her daughter and his nephew, the Duc de D —, which had been productive of little happiness to both parties. At length the Duchess, who, though possessed of a large fortune in her own right, is insatiably fond of money, began to find her situation with the Duke peculiarly irksome. Notwithstanding that influence over his mind, which a strong understanding always possesses over a weak one, she was unable to restrain his unbounded and foolish prodigality; he was a *vrai panier percé*, a sieve through which even the largest fortune must inevitably be frittered away, and in the vainest and most trifling pursuits. There were no reproaches of infidelity to be made on either side, as each lived unshackled according to their taste; the Duchess had her adorers, and the Duke his opera dancers; but the constant embarrassments which arose from his idle expenditure at length produced a separation, by which she preserved her own fortune from further risk.

Her ostensible object was to secure a refuge under the roof of her uncle for the present, but the tempting bait of establishing a permanent ascendancy over her mother's lover, and becoming the mistress of his princely establishment, was irresistible in the eyes of a woman whose whole heart and soul were devoted to the acquisition of wealth and grandeur. Her beauty and the fascination of her manners, all directed to this one object, without any scruple of virtue to interfere in the attainment of it, soon had the desired effect of enthralling the mind of an old man, bound by no ties of morality in the pursuit of his own indulgences. They soon came to an understanding; their union was decreed permanent, and the first consequence thereof was the public separation between Prince T — and the late Princess his wife.

Madame de D — has ever since presided as the mistress of that house.

*Wednesday, 16th.*—The news of the day is that Monsieur de T— has compromised the affair with Madame d'E— by paying her a sum of 200,000fr. and retaining the casket for himself. The contents are not known.

*Thursday, 17th.*—The declaration of the decease of Madame de T— has been inscribed in the registers of the Church of St. Thomas d'Aquin as follows:—

“L’an mil huit cent trente-cinq et le douzième jour du mois de Décembre a été présenté en cette église le corps de Catherine, veuve de George François G—, connue civilement comme *Princesse de T—*, âgée de 74 ans, décédée l’avant veille, munie des sacremens de l’Eglise, Rue de Lisle, No. 80. Ses obsèques ont été faites en présence de Matheu Pierre de Goussot, et de Charles Demon (homme d’affaires du Prince), amis de la défunte, lesquels ont signé avec nous.”

It is rather curious that after all the Satanic allusions to Monsieur de T— in the public journals, his principal agent should be named M. Demon.

The other day, when the States of Holstein had with great difficulty obtained from the minister of finance an explanation of his budget, it was found that some exorbitant charges had been made for the improvements at the observatory, and the furthering of astronomical science; upon which several of the deputies remarked to his excellency, that they felt infinitely more anxious to reduce the taxes in Holstein than to obtain information of what was passing in the moon.

We have heard of Sheridan’s speech on Hastings’ trial, which lasted two days, and of various long speeches from Mr. Pitt, and other celebrated orators in the House of Commons, but a deputy in the Belgian Senate at Brussels, Monsieur de Burdine, has left all his competitors in lengthy discussion far behind. His speech is thus described:—

“Il est monté à la tribune le 9 de ce mois, il a parlé pendant toute la moitié de la séance, or ce n’était là que son exorde. Toute la seconde séance du 10 a été consacrée aux développemens de son exposition, et il n’a pu conclure que le lendemain 11, après avoir, dans cette troisième séance, occupé la tribune pendant trois heures. Un de ses collègues l’a interrompu le 9, en lui disant, ‘Votre discours est la mer à boire.’ ‘Et vous la boirez,’ a répondu l’impassible orateur.”

*Saturday, 19th.*—Count Røederer, Peer of France and member of the Academy, died suddenly on Thursday night. He was at court and in full health on that very day. Born in February

1754, he was a member of the Constituent Assembly at the beginning of the revolution, and a minister of Napoleon during the empire. On the same day died Count Lainé, formerly President of the Chamber of Deputies and Minister of the Interior during the Restoration.

The preparations at Algiers for the campaign against Abdel Kader are completed, and the troops have marched about 10,000 strong to the attack of Mascara. The Arabs are much superior in numbers, but the French anticipate an easy conquest, which they say will be achieved in fifteen days; on the other hand, it is said that Abdel Kader has promised to his army to build a palace with the bones of his French invaders.

The Duke of Orleans, it is supposed, will take a part in the campaign, though there is some report of differences having arisen between him and Marshal Clausel. At all events, the ministry impatiently wait for the expected result, that they may have a spice of glory to insert in the King's speech, at the opening of the Chambers, which may reconcile the national vanity to the heavy expenses incurred by the late naval armaments, and by the state trials of this year.

*Monday, 21st.* — Some relics of the late Lady Salisbury have at length been discovered in the ruins under her dressing-room, which have been identified before the Coroner's inquest at Hatfield House. They consist of a portion of the lower jaw, and nearly all the bones. Near the spot were found a quantity of trinkets, consisting of portions of rings, chains, brooches, and bracelets; one large ring, the frame of which only remains, the stone having been lost, was particularly recognised as having been constantly worn by her Ladyship.

There are various and valuable articles of jewellery, which were upon the toilette table, still missing, in the ruins.

*Tuesday, 22nd.* — The Marquis de St. Pair was formerly the possessor of the fine domain near Andely in Normandy, from which he took his title, and which now belongs to the Viscount d'Arincourt. In consequence of his wanton extravagance, he was obliged to part with the whole of his estates, and at length became reduced to the utmost degree of want, receiving charity from those upon whom in his prosperity he had bestowed it. Still he could not leave the scenes of his former splendour, and lived for twenty years in a low thatched hut, in the confines of his ancient *château*. On the 15th instant, he was found dead from cold and hunger, under a hedge not far from its walls.

*Wednesday, 23rd.* — Lord Lowther goes away on Saturday for

London: he is commissioned to find out the dimensions of the Salle des Menus Plaisirs at Versailles for Croker, who has read in some book that Mirabeau addressed 6000 people in it in 1789; and as the critic doubts the possibility of the room holding such a number, he is very anxious to be able to contradict it from authority, which I believe I can furnish him.

The circle at the Tuileries was in high spirits last night, on receiving the news of the defeat of Abdel Kader and the taking of Mascara, which has been razed to the ground; the Duke of Orleans was with the troops, and it is said, was *kindly* struck by a spent ball, which will ensure him a crown of laurels on his return to Paris in triumph, where he is expected on New Year's day.

*Thursday, 24th.* — The manner in which Monsieur de T—— has paid the 200,000 fr. to Madame d'E——, is as follows: she would at first hear of no compromise, was determined to go to law for the casket, and the Prince, who was equally obstinate, perhaps from a conviction of his rights, was resolute in enforcing his claim. In this state of things he showed the deeds of his marriage settlement to M. de C——, a friend of both parties, who went to Madame d'E——, told her she was perfectly in the wrong, and strongly advised her to yield that which she could never legally obtain, and throw herself on the Prince's generosity. She was very indignant, urged as a plea her debts, which amounted to 30,000 fr., but at length finished by adopting the advice of M. de C——. M. de T—— then said, I will give her 30,000 fr. to acquit her debts, 20,000 fr. more for any future debts, and 150,000 fr., not to her, but to her husband the Duc d'E——, who is a most estimable man, which shall afterwards revert to the children.

*Friday, 25th.* — Christmas Day. It is characteristic of the state of religion in France, when I say, that the workmen who are preparing my apartment in Paris voluntarily work on this day, and on Sunday as a matter of course, but on New Year's Day no inducement would make them perform any labour.

*Saturday, 26th.* — Ever since Wednesday, severe frost after the snow of the two preceding days had rendered the roads impassable; numberless accidents had happened.

*Sunday, 27th.* — The Sacrament was administered at the English Church but not on Christmas Day.

*Monday, 28th.* — A ridiculous problem is given in the *Chronique de Paris*, founded upon the old sayings in England that a cat has nine lives, and that nine tailors make a man, the result of which is as follows: —

1 cat=9 living men,  
 1 man=9 living tailors;  
 If 9 cats=9×9 men or 81 men,  
 9 men=9×9 tailors or 81 tailors,  
 9 cats=81×81 tailors, or 6561 tailors.

According to this calculation the value of a tailor seems mathematically reduced to zero.

This evening the Duchesse de Guiche received the afflicting intelligence from her husband, that the family had lost their cause by a fresh decision against them in the Courts at Agen. He had received much encouragement in his Canvass from the Counsel and the Judges; but three of those who were favourable absented themselves on the day of judgment, and the influence of the Crown defeated all their hopes. It is a hard case, but against such opponents a Carlist family could have but a slender chance.

*Tuesday, 29th.*—The conservative turn of the late elections in Northamptonshire and Gloucester, added to the evident disgust produced in the more sober and rational classes by the avowed intentions of O'Connell to undermine and destroy the British constitution, has rendered the position of the Melbourne government more than precarious. It seems to be the general opinion that they cannot long hold their present position, or even maintain their majority in the House of Commons.

Edward Ellice, notwithstanding his repeated arguments in their favour, could not conceal his impressions that they were in a falling state. If, says he, they go out, which is not impossible, from some fresh blunder of the King or other unforeseen event, either a revolution must ensue, or they must shortly again be recalled to power, as the Irish Church Question will and must be carried by the will of the people. A coalition of parties would be desirable for Melbourne, but he can do without it, and will ultimately carry his point.

*Thursday, 31st.*—The King went in state on the 29th to open the Chambers, and for the first time in a close carriage, probably as a precaution against any hostile attack in the street, which late circumstances have given too much reason to apprehend. The royal procession, as an additional precaution, changed its usual line of march to the Palais de Justice, and at night there were rumours of various arrests, but it appears without foundation.

1836.

*Friday, January 1st.*—A new year commenced: may it be more fortunate than the long series of those which have preceded it!! The President's message has arrived from America; it is firm, and refuses any explanations, although it refrains from all menace or hostile expressions. Lord Granville said it was very conciliating, which is the way the Government here are disposed to take it: the end of this affair will be as ridiculous as the commencement.

*Monday, 4th.*—Removed to Paris. Count Ierlsky, a Polish banker, much liked in society here, a great friend of the Guiches, has just failed from losses on the Stock Exchange. Walewski, who was very intimate with him, has lost, I regret to say, considerably by this catastrophe.

*Tuesday, 5th.*—The Chambers are now met, and everything tends to prove that the majority in favour of the Government will be even more decided than last year; that is, the servility will be more unblushingly apparent. M. Dupin, the President of the Deputies, has lowered his tone of independence, and bends the knee to power; he felt that his re-election to the chair could only be obtained by submission, and his zeal in the cause of liberty has yielded to the more solid attraction of keeping a post which brings him in 10,000 fr. per month.

Certain fractions of the Centre would not believe in his promises of reformation, notwithstanding the assurances of M. Guizot, and the result of the votes in his favour was just sufficient to show that he owed his nomination to ministerial influence. Here, then, is another prominent liberal completely destroyed as a political character and *chef de parti* for the future. Louis-Philippe's cunning consists in gaining over an adversary, and making him contemptible.

The Speech from the Throne was a mere nullity; every important question was avoided; hardly a word said of the American dispute; little of foreign politics, except an exulting confidence in the increased amity of Great Britain, and her cordial acceptance of her good offices to mediate with the United States.

In alluding to the success at Mascara, one expression has excited some remark, "*J'ai vu avec émotion l'ainé de ma Race partager les fatigues et les dangers;*" as if he wished to separate himself from the elder race of the Bourbons, or would appear to consider them as completely extinct.



Poggenpohl, who was attached to the Russian Embassy, and is nominated Minister to Madrid when affairs become more settled there, is lately arrived from London, and inveighed to me in very unequivocal terms against the politics of Lord P——, while the late despotic measures of Louis-Philippe seemed to gain the approbation of Russia. His observation was, he is the cleverest man in the kingdom of France, to which I added, “and the honestest!” He smiled.

*Wednesday, 6th.*—The Duchess of Dantzic, widow of the late Marshal Lefèvre, died on Tuesday last week, at her house in the Rue Joubert, and has left a fortune of fifteen millions to her relations, the produce of her late husband’s earnings under the empire.

An excess of revenue, which has been hitherto the vain dream of nations, appears to have become an embarrassing reality in the United States, which they are even puzzled to employ. The “National Intelligencer” calculates, that on the 1st of January there will be a surplus of twenty millions of dollars in the treasury, to which may be added seven millions of bank actions, forming together the immense sum of twenty-seven millions of dollars exceeding the expenses of the state, without one liard of public debt.

*Saturday, 9th.*—The address to the King has occasioned much discussion in the cabinet. And much *tournure de phrases*, to avoid touching on certain subjects; the commission appointed to draw it up has at last yielded to the ministerial suggestions, and the question of Poland has only been alluded to in the vaguest manner. That of America has been touched with complacency, as if every satisfaction had been duly given; and as to the conversion of the 5 per cents, it seemed so likely to irritate the bourgeois of Paris that the Government were afraid to allude to it, and leave the mooted of that question to the Chambers themselves. The debate in the Deputies will commence on Monday.

The health of M. de Talleyrand is becoming more feeble; he will be eighty-three on the second of next month. The number of his visitors is now limited to a few intimates, and the trying inclemency of the season gives cause for apprehension that his days are numbered.

The suicides which are so horridly frequent in France and particularly in Paris, have lately drawn from the pen of the Abbé Guillon, Evêque de Marse (or what is called *in partibus infidelium*), an 8vo. volume, written with a certain degree of eloquence, but

evincing more laudable anxiety to stem the evil than knowledge of the causes from which it originates. The learned author, like most of his brethren in France, seems gifted with little knowledge of the world, or of the real state of society in his own country, and instead of (as in duty bound) converting his dioceses, the Africans, he has published a homily to the Parisians, which may be highly approved by the court of Rome, but is little calculated to have much weight with those to whom it is addressed. An answer to this publication has appeared in one of the periodical prints, which throws so much more light on the real causes of this desperate and increasing evil, that I willingly transcribe a few extracts.

“Le suicide, Monseigneur, a deux causes générales;—ou le suicide est engendré par des dispositions constitutives, depuis longtems appréciées par la médecine, et alors il est inévitable, comme le sont la goutte, la folie, ou l’hypochondrie; ou le suicide est engendré par d’intolérables souffrances, soit physiques, soit morales. Dans le premier cas, Monseigneur, les médecins les plus savans ouvriraient votre livre, aux plus beaux endroits devant leurs malades; leurs malades ne s’en trouveraient pas mieux; si vous aviez parcouru les annales de la science, vous y auriez vû, que dans ce cas la contradiction irrite ces monomanes, et que l’éloquence sacrée, vint elle d’un professeur, causerait de graves accidens au prédicateur, aussi bien qu’au patient.

“Quant au second point, Monseigneur, ne croyez pas que le suicide soit une disposition à laquelle un homme se résolve avec amour; l’âme n’y vient pas sans déchirements. Ce crime n’est pas seulement anticatholique, ou antisocial, il n’est justifiable d’aucune manière. Presque toujours commis dans un paroxysme d’égoïsme, si nous le considérons dans ses rapports avec les ressources sociales, il est surtout entaché de niaiserie: le suicide n’est pas un doute, mais un faux calcul; la morale publique, autant que le christianisme, la raison, aussi bien que l’intérêt personnel, le condamnent.

“Tout est dit là-dessus dans l’Eglise, dans le Monde, en Sorbonne, en Philosophie, et en *Maroc*. Après avoir constaté cet anathème général, afin de ne pas être pris pour un défenseur des insensés qui meurent, permettez nous de vous dire que votre ouvrage est une belle inutilité. Les infidèles ne se tuent pas à *Maroc*, et les intelligences meurent en France. Vous auriez dû rechercher les causes de cette différence entre vos deux diocèses; car elle importe à l’éclaircissement du problème merveilleux, constitué par ce que nous nommons orgueilleusement, le progrès des

lumières, et qui, selon nous, est en raison directe avec le progrès de l'irréligion. Vous auriez fait un livre curieux, qui eût expliqué pourquoi les Turcs ne se tuent pas, et pourquoi les chrétiens commettent de si fréquens suicides. Croyez que les causes des suicides actuels ne sont pas seulement dans l'air ; elles sont aussi un peu dans l'inhabileté de ceux qui gouvernent la France, et qui en vantent les prospérités. Le suicide est l'enfant d'une misère combattue avec orgueil ; il est le fils du désespoir éprouvé par des hommes dont l'avenir est trompé. Beaucoup de ceux qui vivent dans la méditation, placés entre la mendicité qui les déshonorerait et la faim qui les presse, ces Gilberts, ces Chattertons modernes, dont les noms seront une accusation contre notre société, se tuent pour éviter les tortures de la faim ; leur suicide est une économie de souffrances.

“ Tous épouvantés de l'indifférence avec laquelle les gouvernans accueillent leurs efforts ; les uns réjetés de tous côtés par des gens qui ne prêtent rien à l'avenir d'un homme de talent, et prêtent sur les chances de la bourse ; tous ne meurent pas de leurs mains ; croyez que certains meurent assassinés par le système social actuel, où trois cens bourgeois, assis sur ses banquettes, délaissent les arts, les sciences et les lettres, pour s'occuper de fiscalités, de pénalités, tandis que peut-être, ils devraient rechercher la cause des souffrances sociales. Au lieu de gourmander les morts, ou ceux qui s'apprentent à mourir, vous auriez peut-être dû faire tomber votre volume in-8vo sur les têtes au-dessus desquelles vous place la chaire où tonna Masillon.

“ Le suicide n'est pas dans les cœurs, il est dans nos lois athées. Le suicide est surtout dans toute éducation inconsiderément donnée à des jeunes gens qui basent leurs espérances sur le rang où l'instruction publique les place au sortir du collège, sans s'inquiéter de la masse des ambitions ascendantes qu'elle a créées. Quand ce flot a menacé le granit des bonnes administrations, il retombe dans l'abîme. Les mœurs fabriquent incessamment des capacités, qu'elles envoient mourir à l'entrée de carrières obstruées ; car chaque année les prétensions et les prétendants augmentent sur une arène qui ne s'aggrandit pas. Voulez-vous que les gens de talent élevés par vos collègues, échauffés par vos cours en Sorbonne, ou au collège de France, redescendent à la charrue, d'où vous les tirez ? Ils meurent, Monseigneur, faute de pain, et vous leur conseillez de ne pas mourir ; ils meurent dans toute la puissance de leurs forces déployées par vous-même, et vous leur demandez, pourquoi mourez-vous ? Ils meurent après mille tentatives inutiles, après avoir essuyé mille refus ; ils meurent

rent pour ne pas aller finir au Mont St. Michel, comme conspirateurs républicains, ou à l'échafaud comme assassins."

*Saturday, 9th.*—This morning at half-past eight o'clock, Lacenaire and his accomplice Avril were executed on the Place St. Jacques. The time of the execution had been kept secret by the police, but notwithstanding this, and the early hour, a crowd of from 3000 to 4000 persons were assembled, amongst whom were several carriages with ladies, whose presence formed a horrible contrast to the painful scene. Avril throughout conducted himself with the greatest firmness, but the boasting Lacenaire was pale, aghast, and convulsed with fear. His knees trembled so that they beat one against another, his face became rigid, and the help of the assistants of the executioner was necessary to enable him to ascend the scaffold. He had stated that he would address the people, but he had not the strength to do it. By an unaccountable fatality, the knife did not fall when the string was pulled, and twenty seconds expired before it could be made to do its office. By a violent effort the culprit turned his head, and looked up, and at this moment his eyes and countenance presented an appearance terrible beyond all expression. In reviewing the scenes of the bloody drama, we cannot forbear calling to mind the words of his accomplice François to Lacenaire on his trial: "If I am condemned to death, I shall go firmly, and you, blackguard, will act like the craven coward that you are."\* The son of the executioner began his apprenticeship on this occasion; he assisted at what is called la toilette of the condemned, and was deputed to draw the string which let down the knife, during which operation he appeared very pale and agitated.

*Monday, 11th.*—A few months ago when the elections for a member of the Academy were going on, a Mr. Dreitz, who was a candidate for this literary distinction, was very active in making his visits, and canvassing the votes of those who could forward his success. Amongst others he called on the Prince Talleyrand, who was out, and left his card. The Prince shortly returned from his drive, accompanied by Montrond, and the porter presented to him the letters and cards which had been left in his absence. On observing that of Mr. D., he exclaimed, "Ha! voilà un candidat pour l'Académie." Montrond, who was still present,

\* It is yet a curious circumstance that after the murder for which he was arrested, Lacenaire at the risk of his life had gone back to the room to shut out a cat he had seen there, for fear it should attack the bodies of the two persons he had murdered.

exclaimed, "Qu'est-ce qu'il est donc ce M. Dreitz; quels sont ses titres; qu'est-ce qu'il a écrit?" "Vous voyez," said the Prince, showing him the card; "il a écrit son nom."

*Tuesday, 12th.*—The Duchesse de Cazes, whom I met at Lady Helena Robinson's evening party, announced that the Chamber of Deputies, in their discussion on the address this morning, had carried by a majority (soi-disant against the Ministers) the amendment of M. de Mornay, that the nationality of Poland should be preserved. It is said that the Ministers, in conjunction with the English Cabinet, tacitly approve of this demonstration. The fact is, that the English press, and indeed the French also, rail against Russia; our Whig Government, in its thirst for popularity, encourages the cry, and the French ministry, in servile imitation of it, is glad to obtain a share of that popularity without daring to avow the measure which produces it.

Sir Robert Wilson has obtained the colonelcy of the 15th regiment, Light Dragoons, which must be a bitter pill to the Whigs, whose party he deserted for the Duke a few years ago, which they have never forgiven.

A dreadful fire broke out last month in New York, and has destroyed about 700 houses, and property to an immense amount.

*Thursday, 14th.*—A shocking instance of the uncertainty of life has just occurred here. Young Lionel Ashley, son of the Earl of Shaftesbury, whom we saw on Friday night at the Embassy, gay and engrossed with society, was taken ill on Sunday evening with a bilious fever, and died this morning early.

*Friday, 15th.*—The ministry are in an uproar. M. Humann, the Minister of Finance, in his speech on the budget, has alluded to the reduction of the 5 per cents, without having previously consulted his colleagues. The Duc de Broglie is very discontented, and it is supposed that some fresh changes must occur in the cabinet.

*Saturday, 16th.*—It would seem that the Ministers are not so much surprised at M. Humann's allusion to the 5 per cents as they would wish to appear; it was rather a concerted plan to sound the public feeling without risking the unpopularity of making it a cabinet question; and they have seen with pleasure that M. Giraud has moved the discussion of the project on Monday next. The whole is in character with their general policy, which can never go straight. It is a system of tripotage, and, as I wrote the other day to Neumann at Vienna, "Tout ici est ou astuce, ou bassesse, ou jactance."

*Sunday, 17th.*—The English papers bring the new ministerial arrangements; Sir C. Pepys is appointed Chancellor; Mr. Bickersteth Master of the Rolls; both are raised to the peerage to strengthen the Government party in that house.

My poor friend Sir Thomas Farquhar died on the 12th; he had been in a declining state for the last twelve months.

*Monday, 18th.*—Baron Humann has resigned his portefeuille, which he had been previously anxious to quit; M. d'Argout appeared in the Chamber as Minister of Finance in his stead. When the question of the conversion of the 5 per cents was started, M. de Broglie stated that however desirable such a measure might be, it was very inexpedient to bring it forward this year; the opposition remained perfectly docile and gave up the point without a comment, and thus the affair remains in *statu quo*.

One of our countrywomen the other day innocently avowed that she could not get into what was called good society in England, and was therefore come to France, where she hoped for better success.

There are 40,000 English in Paris, a great proportion of whom leave their names at the Embassy, and expect to be invited to the assemblies: and of those who are naturally omitted on such occasions, some have the vulgarity to write and inquire the reason, others send pasquinades to the English newspapers, and in a few instances have absolutely made complaints at the Foreign Office in Downing-street of the neglect which they have experienced from their ambassador in Paris. This is one of the inconveniences of our new levelling system at home; such were never experienced here in the time of Lady Elizabeth Stuart.

The tribunals have just condemned to death another infamous *scélérat*, named L'Huissier. A foolish woman, a Madame Fremond, with a fortune of 2000 fr. in money, advertised for a husband, and was introduced by the officer-keeper to this man, who was then living with a girl by name Leconte. The marriage was shortly concluded; and in two days afterwards the unfortunate wife was murdered in her apartment, Rue de Richelieu, by L'Huissier and his accomplice, who cut the body in pieces, and hired a porter to carry the packet to the quay, saying that it contained two bleeding legs of mutton for a friend in the country. The man was condemned, but the girl was acquitted from want of evidence.

The police here, so busily attentive to political offences, is most culpably negligent as to other crimes; robberies and murders in

the streets are frequent, and a passenger on foot who may be out late in the evening runs a serious risk of his life; most of the young men carry arms in their pockets to defend themselves.

*Wednesday, 20th.* — A curious fatality was attached to the death of young Lionel Ashley. He was by profession a sailor, and had served in India. On one occasion, when on shore, he went with two young lads, midshipmen of his own age, to visit a famous Indian juggler and fortune-teller, who, after observing them with some interest, informed them that none of the three would live to be twenty-five years old. One of them shortly afterwards was drowned; the second has since met with an untimely death; and so impressed was Ashley with the conviction of his own fate, that he has often been heard to say, "I hear other people talk of what they shall do when they are forty or fifty; as for me, I shall never reach that period myself." But still on the present occasion he did not seem to anticipate his immediate end, and was unaware of his danger.

*Friday, 22nd.* — The new English peerages are in the "Gazette." Lord Chancellor Sir C. Pepys is made Baron Cottenham; Master of the Rolls, Mr. Bickersteth, Baron Langdale; and the wife of Sir John Campbell, Baroness Stratheden.

Lord Melbourne has written the most urgent letters to all the Peers of his party in Paris commanding their attendance for the opening of parliament. The Duke of Argyll, Lord Gardner, &c. &c. are all preparing to depart without delay. Everything indicates that the Whig Government is straining every nerve to muster their forces for the opening. The Tory peers, strong in their majority, have given their proxies, and remain here quietly.

The ministry here is still in a dilemma; there is so little high character amongst them that the loss of Mr. Humann is severely felt: if his magnanimity had not prompted him to resign, he might have broken up the cabinet, or compelled M. de Broglie to promise the conversion of the 5 per cents in a year's time — as it is, the Chambers appear intent on bringing forward the question.

In Spain matters remain in the same state — constant warfare with insignificant success on either side: Colonel Evans and his mercenaries have as yet done nothing.

There have been dreadful murders and excesses at Barcelona, with cries for the constitution.

The new minister Mendizabel is concocting visionary plans of finance at Madrid, but his new levies proceed but slowly.

*Saturday, 23rd.* — The election of a deputy to Congress for the Jefferson county occasioned a melancholy duel on the 28th November last in America. The quarrel arose from mutual accusations of calumny and intrigues during the canvass, and measures were taken to decide the difference by the death of one of the parties. The combatants were Captain White and Colonel Bellamy, who, attended by their seconds, and armed with two brace of pistols each, were placed at sixty paces distance; they were to advance towards each other till within ten paces, and fire at will.

Captain White received three times the fire of his adversary without any injury; and when he returned it was within fifteen paces of the colonel. His first shot shattered the left arm of his adversary; the second entered his abdomen; and while he was drawing from his girdle the second pair of pistols, Colonel Bellamy, with a faint and faltering hand, took aim with his fourth pistol and shot him through the heart. Captain White was buried the following day, and the colonel lies without the smallest chance of recovery.

*Monday, 25th.* — The peers will assemble on Saturday for the trial of Fieschi and his comrades. Little interest is now felt on the subject.

*Tuesday, 26th.* — Grand balls are given this week by the Ministers and at the Tuileries, as next week it will be considered a breach of etiquette to give any *fête* while the trial of Fieschi is going on.

*Wednesday, 27th.* — Lord Carington, who is eighty-four years old, has just married at Bath a Mrs. Trevelyan. His grandson, Lord Gardner, who is here with his father-in-law, Lord Dinorben, a widower, says it is a very bad precedent.

*Friday, 29th.* — As Greffulhe and I were going out of the embassy this evening we met in the ante-room General Alava, who arrived this morning from Madrid. We asked him how affairs were going on in Spain? His answer was, "Parfaitement bien, rien de plus solide." At which we smiled.

*Saturday, 30th.* — The opening of the trial of Fieschi took place to-day. The crowd was immense, as may be inferred from the applications to the Grand Referendary for tickets, which amounted to 17,500.

The infernal machine was set up before the bar, near the table on which other proofs of the crime were placed. Fieschi was stationed first with his back to one of the pillars, between two municipal guards, and two subalterns were seated behind him.



On his left were placed Morey, Pepin, Boireau, and Becher, each separated by two municipal guards.

Fieschi appeared gay, smiled on all around, and seemed anxious to attract attention. On arriving in the court he shook hands with MM. Pasquin, Chaix d'Estange, and Patorni his counsel. The other accused remained tranquil. The day was chiefly occupied in reading the act of accusation, during which Morey and Pepin were calm and unembarrassed, while Boireau and Becher appeared more like curious spectators than like culprits. Fieschi was in constant agitation, rising at one minute, sitting down at another, crossing his arms, and changing his attitude; he took snuff repeatedly, offered it to his guards, and seemed piqued at the refusal which was enjoined by their military discipline. The chief part of the time he remained on his legs, anxious to show himself to the spectators, who seemed all desirous of examining his features. His answers were prolix, entering into minute details, the dryness of which he seemed desirous to enliven by an attempt at repartee, which was evidently prepared beforehand.

*Monday, February 1st.* — An attempt was made this evening to assassinate Mademoiselle Grisi, the singer at the Italian Opera-house. A man presented a pistol at her head, and was arrested by the guard before any mischief ensued. He had another in his pocket destined for himself. He is supposed to have been a slighted lover.

*Tuesday, 2nd.* — The trial of Fieschi and his accomplices proceeds daily, though little new is elicited. The conduct of the former is still easy and flippant, but, what is unheard of in a court of judicature, his assertions are the sole accusations brought against the others, while their defence consists in simple and flat contradictions of all that he asserts.

*Friday, 5th.* — An express from London arrived in twenty-four hours, bringing the King's speech delivered yesterday at the opening of Parliament. It is not very significant on any precise point, except that it alludes to an increase of our naval force, which appears meant as a hint to Russia on the Turkish question.

In the Chamber of Deputies the motion for converting the 5 per cents was carried by a majority of one against the government; in consequence of which the ministers adjourned to the Tuileries, and gave in their resignations.

*Saturday, 6th.* — It appears that an amendment to the address was moved by Sir R. Peel, and seconded by Lord Stanley, who seated himself on the opposition benches. The house divided,

and, to the shame of the Conservatives, the address was carried by a majority of forty-one in favour of Ministers; a larger number than they ever carried with them during the last session. I say shame, because a letter from London states that twelve Tories never came down to the house, and several more disregarded the summons to come from the country. Another letter from a very impartial quarter says, "Never were more blunders committed, or worse speeches made on either side; but the result must give an increase of moral force to the Government."

In the House of Lords the same amendment was moved by the Duke of Wellington; but here the Premier, conscious of his weakness, consented to adopt it without a division, considering the difference not material, though he battled for it in the Commons.

Here no arrangements are made for a new ministry. Lists are handed about, which are not likely to be realised; and, in the midst of these embarrassments, it is said that those who resigned yesterday are very anxious to be recalled to-day.

The following is a description of the state prisoners now on their trial before the House of Peers:—

Fieschi is a short man about forty years of age, stoutly built, all nerve and muscle; irritable to excess, but with great power over himself; easily affected, but mastering his emotions with a will of iron; prompt in reply; speaking in metaphors, and never at a loss for expressions; at times overflowing with ideas, but never losing sight of one, his principal object, which is to represent himself as a great malefactor, and not a low pitiful assassin. At present, that the plot which he himself styles horrible has failed, he has only one passion, which is to engross notoriety and be the subject of general remark. Not inaccessible to repentance or remorse for the wide-spreading mischief which he has committed, he exhibits no weakness in his regrets, but has brought himself, and tries to induce his audience, to look upon the details of his scheme as a very natural recital. More at his ease than the president of the court, who during the examination is constantly recurring to notes before him which had been previously arranged for his use, he has during his long interrogatories constantly replied with the utmost readiness and precision to questions, even the most lengthy and embarrassing. He seems to preside over the discussions, and even to direct them. Having established himself in a manner *assistant* to the *accusation*, which he affects to consider as a plea in his own favour, he cannot help occasionally dropping casual expressions which would intimate

that he had not quite abandoned all hope. This circumstance perhaps gives an interest beyond mere curiosity to everything that he says; so strong indeed, that, incredible as it may appear, it has at times excited cheers and bravos from the peers themselves.

His forehead is prominent, his eyes hollow, his nose thin and pointed, his complexion pale. His skull and his lips are deeply scarred with the dreadful wounds which he received from the explosion of the machine. He is in fact the Italian bandit, with his vanity, his cold-blooded ferocity, but at the same time susceptible of love, friendship, and generosity. He even exhibits the same repentance at the last which characterises that description of criminal before his execution, who confesses his atrocities to the priest, beating his breast, and loading himself with the most execrable appellations.

It is a singular circumstance, and remarked by every one, that in figure, countenance, and even voice, he most strongly resembles Count Matuszewitz.

Morey is an old man, a prey to a dreadful malady, under which he seems daily sinking: he seems still, by repeated denials, to take an interest in averting his fate; but, when the excitement of these discussions which now animate him is past, he will drop into the grave; and even the scaffold, which will so soon follow his sentence, if he is convicted, may yet be deprived of its victim.

Pepin, the grocer of the Faubourg St. Antoine, is mild, talkative, and prolix: he makes contradictory and unguarded replies to the questions which are put to him. His apparent calm and tranquillity are affected; the paleness of his countenance and the depression of his looks indicate either a sense of guilt or a dread of the accusations brought against him, and his whole defence seems a struggle to deny with equal pertinacity the most trifling as well as the most serious charges adduced by the evidence against him. Unable to rebut the one, he loses himself in a maze of trifling discussions on the other, with a view of drawing the public attention to those points where he is the least vulnerable.

Boireau has throughout shown an unparalleled energy and assurance. A simple working pewterer, he has given proofs of wonderful eloquence. In reply to the different written questions proposed by the president, he has always expressed himself with the utmost readiness and facility. Partially spared by Fieschi, the great *public accuser*, and inspiring a certain interest from his extreme youth, he has at length entered into a string of confessions, which will go far towards saving his life.

As for Becher, he appears to be, of the whole assembled audience, the one least interested in the great drama of which he is ostensibly, or at least nominally, one of the actors. He seems impressed with the certainty of his acquittal, and, if it were not for the two guards which are attached to his person, one would be inclined to suppose, from his manner and appearance, that he was merely a privileged spectator, for whom a prominent place in the court had been reserved by favour, that he might witness the proceedings with more facility than the others. He does not indeed seem to be much criminated.

*Monday, 8th.*—The Duke of Hamilton and the Marquis of Lansdowne have been created Knights of the Garter.

No progress made in forming a new cabinet. I met General Count Ernano, just come from the Luxembourg; he said it was even betting that the trial would be finished before the ministry was settled. The French copy us now in betting, as in other things.

Lord Canterbury gave me a long account at dinner of the communications which he had with the King, as Speaker in 1834, on the subject of the conflagration of the Houses of Parliament, which were afterwards maliciously interpreted by the other party into secret machinations to effect the overthrow of the Whig cabinet, which took place shortly afterwards; and it tells very ill for the openness and honesty of Lord Melbourne's character, that, though regularly made acquainted by the Speaker with the object of these private discussions, he should afterwards have lent his aid to encourage those reports, and impute to him an underhand conduct which is so foreign to his nature. It was on the demise of Earl Spencer and the removal of Lord Althorpe to the Upper House that Lord Melbourne went to Brighton to communicate the altered position of the Government. The King then said, "Such being the case, my lord, how far do you feel competent to carry on the trust confided to you?" Melbourne's reply was far from confident: they must see how matters would turn; they must try their strength; and, if the case became desperate, there would be no other alternative but a resignation. The King then said, "If you yourself look upon the prospect as so doubtful, would it not be better at once to make up your mind, and break up the Government?" Melbourne, who at the time really felt anxious for retirement, from a sense of his own incompetence without the aid of Althorpe in the Commons, readily assented to the proposal. Upon which the King observed, that he really was unprepared for this crisis, and hardly knew himself to whom he

should apply to form a new administration. Lord Melbourne then without any hesitation remarked, that there was one individual whose services he doubted not would be at the command of his Majesty, and that was the Duke of Wellington. "Do you then approve," said the King, "of my writing to him?" Melbourne replied in the affirmative; and moreover added, "As I shall probably travel to London quicker than any ordinary messenger, I will myself take charge of the letter."

*Tuesday, 9th.*—The Queen of Naples died at twelve o'clock on January 31st, of a bilious fever, about a week after giving birth to a son. She was a daughter of the late King of Sardinia, Victor Emmanuel, and sister to the Empress of Austria and the Duchess of Modena. A short time previous to this event, Prince Charles, the king's brother, eloped with an Irish young lady, Miss Smith, and fled with her to Switzerland, for the purpose of being married.

The king has been closeted to-day with M. Dupin, to form an administration of the liberal party, including M. Sauzet, and M. Passy; and though many difficulties have occurred, they are not deemed insurmountable.

At Lady Helena's assembly the following burlesque was handed about as the list for the new cabinet:—

"Le roi ne trouvant pas des hommes d'état convenables en France, a jugé à propos de faire une administration de dames.

"Madame de C —, Ministresse de Commerce.

"Madame de D —, Ministresse des Affaires Etrangères.

"Madame de B —, Président du Conseil.

"Madame de F —, Ministresse de la Guerre.

"Madame de R —, Ministresse de la Marine.

"Les autres dames n'ont pas voulu siéger, sans Madame de Lieven, au Ministère de l'Intérieur."

Stopford and his son dined with us.

*Wednesday, 10th.*—A telegraphic despatch announces that the President Jackson had recommended a law for shutting the American ports against French shipping.

The "Quotidienne" says, that the King is become an advocate for the conversion of the five per cents. and cites the following anecdote:—

"Dans une conférence récente en haut-lieu, on s'est montré plus accessible au projet sur les rentes. Voici les premières paroles qui auraient été, dit-on, adressées à M. Humann, dans cette entrevue:—

"'Nil humani a me alienum puto.'

“M. Humann a répondu que la situation était grave, et qu’il y avait déjà perdu son latin. On prête du reste beaucoup de bons mots à M. Humann, dans ces derniers jours, et le moins spirituel ne serait pas celui qu’il aurait dit sur son projet de conversion, qui de financier est devenu politique : — ‘Je puis le méconnaître, on me l’a changé en nourrice.’

“M. Thiers a réuni hier à dîner plus de vingt convives, qui se sont trouvés tous, des *ex-ministres*. On a parodié le vers de M. Arnaud : —

“‘Et ces vingt grands débris se consolait entre eux.’”

*Thursday, 11th.* — The negotiations with M. Dupin seem to be at fault. The king wants to be everything, and they want to be something. It seems as if there would be a return to the old leaven. The *on dit* of the day is :—

“La place la plus difficile à remplir est celle de la marine, puisque le Roi a trouvé tous les hommes d’état trop hommes de terre. (Pommes de terre.)”

*Friday, 12th.* — The trial of Fieschi is drawing to a close ; the counsel for the defendants have spoken, and, though the evidence against all, except Fieschi, is chiefly presumptive, no doubt is entertained of their guilt. So great is the curiosity excited by the parties in this plot, that the celebrated café in the Palais Royal has offered Nina Lassave, the mistress of Fieschi, and one of the principal witnesses, a large sum of money to sit in their *comptoir* for a month, and show herself to the public.

*Saturday, 13th.* — Among the amusements of the carnival this year should be mentioned the masquerades at Musard’s in the Rue St. Honoré, which present twice a week scenes which can be witnessed in no other country. In the centre of a spacious saloon, which was formerly a riding-house, is placed the orchestra, filled with good performers, and so numerous, that it is called *l’orchestre monstre*, round which may be seen, dancing the gallop, 1200 couple of every character and costume that can be imagined, all carried on as it were by the stream, men and women raving with delight, panting with fatigue, while the crash of the music is at times heightened by the beating of broken chairs and the reports of pistols. Such an orgy was never seen ; it is the celebration of the mysteries of a pagan deity performed by satyrs and bacchantes.

The receipts are immense, and the projectors are making a rapid fortune, as the saloons are open for concerts during the

whole year. An idea of their success may be formed from the following circumstance. At the commencement of the undertaking, when their funds were low and the result precarious, they bargained with M. de Monjoyeux for some orange trees, which were valued at 2000 fr.; but not having the money at hand, they offered to give him in payment ten shares in the undertaking, valued at 200 fr. each. This he declined. Had he accepted it, he would now, in the space of little more than one year, have received for his orange trees an annual income of 10,000 fr., for such are the profits now divided among the proprietors.

While the name of Madame de Rumford was handing about on the list of the female administration last week, the old lady died of a dropsy at the age of eighty-one. She was the widow of the celebrated chemist, Lavoisier.

*Sunday, 14th.*—The trial of the state prisoners closed to-day. Fieschi spoke for near an hour in his defence; but no further discoveries were made from any of the parties. The sentence will be pronounced to-morrow.

Fieschi has left by will his head to Nina Lassave, that a mould may be taken from it and the plaster busts sold for her benefit.

The secret of this attempt, if indeed there is any secret at all, now remains sealed up in the hearts of Pepin and Morey. If in the short moments before their final doom they make no revelation, the object of the government, which was to trace it directly either to the Carlist or Republican party, will be completely frustrated.

*Monday, 15th.*—The peers assembled this morning at eleven o'clock in the Luxembourg to deliberate on their verdict. The sitting was held with closed doors; and at a quarter before eleven at night they condemned Fieschi, Morey, and Pepin to death. The former will be conducted to the place of execution barefooted, his head covered with a black veil, and exposed on the scaffold during the reading of the decree of condemnation. Morey and Pepin will be decapitated in the usual manner. Boireau has been sentenced to twenty years' close confinement, and at the expiration thereof to be subject during his life to the surveillance of the police. Becher has been acquitted.

On the second of this month died Madame Marie Letitia Bonaparte, mother of Napoleon, at Rome. She was born 24th of August, 1750, being nearly eighty-six years old. Since her fall at the Villa Borghese she had lost the use of her limbs, and had never quitted her couch. Few women have had a life of such extraordinary vicissitudes.

*Tuesday, 16th.* — Mardi gras. The crowd on the Boulevards was unprecedented, the maskers numerous, and at night all the theatres and balls were thronged with visitors. The motley assemblage at Musard's were so numerous, that I hear hundreds were sent away from want of space to contain them.

Becher was set at liberty on Monday night immediately after the judgment was pronounced.

The sentence was read to the others this morning in prison. Morey received the communication with the utmost calmness; Pepin was completely overwhelmed; Boireau preserved the same indifference which he had assumed during the trial. Fieschi, the moment he saw vanish from before him the hope which had induced him to become an informer, fell into a state of frenzy, and has had the strait-waistcoat put on him.

Pepin having sent to inform the president that he had some important revelations to make, Baron Pasquier, attended by a registrar, was shut up in close conference with him for several hours; and it is generally supposed that, if these revelations are of any importance, his execution will be retarded beyond that of the others.

The executions will take place very soon, but nothing certain is as yet known, as the order is never issued from the office of the Procureur du Roi till late on the preceding evening, and it is only known by the executioner himself a few hours before it takes place. The royalty of July seems to live in such constant dread of large popular assemblages that it even fears to execute the laws in public.

Still no ministry; but fresh negotiations with the retired cabinet. MM. Broglie and Guizot remain firm, but M. Thiers is striving with all his might to be president of the council.

*Friday, 19th.* — This morning at eight o'clock Fieschi, Pepin, and Morey, were brought in three carriages from the prison to the Place St. Jacques, and guillotined in presence of a dense mass of spectators, who, notwithstanding the erection of the scaffold at a quarter before seven o'clock was the only notice given to the public of the approaching execution, had in the course of one hour filled every street and avenue leading to the spot. They all behaved with calmness and fortitude. Morey was so exhausted by malady, that he was lifted by the executioner and his assistants to the scaffold. He said nothing. Pepin declared his innocence to the last. Fieschi addressed a few words to the crowd, indicating that he had told the truth, and died without fear. The entire ceremony did not last more than five



minutes. No disorder was manifested by the multitude; but a large military force was in attendance. The execution of the sentence had been deferred one day, in consequence of a wish on the part of Pepin to make some revelations; but they were of so little importance, that the law was allowed to take its course. He has left a wife and four children. When at seven o'clock Fieschi was delivered into the hands of the executioners, to undergo *la toilette*, he merely said, "Is it not heart-breaking that I should be the first executed for a political cause since 1830? I should have preferred remaining on the field of battle at Beresina."

Pepin came next with a pipe in his mouth. While his hair was being cut off behind, he said, "Well, Fieschi, I am your victim." Fieschi was going to reply, but his confessor enjoined silence upon him. Pepin added, "Since I must die, I will die." Morey was quite silent and motionless, but greatly dejected. Before they quitted the prison, as Pepin was pressed to speak, Fieschi entreated him, and even threw himself at his feet, begging him to tell the whole truth, as he had done, and then he might appear before God without fear. Pepin heaved a sigh, and replied, "No; I can say nothing; I will not compromise fathers of families." The sentence of the black veil was remitted to Fieschi.

*Saturday, 20th.*—It appears that the judgment of the peers was nearly unanimous as to the guilt of the three prisoners executed yesterday: not so as to the capital punishment; Pepin had a minority in his favour of 31, and Morey of 21, out of 161 voters. Whatever may have been the secret of this horrible plot, it is now buried in the grave; and perhaps many an anxious mind has been relieved by the stroke of the axe, which has rendered all further confessions impossible. Though nothing of importance was even to the last obtained from Pepin, who was even again interrogated on the scaffold, enough was dropped to convince the government that many still remained behind to make further attempts against the king's life. This may be the fact or not; everything seems involved in doubt, but as the case stands at present the only apparent result of the trial is this: That three individuals without name or importance have planned, prepared, and executed a diabolical crime without being instigated by any known motive of hatred, vengeance, or political fanaticism; that they have perpetrated it without any probable advantage to themselves, either present or future. The political and perhaps party interest which was excited, not so much by the trial itself, as by the consequences and discoveries which were expected from it. being

now dissipated, there can only remain one feeling of astonishment, that in the very heart of this city a crime has been perpetrated which threatened to plunge the whole nation into anarchy and disorder, while the means of its execution were limited to a miserable sum of 300 fr. advanced by Pepin; and the definitive reward received by the principal agent amounted only to 37 fr. By what a thread may hang the destinies of nations and the lives of kings!!

*Monday, 22nd.* — A ministry is declared; and M. Thiers, supported by Marshal Maison, MM. Montalivet, Passy, and Pelet, is president of the council and minister for foreign affairs. In the afternoon he made a speech in the Chamber of Deputies, proclaiming his constant adhesion to the principles of the Revolution of July; which feeling, he said, was that of the former as well as of the new cabinet. It met with a cool reception from his auditors.

A flaming speech has been made in the House of Commons by Lord Dudley Stuart, to exasperate the public mind against Russia; but, though the ministerial prints have done everything of late to encourage this feeling in the country, the ministers themselves, when driven to the point, have not dared to avow them. Nothing could be more pacific than their replies.

The Prince of Saxe-Coburg has been solemnly affianced to the Queen Donna Maria da Gloria of Portugal.

The number of our countrymen here is great; many almost residents, who form a society distinct amongst themselves. It is this class of English who, unaccustomed to good society at home, commit so many follies in Paris, which discredit the nation in the eyes of foreigners; and, as they generally herd together, and make themselves objects of notoriety, the stigma becomes more national than individual. You constantly hear the observers remark on these occasions: "Les Anglais ont fait telle et telle chose," instead of commenting on the individual, as in the case of other nations who are less gregarious.

The other day a party of this description, who were anxious to witness the bloody ceremony at the Place St. Jacques, hired a room in a *quinquette* opposite to the scaffold, and left Meurice's hotel at two o'clock in the morning, that they might avoid the expected crowd and take their station without any inconvenience. When arrived at their destination, they ordered supper, and passed the night in drinking champagne and noisy mirth, till the waiter informed them that the preparations for the melancholy scene were arranged. In this state of mind, and heated with

debauch, they rose from table to gratify an unfeeling curiosity with a bloody spectacle, which even a savage would not have witnessed without awe and emotion. These are traits which must excite disgust in the breast of every one.

*Wednesday, 24th.*—The Café de la Renaissance, in the Place de la Bourse, was for the last two days completely thronged, in consequence of the proprietor having engaged the too celebrated Nina Lassave to take her seat at the *comptoir* at a salary of 1000 fr. per month. She appeared in a satin flame-coloured gown, and her hair adorned with rich ornaments. At the entrance of the room two men were stationed, who demanded a franc from each visitor, giving them in return a ticket for refreshments to that amount. Nina is rather pretty, and, unless approached close, the loss of one of her eyes is not apparent. She seemed overwhelmed by the notice she excited, and from time to time the most cruel sarcasms were thrown out against her. Some one having reproached her for daring to show herself in public four days after the execution of Fieschi, she fainted, and was carried out of the room. In half an hour she resumed her seat, and when any one seemed disposed to be severe in their censure, she entreated that sport might not be made of her misfortunes.

Nina is a good-looking girl, with rather a vulgar expression of countenance. I observed that, besides one eye, she has lost two fingers on her right hand; it is said from a scrofulous humour.

*Thursday, 25th.*—On Sunday last died, in London, Dr. Van Mildert, Bishop of Durham. It is expected that the princely revenues of this see will be materially reduced under the new church regulations.

The following true and pithy account of the Revolution of July is in the "Quarterly Review:"—

"The general character of the July Revolution is by this time pretty well understood.

"It is assuredly, to use a vulgar, but in this case a most suitable phrase, the greatest humbug that ever insulted the common sense of mankind: a revolution made in the name of a charter, which charter it forthwith tossed to the winds: a revolution made in the name of the people, in which the people really had no share, and from which they have derived no advantage: a revolution made by a faction, which faction has become its earliest sacrifice: a revolution made in the name of liberty, which has produced a despotism: a revolution planned, prepared, and executed by journalists, of which the same journalists are now the most bitter enemies and the most signal victims: a revolution

which, from the moment it had strength to walk about, and in exact proportion to its growing powers, has employed all its vigour in proscribing, persecuting, and punishing, even to the death, the pretences, the principles, and the persons, to whom it owes its existence.

“The men who made the Revolution of July speedily divided themselves into two classes; those who profited by it, and those who did not. The former have forgotten their principles in their places, the latter find their principles sharpened by disappointment; the apostate possessors of office are now persecuting with all the furious zeal of new and interested converts those unhappy men by whose efforts alone they were advanced to power.

“Committunt eadem diverso crimina fato,  
Ille crucem pretium sceleris tulit, hic diadema.”

Can anything be more curious than the rise of M. Thiers? The Revolution found him an editor of the “National;” he is now the first minister in France. On his resignation of the Intérieur with his *doctrinaire* colleagues, the other day, Madame Thiers, and his mother-in-law, Madame Dosne, were frantic with grief at the idea of quitting their splendid hotel and retiring to their own miserable little mansion in the Rue St. George. In less than ten days they were all installed in the splendid palace of the Minister for Foreign Affairs in the Rue Neuve des Capucines, vacated by the Duc de Broglie.

*Friday, 26th.*—The English papers are full of Mr. Hume’s motion about the Orange lodges, which he construes into an attempt to alter the succession. His misrepresentations have not much effect upon the House, but the partisans of the Government hail it as a great victory obtained over the Tories.

*Sunday, 28th.*—Two wills of the Princess Talleyrand have been produced by the heirs, one dated some years back, the other lately. The prince is reported to have said, “Qu’il s’inquiétoit tout aussi peu de l’ancien testament que du nouveau.”

*Monday, 29th.*—The foreign papers mention two dreadful events; the death of the wife of Prince Adolphus of Schwartzenberg, who was shot by her husband in a fit of jealousy; and the murder of a scene-shifter at Brunswick by the reigning duke, who purposely exposed his Highness on the stage to the public, by drawing up the curtain when he was making love to an actress behind the scenes.

*Tuesday, March 1st.*—M. Thier’s new ministry has not yet been marked by any striking feature. He has begun by an

attempt to conciliate the extreme *gauche* in the Chamber; but the *doctrinaire* paper (the "Débats") seems inclined to wage war against him.

A rich discovery was made at Pompeii in January last, of a house situated in the street of Mercury. The exterior is not remarkable, though it has some paintings of Narcissus and Endymion; but the house contained four vases of silver and a great quantity of medals, among which were twenty-nine pieces of gold of the first Roman emperors, two vases of silver, of three inches diameter, ornamented with relievos of Cupids and Centaurs: emblems of Bacchus and Ceres have also been found. This description resembles so much that which was discovered by Professor Zahn last year, that I should think it must be the same.

*Thursday, 3rd.*—The new grand opera by Meyerbeer has been produced at the Académie by the name of "Les Huguenots." The music is worthy of the master, and was received with much applause.

*Friday, 4th.*—Accounts were this day received from New York that the American Government had accepted the mediation of England in the question of the dispute with France.

The Duke of Cumberland, in the name of the Orange lodges, has signified his submission to the royal will, dictated by the Ministers, that these societies shall be dissolved. The temperate conduct of the Tories on this arbitrary command has very much disappointed their enemies.

*Saturday, 5th.*—The will of Madame Letitia is dated the 22nd of September, 1832. Besides various legacies to individuals in her household, she bequeaths 7000 scudi to Cardinal Fesch for the expenses of her funeral. The mother of Napoleon was not so rich as was expected. Her property is divided in equal parts among her children. It is said that her whole fortune, including plate and diamonds, does not exceed a million of scudi.

The public, who expected a magnificent funeral, have been disappointed; the procession consisted merely of the household, and the coffin was plain, without ornaments. The Papal government desired that the whole might be conducted with as little pageant as possible, *afin qu'on n'excitat pas l'attention par une faste inutile.*

*Sunday, 6th.*—M. Thiers begins to find that the majority of the Chamber is with M. Guizot. He must look for support to him, and side with the Doctrinaires, till they turn him out.

*Monday, 7th.*—A letter from Vittoria gives a melancholy picture of the auxiliary troops under General Evans. Their ranks

have been thinned by disease, and in no one instance have they been able to distinguish themselves.

There have been of late great defections from the army of Isabella to that of Don Carlos, who, in spite of his isolated position, still maintains the contest.

*Tuesday, 8th.*—M. Rothschild's ball was a display of the most costly furniture and of everything that money could command in its greatest profusion. One of the guests expressed his admiration to the lady of the house at the sumptuous decorations, to which she replied, "If you had seen the hotel of M. Solomon Rothschild (which is next door), you would think our house was only the stables attached to it."

M. Thiers is an *élève* of the wily Talleyrand, and is supposed to act under his suggestions. Some one observed before the prince that Thiers was a *parvenu*; his reply was: "Vous avez tort, il n'est pas parvenu, il est arrivé."

*Wednesday, 9th.*—There are two young ladies here, daughters of Lord —; pretty girls, but remarkable for their dress, which leaves their necks and ankles very much exposed. A man of wit remarked the other night that "Les robes de ces demoiselles ressemblent à un mauvais jour d'hiver, qui commence trop tard et finit trop tôt."

Clairricarde goes to London to-morrow. He dines frequently with the Duke of Orleans, who, with the Duc de Némours, took him yesterday on a shooting party to the woods at St. Germain, where they shot fourteen roebucks, and had very good sport.

*Thursday, 10th.*—The Prince of Saxe-Coburg, who is shortly to be married to the Queen of Portugal, arrived here last night with his brother at the Elysée Bourbon.

Countess Bertrand, who accompanied Napoleon to St. Helena, died on the 6th at the château de Laleux near Châteauroux. The news from Spain is very favourable to the cause of Don Carlos; the Christinos have been defeated on various occasions without any general engagement. On the other hand the new elections are going on, reinforcing the Movement party. Martinez de la Rosa and Torreno have been rejected, the former at Granada and the latter at Oviedo. Mendizabel is alarmed, and dreads the spirit of the new Chambers. The Spanish funds are falling daily here and in London.

*Friday, 11th.*—Lord Granville was highly pleased with the Government majority of 64 on the Irish Municipal Reform Bill in the Commons, and owned that it was far more than he expected.

A curious question was tried on Friday last before the Tribunal

de première Instance, which involved considerable interests. The facts of the trial originate in that period when Napoleon was anxious to create a new nobility round his throne, and to recompense the services of his military associates by the most splendid donations. The following is a letter written by him to the Prince of Neufchâtel (Berthier), 23 September, 1807:—

“Mon Cousin,—Vous trouverez ci-jointe une lettre au Ministre des Finances, par laquelle je lui ordonne de mettre une somme de onze millions à votre disposition, sur les fonds appartenant à la grande armée, et qui sont déposés à la caisse d’amortissement.

“Vous garderez un million pour vous, que vous prendrez moitié en argent, et moitié en rentes sur l’état, au cours de quatre-vingt-cinq francs. Vous donnerez 600,000f., moitié en argent, et moitié en rentes sur l’état, au cours de quatre-vingt-cinq francs, aux maréchaux Ney, Davoust, Soult et Bessières; et 400,000f., moitié en argent, moitié en rentes, au cours de quatre-vingt-cinq francs, aux maréchaux Masséna, Augereau, Bernadotte, Mortier et Victor. Vous ferez connaître à chacun de ces maréchaux, que les rentes sur l’état doivent être réunis aux autres biens, et faire partie du fief, que je vais établir en leur faveur, et qu’ainsi ils ne peuvent aliéner ces rentes; que quant à la somme qui leur est donné en argent, ils doivent l’employer à se procurer un hôtel à Paris, qui doit être également compris dans le fief que nous érigerons en leur faveur, étant nécessaire que les possesseurs de grands fiefs aient un hôtel à Paris: il faudra donc qu’ils vous fassent connaître l’hôtel qu’ils auront acheté, et dès ce moment ils ne pourront ni le vendre ni l’aliéner. Vous ferez connaître au Maréchal Lannes, qu’il est nécessaire, que sur les fonds de la grande armée que je lui ai donnés, il se procure un hôtel à Paris, qu’il ne pourra plus aliéner. Vous donnerez 200,000f. à chacun des généraux, dont la liste est ci-jointe; cette somme leur sera donnée, moitié en argent, et moitié en rentes sur l’état au cours de quatre-vingt-cinq francs, et il faut qu’ils aient un hôtel à Paris, ou dans un chef-lieu de département; cette maison sera inaliénable, et fera partie du fief que je vais ériger en leur faveur. Il faudra que vous vous arrangiez avec le ministre des finances pour prendre à la caisse d’amortissement, partie de ces onze millions en argent, et partie en rentes, au cours de quatre-vingt-cinq. Cette lettre n’étant pas à autre fin, je prie Dieu qu’il vous ait en sa sainte et divine garde.

“NAPOLÉON.

“Fontainebleau, 23 Septembre, 1807.”

The mandates in this letter were duly executed, and the General Belliard, who was comprised in the list, received for his share 5882*f.* rental on the great book, and a sum of 100,000*f.* ready money, to be employed as above. On the 12th of January, 1812, the Emperor directed the Intendant-général to verify the employment made of these different donations, who in consequence addressed a circular to that effect to all those who had partaken of the eleven millions. The following was the reply of General Belliard:—

“The 100,000*f.* in money which his Majesty had the goodness to give me not being sufficient for the purchase of an hotel at Paris, I employed them in part payment on a small estate in Poitou. I have given orders for the sale of the property, and as soon as the money is realised I will deposit the 100,000*f.* with my agent in Paris, till such times as I can invest that sum conformably to the wishes of the emperor.

This investment never took place; the disasters of 1814, which involved the ruin of Napoleon, suspended also the execution of the threats contained in the circular; and the restored government seemed disinclined to exact the penalty, till a royal ordinance in August, 1819, renewing the injunction, gave to the *donataires* the option of complying with the original order to purchase the hotels, but in the meantime to give security for the performance by a mortgage on their own property.

Thirteen years elapsed, and General Belliard died at Brussels in 1832, without heirs male, without having fulfilled his contract. The administrator of the public domains then proceeded against the estate as a claimant for the 100,000*f.* forfeited by the non-fulfilment of the conditions.

After long pleadings between the counsel, the tribunal has at last decreed that the 100,000*f.* shall be restored to the government out of the proceeds of the general's estate, in common with the other creditors.

M. —, who has long been the disciple of M. de Talleyrand, has at times been on terms of coolness with his master from some momentary pique. On one of these occasions he met the prince near the Tuileries, and passed him without an acknowledgment. Some one who was present remarked to Talleyrand, that M. — had passed without making him a bow: “Ah!” said he, “c'est qu'apparemment je l'ai mal élevé.”

*Thursday, 17th.*— At dinner at Mr. Lyon's they talked of the debate on Spanish affairs in the House of Lords on Monday, where the Marquis of Londonderry not only attacked the present



Government, but implicated in his comments that of the Duke of Wellington, who replied to him with some severity, which shows the schism that exists in the Conservative camp. A letter which I received this morning from a staunch Tory runs thus: "Everything here in the way of politics is gloomy enough. The Conservatives are of *two* minds, and I apprehend that Easter will not pass without hostilities being declared between the *factions*."

*Friday, 18th.*—The following anecdote is characteristic. An English family, Mr. and Mrs. M——, not much accustomed to good society at home, but possessed of a good fortune, established themselves some years back in the faubourg St. Germain, opened their house, and by degrees collected a number of their titled neighbours. Within the last two years Madame de C——, one of their habituées, began to give balls, and it was observed that she from that moment deserted Mrs. M——'s assemblies. She did not hesitate to avow it, saying, "Tant que je ne donnais rien, j'allais voir mes amis chez Madame M——, mais maintenant, comme je ne pourrais pas recevoir cette dame chez moi, je ne vais plus chez elle."

*Monday, 21st.*—I went this morning with Yarmouth to look at his new purchase of Bagatelle, where he is repairing and improving the whole domain. He is building a range of greenhouses on the model of those at Chiswick, and adding to the plantations. There is a large steam-engine which supplies the house, the offices, the ponds, and cascades with water from the Seine; and the whole premises are so undermined with arteries of leaden pipes, in which the metal (as in those times) was so prodigally used, and is now so valuable, that it in some measure accounts for the anxiety the company called the Bande noire had to make the purchase. The dry rot has unfortunately made its way into the house, and it has become necessary to lay down new floorings in all the rooms, both below and above, which is the more to be regretted, as it must injure the beautiful painted ceilings of the principal apartments. We detected some remains of the fresco paintings in the boudoir, which were done by the orders of the Comte d'Artois, and form a great contrast to the present devout habits of Charles X. When completely restored by the present proprietor, it will be the most beautiful fairy retreat in France, at only a quarter of an hour's drive from the capital.

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*Tuesday, 22nd.*— "M. Thiers ne quitte pas M. de Talleyrand. Partout on les voit ensemble. Pour ceux qui connaissent la tour-

nure de M. de Talleyrand, vieux outre mesure, coiffé de cheveux, qui le couvrent comme ferait un bonnet de femme, enveloppé d'une vaste cravate, et tout ebouffé de dentelles, en manchettes, et en gabots, pour ceux qui ont vu l'allure gamine de M. Thiers, le mot que nous allons citer, resume d'une manière vivante l'association perpétuelle de ces deux hommes. On dit que M. de Talleyrand est la bonne de M. Thiers."

I was in Paris in April 1814, and saw the entry of the Bourbons. The Comte d'Artois preceded Louis XVIII., and held a *levée* at the Tuileries shortly after his arrival. Lord Castlereagh presented the few English then in Paris, and the Prince, when he addressed us, said: "Jamais, messieurs, je n'oublierai l'accueil que j'ai reçu chez vous." On turning to the French by whom he was surrounded, he said: "Messieurs, il n'y a rien de changé, il n'y a qu'un Français de plus."

Some years afterwards this speech was bitterly parodied on the arrival of the famous *giraffe*, which, from its size and novelty, created so much sensation in Paris. A print representing this stupendous animal appeared on the Boulevards, under which was written: "Il n'y a rien de changé, il n'y a qu'une bête de plus."

In those days the caricatures on the Bourbons were of the most offensive nature. I remember one on Louis XVIII., in the act of making a low bow, and presenting his hind front, which, from his size, gave very much the appearance of the hind quarters of a retiring hog. Underneath was written, "Gros cochon élevé en Angleterre, acheté pour dix-huit Louis, qui ne vaut pas un Napoléon."

*Wednesday, 23rd.* — The application to this government from the British Cabinet to effect a military intervention in Spain, according to the spirit of the Quadruple Treaty, has been decidedly refused. Talleyrand says that in concocting this treaty when in England, he never contemplated any serious movement from it. This Flahault asserted to me this morning, as we were walking together in the Champs Elysées. This refusal to intervene in Spain will cause the English Cabinet to give up the idea also. One of the difficulties of the Quadruple Treaty is that the two principal powers in it are so actuated by the spirit of rivalry that both are obliged to resign themselves to a state of inactivity. This was the case in the Belgian question; it is now taking place in the Spanish, and will also occur in the Turkish whenever the time for action arrives. In the meantime the three continental powers act simultaneously and energetically; they have together taken possession of the principality of Cracow without any refe-

rence to the others. *Ils laissent penser les autres, et les autres les laissent faire.*

*Friday, 25th.* — At dinner at Lord and Lady Belfast's the conversation fell upon one of the most impudent hoaxes on the public credulity that has lately appeared, in the shape of a book from America, pretending to state the discoveries lately made by Mr. Herschel in the moon, from his observatory at the Cape of Good Hope, where he has been residing for some months for the prosecution of his nocturnal studies in that hemisphere. It pretends to detail the most minute remarks on the inhabitants of that planet, as well as the geography of its surface; and though the fiction was self-evident, it soon became the subject of public attention and gossip. It now appears that the author is a M. Nicolet, a Frenchman by birth, but settled in the United States, who has made a profitable speculation by his ingenious deceptions.

M. Arago announced last week to the Academy, that Mr. Herschel had informed the Royal Society of London that, on the night of the 14th of September last, he had discovered at the Cape four new luminous bodies of vast size; on which the secretary very innocently observed that, if Mr. Herschel had really made the absurd discoveries in the moon which were imputed to him, he would doubtless have imparted them to that learned body, instead of committing them to the American press.

*Sunday, 27th.* — M. Thiers has carried the votes for the secret service money by a large majority, which was a severe trial of strength. There is in the masses of this country a great principle of submission to the *powers that be*, which originates in a dread of tumults and public disorders, likely to endanger not so much the tranquillity as the property of the country.

The tribunals have been occupied by the pleadings of the Duchesse d'O — against her husband, for a divorce. She has been deserted by the Duke, who has retired to the island of Guernsey, under a feigned name, with an Antigone, whom he presents everywhere as his wife, and to whom he is entirely devoted. The tribunal has pronounced the separation *de corps et de biens* in the first instance, which will probably be resisted by the Duke. “Du choc contradictoire des opinions jaillit la lumière; il en naît aussi de *bonnes révélations.*”

A working engraver has just invented a machine by which the stocks of muskets may be formed in a few minutes, and by the most simple process at a trifling cost. The Government has given 300,000 fr. for the invention.

*Tuesday, 29th.* — A new trial has begun before the Court of Assize, for an attempt to assassinate the King on his road to Neuilly last year, in which, among others, Boireau, the accomplice of Fieschi, is implicated.

A *piqueur*, who attends the King's equipages when he takes a drive, told me the other day that all his carriages are now lined with plates of cast iron.

Dr. Bowring is arrived in Paris, with two engineers, as a deputation for the purpose of obtaining the co-operation of this government, in a plan for uniting the three capitals of England, France, and Belgium, by a grand railroad. When accomplished, the journey to London will be performed in thirteen and a half hours from Paris, in eleven and a half from Brussels, and from Paris to Brussels in seven hours.

As an instance of the levelling system now established in England, Mr. John Gully, originally a common prizefighter in the ring, then a regular frequenter of Newmarket, — in which capacity he realised a large fortune, and from thence became M. P. for Pontefract, — was last Wednesday presented by Lord Morpeth at the *levee*, and was actually at the Queen's drawing-room on the following day.

An attempt was made a few years back to establish in Paris a fire insurance company, being the only establishment of that description; the capital was considerable, and divided in shares of 5000 f. each. So great has been the success that a dividend was declared yesterday of fourteen francs; the proprietors have not been called upon to make any deposit on their shares, which are now selling in the market at sixty-four premium.

*Wednesday, 30th.* — The arrival and presence of the King of Bavaria in Greece, instead of healing the wounds of faction, appears to have increased the disorder. The chiefs of Western Greece are in open rebellion; and the permanency of the new throne of Otho becomes daily more problematical.

*Thursday, 31st.* — In the present low ebb of French poetry, some sensation has been created in the literary world by an epic poem, which has lately appeared, from the pen of M. Edgard Quinet. The subject and the title is Napoléon; and considerable genius is displayed in portraying the events as well as the national feeling of that period. The following quotation from the Invasion of the Allies in 1814, will give some idea of the strain in which the subject is handled: —

Malheur! ils sont entrés, comme fait la tempête,  
 Sous le toit des héros, sans incliner la tête ;  
 Ils ont foulé sans peur le banc et l'escalier,  
 Sans peur ils ont souillé la porte et le foyer ;  
 Sans peur, ils ont aussi vidé jusqu'à la lie,  
 Toute coupe d'orgueil sur la table remplie.

Malheur ! malheur ! ils ont rompu le pain des morts !  
 Ils ont rompu le glaive, et la lance des forts ;  
 Pour ombrager leur tête, ils ont cueilli sans gloire  
 Sur l'arbre des héros, un rameau de victoire ;  
 Et voyant sur son banc la veuve tout en deuil,  
 Ils ont ri de la tombe, et moqué le cercueil.

Malheur! malheur! malheur! voilà qu'un grand royaume  
 Se sèche sous leurs pieds ainsi qu'un brin de chaume.  
 Sur l'argile et le roc, sur le mont et le ravin,  
 Sur les prés odorans, sur le sable et l'airain,  
 Sur la rive et le flot, sur l'herbe, sur sa tige,  
 Les pas de l'étranger ont laissé leur vestige.

Demain l'herbe croîtra, demain le flot plus pur  
 Oubliera son limon dans son lit tout d'azur,  
 Demain le rossignol chantera sous les saules,  
 Demain reverdira le vieux chêne des Gaules.  
 Mais demain ni jamais les pas de l'étranger  
 Ne pourront sur le roc s'effacer ni changer.

Désespoir! désespoir! en tous lieux à toute heure,  
 N'avoir plus sous son toit ni place, ni demeure,  
 Ni couche, ni festin, ni feu, ni loi, ni droit,  
 A la face du monde être montré du doigt.  
 Meut sans noms, sans chefs, dépouillés par le faite,  
 Ainsi qu'un grand cadavre à qui manque la tête.

Trouver partout son maître au bout de son sentier  
 Le retrouver encore auprès de son foyer !  
 Sur son banc, à sa table, en son lit adultère,  
 Et ne pouvoir parler, et ne pouvoir se taire !  
 N'avoir plus d'un état que le pâle semblant  
 Être une ombre, en effet, qui s'efface en tremblant !

L'ombre d'un peuple mort, moins que cela peut-être,  
 Une fable, un jouet, pour amuser son maître,  
 Un vieux conte oublié, qu'apprennent les enfans !  
 Vivants, être rayés du nombre des vivants,  
 Comme un mot, par hasard, mal écrit sur le sable !  
 C'est là, c'est là, là plaie immense, inguérissable !

There are some other cantos which evince considerable genius, particularly that of the *Anathema*: the last concludes with a violent abuse of England for her conduct to the hero at St. He-

lena, in which the author forgets to contrast the necessary surveillance of an enemy on the one side with the cowardly desertion of a benefactor on the other.

*Friday, April 1st.* — Good Friday. Cold rainy weather, to the great annoyance of the promenaders to Long Champs.

*Saturday, 2nd.* — It is now reported that on the first of May (the King's *fête*) the sentence of the prisoners at Ham will be commuted into that of banishment.

As soon as it was known at Madrid that the French government had refused to send an army of intervention into Spain, the Queen publicly declared that the nation would not deign to permit any foreign interference, and that the government had sufficient means to quell the insurrection of the Carlists.

The Americans are in treaty with the government of Morocco to purchase a port in the Mediterranean, which is warmly supported by Russia. This tallies with Pozzo's hints in 1833.

I am also informed from a very good source, that Lord G—— has been ordered by the British government to feel the pulse of the French cabinet, as to the part they would be disposed to take with them in the event of a rupture with Russia: the reply is supposed to be as unsatisfactory as in the case of the intervention.

*Sunday, 3rd.* — Marshal Clausel is recalled from Algiers.

*Tuesday, 5th.* — The Spanish ministry has fallen into a curious dilemma as to the question of intervention. Scarcely had the official Gazette repelled with warmth all idea of foreign intervention, when intelligence is received that the British squadron stationed on the coast has received orders to afford its support to the Queen's troops in all their operations. The ministry, perhaps, will now say that such a co-operation is not an intervention. This overt act of the English government in Spain has followed so quickly on the refusal of intervention here, that Lord Palmerston must have anticipated a very different reply from hence, and can only have acted on a supposition that the French would have obeyed his summons to march.

*Wednesday, 6th.* — The ministers have proposed a tax of 15 fr. per 100 kilogrammes on beet-root sugar, which has excited great discontent among the agricultural interest in France, as this essay of the time of Napoleon has risen into a very extensive and profitable system of culture within late years, to the detriment of the colonial interest.

*Friday, 8th.* — Lord Cathcart and two bishops are just dead, which places a regiment of Horse Guards and two episcopal sees at the disposal of the Government.

*Tuesday, 12th.* — Croker arrived this morning from London. Lowther, who was at dinner at Lord Hertford's, said Lord Palmerston had sent in a fresh note to the French government, in the name of England and the three powers of the Quadruple Alliance, relative to the expulsion of Don Carlos from Spain.

*Wednesday, 13th.* — The equestrian statue of King William III., on the College Green, Dublin, was blown up on Thursday night, by gunpowder, by the Roman Catholic party. It will add fresh fuel to the exasperation which already exists in that excited and distracted country.

*Saturday, 16th.* — M. Thiers, the minister, formerly the republican, the editor of the "National," gave a grand dinner this week to the chief employés of the bank, in honour of his father-in-law, M. Dosne, who has been appointed governor. The following remark appears in the "Chronique:"—

"Le couvert était de cinquante personnes, fort mélangées comme à l'ordinaire ; c'était, dit-on, un dernier remerciement pour l'élection de M. Dosne à la régence, rien de plus simple et de plus poli. Mais savez-vous, juste ciel, comment y a paru M. Thiers ? Que va dire la révolution, que d'anathèmes jetés sur son fils chéri ! pourra-t'on le croire : M. Thiers a paru au milieu des convives avec un énorme crachat aussi large qu'une assiette de sa vaisselle, et sur lequel étaient trois fleurs de lis ! trois fleurs de lis ! emblème séditieux, et puérilement effacé des vieilles armes de la Maison de France, par ordre de MM. Laffitte et Cie. Des fleurs de lis sur le cœur de M. Thiers !!

"Quel était donc cet ordre ? Nous avons crû reconnaître l'ordre Espagnol de Charles III. Voilà M. Thiers dans les *ricos hombres*, sur le chemin de la grandesse, avec le Duc de Wellington, les Montmorency, et les d'Havré. En vérité le pas est grand."

*Sunday, 17th.* — A grand Conservative dinner was given on Thursday at Covent Garden Theatre, which was attended by above 1300 gentlemen of rank, opulence, and respectability.

Sir Robert Peel did not attend, having received a pressing entreaty from Lord John Russell to attend the debate that evening in the House of Commons on the abolition of military punishment, which was opposed by the Government, and defeated by a majority of 117. Thus the Whigs look to the Tories for succour against their own supporters.

*Tuesday, 19th.* — The Countess de Souza, author of *Adèle de Senanges*, and other novels, died here three days ago at the age

of seventy-six. She was the mother of Count Flahault by her first husband, and of Count Villa Real by her second.

*Wednesday, 20th.* — The trial of the clerk in the post-office, for the murder of Cazes, the young man who some months ago was stabbed in the Avenue de Neuilly, and took refuge in an omnibus, has lasted several days, and has just terminated in the following verdict:—Guilty of forgery and subtraction of letters from the post, but not of the murder. The sentence is seven years' forced labour at the hulks, pillory, and a fine of 100 fr.

There can be no doubt of the victim having perished by his hand; a poniard in his possession tallied with the wounds, and he was employed by the clerk to negotiate the stolen bills; but the act was committed on a dark night in the open road, which facilitated the escape of the murderer, and, unfortunately for the ends of justice, the dying man expired before he could declare the name of his assassin.

I went with Belfast to the Français to see Victor Hugo's tragedy of Angelo,—a thrilling horror, but marked with the stamp of genius.

*Thursday, 21st.* — This new visit of Mr. Edward Ellis to Paris is a private mission to induce the French government to send an armed force into Spain. Hitherto all attempts have been unsuccessful; but yesterday a formal communication was made to the Cabinet of the Tuileries, that the English government had come to the resolution of intervening itself as an active armed power. A council of ministers was immediately assembled; but the result of their decision has not yet transpired. Thus is England, under rulers who profess their ardent desire for peace and their respect for the independence of nations, about to interfere in the most aggravated manner in the international affairs of a foreign country.

The other day, at a feast near the Place Maubert, a quarrel arose among the guests, when a shoemaker in anger struck a woman in the presence of her son, a boy about ten years old. The lad in a moment of passion seized a knife, and wounded the shoemaker so severely that he fell bathed in blood, and his life is despaired of. A commissary of police was called, and the boy was committed to prison. On being asked how he came to be guilty of such a crime, he said, "Ma foi! il a battu ma mère; la moutarde m'est montée au nez, et je l'ai frappé."

*Friday, 22nd.* — It is well known that the American government has been for a long time endeavouring to prevail on the



Emperor of Morocco to concede to it a point on the coast of Tetuan, in the Straits of Gibraltar, having a bay commanded by heights which may be easily put in a state of defence; and thus the United States would gain a footing in the Mediterranean. This negotiation has made great progress; and the French and English consuls have now received instructions from their respective governments to remonstrate with the Emperor on the subject. We shall see what will be the success!

The wounded shoemaker has been carried to the Hôtel Dieu, and lies in great danger. His youthful assassin is *un vrai type* of what is here called "le gamin de Paris,"—a species of precocious profligacy known in no other country, but abounding in the streets of this capital. Reckless and ready for any mischief, these juvenile bandits, treating crime as a frolic, and vice as a pastime, became prominent features in the massacres of the Revolution in 1830. They glided under the bellies of the horses, and murdered the unsuspecting gendarmes while stationed at their posts; they fired at the troops from the windows as they passed; and many an officer, heedless from their youthful appearance, fell a victim to their treacherous audacity.

At dinner at Lord Lowther's, met amongst others General Solignac and M. de la Garde, who had gone through all the wars of the Revolution and the Empire—the former in the army, the latter as military secretary—and had lived with all the prominent characters of those days. Many anecdotes were related of Junot, Moncey, and other marshals, not all of the most creditable description. The former appears to have been throughout a madman, and, though constantly favoured by Napoleon, to have been utterly incapable as a General. When made Governor of the Illyrian provinces, he one morning surprised the whole population by appearing in the Great Square before his palace on a pedestal, mounted on his charger, unsaddled, unbridled, with a single *filet*, himself naked as he was born and personifying an equestrian statue. The police advanced to stop this scandalous exhibition, and to their astonishment found that it was the *Général-en-chef*. His end, which is not detailed in the Memoirs of the Duchess his wife, was characteristic of his life; in a fit of frenzy he cut his throat, and then precipitated himself from the window into the street.

*Saturday, 23rd.*—Thirty Poles who had been residing here for some time have been ordered by Government to quit Paris at the instance of the Russian Ambassador; and at the same time some partisans of Don Carlos, going to Spain, have been arrested on

the frontier, at the instigation of England. Here is the same cabinet persecuting Liberals and Carlists at the same moment.

The celebrated Bishop of Leon is one of the *détenus*. He was bearer of a large sum in gold for Don Carlos, who had named him to the rich see of Toledo; and as the Pope had ratified this investiture, his Holiness has placed himself in direct collision with the Court of Madrid.

*Sunday, 24th.*—Met at dinner at Ball Hughes's young Mr. Long Wellesley, who has succeeded to a large fortune notwithstanding the prodigalities of his father.

*Thursday, 28th.*—Prince Ferdinand of Coburg, after a short stay in England, arrived on the 8th instant at Lisbon, and on the following morning was married to the young Queen Donna Maria da Gloria—a girl of seventeen, maid, wife, widow, and wife again in the course of one year: the bridegroom is only nineteen himself. A continued *assaut de plaisanterie* between Yarmouth and Madame A. de V——, at dinner at the Belfasts', as good as a comedy.

*Friday, 29th.*—The Dukes of Orleans and Nemours are about to make a tour in Germany: they attend the reviews at Berlin, and visit the Austrian capital by *invitation*, where it is hoped that a marriage may be arranged between the heir to the throne of July and a daughter of the Archduke Rainer. Should this fond hope of Louis-Philippe be realised, and a connection formed with the Legitimate families of Europe, the present alliance with England will gradually decrease, and the revolutionary projects of Lord Palmerston in the Peninsula be left to his sole management and responsibility.

The Peers have rejected the Irish Municipal Bill by a majority of 84. As soon as the news arrived, Ellice set off for London.

*Saturday, 30th.*—Another singular instance of that cold-blooded mania for self-destruction which has been described in another example, took place here last Saturday. An artisan named Deal, thirty years of age, by profession a turner, and not unsuccessful in his trade, was seized with a disgust for life. Having made up his mind to destroy himself he became suddenly another man. From a state of despondency and low spirits, he became gay, jocular, and publicly announced that he was on the point of taking a journey which would radically cure all his late mental infirmities. On that day he dismissed his apprentice, telling him to convey on the following morning certain letters to his friends which he would find in the workshop. Great surprise was created in those individuals when, on reading their letters,

they found that he announced to them his determination of visiting the other world, in order that he might ascertain the truth of all that he had heard on that subject. Though unwilling to credit so strange an assertion, they imparted their suspicions to the Commissaire de Police, and with him hastened to the spot. On breaking open the door, Deal was found sitting on a chair in the attitude of one asleep, his head reclined on a table before him, on which were also placed a watch, an inkstand, a lamp, a candle extinguished, and at his feet a pen, which seemed to have dropped from his hand. Two large tubs, containing a quantity of cinders, and some half-consumed charcoal were in the room, every aperture to which was carefully stopped up. On raising up the corpse of Deal, a paper was discovered on which the wretched man had described minute after minute the gradual progress of his lingering agony.

He begins first by an explanation of his religious tenets, and adds that he has taken every precaution that his death may produce no sort of embarrassment to his friends. He then goes on to say:—

“ J’ai pensé qu’il serait utile de faire connaître, dans l’intérêt de la science, quels étaient les effets du charbon sur l’homme. D’ailleurs je veux prouver que ma mort est un acte de ma propre volonté, exécuté de sang-froid, et non dans un moment de folie.”

Further he continues:—

“ J’ai été dérangé plusieurs fois. Au diable les importuns ! ils ne peuvent même pas laisser mourir les gens tranquillement. C’est égal ; j’allume mes fourneaux et place sur la table ma lampe et ma chandelle, ainsi que ma montre, et je commence aussitôt la cérémonie. Il est dix heures quinze minutes. Les charbons s’allument difficilement, j’ai cependant mis sur chacun des fourneaux un tuyau qui doit aider l’action du feu.

“ A dix heures vingt minutes : les tuyaux tombent, je les relève ; cela ne va pas à mon idée. Ils retombent encore ; je les remplace de nouveau : cela va mieux. Le pouls est calme, et ne bat pas plus qu’à l’ordinaire. Dix heures trente minutes. Une vapeur épaisse se répand peu-à-peu dans la chambre. Ma chandelle paraît prête à s’éteindre ; la lampe va mieux. Je commence à avoir un violent mal de tête, mes yeux se remplissent de larmes. Je ressens un malaise général ; j’éprouve quelque soulagement à me boucher le nez avec un mouchoir ; le pouls est agité.

“ Dix heures quarante minutes. Ma chandelle est éteinte, la lampe brûle ; les tempes me battent comme si les veines voulaient

se rompre. J'ai envie de dormir. Je souffre horriblement de l'estomac. Le pouls donne quatre-vingt pulsations dans une minute.

"Dix heures cinquante minutes. J'étouffe. Des idées étranges se présentent à mon esprit. Je puis à peine respirer. Je n'irai pas loin, j'ai des symptômes de folie."

Ici, il confond l'heure avec les minutes.

"Dix heures soixante minutes. Je ne puis presque plus écrire ; ma vue se trouble. Ma lampe s'éteint, je ne croyais pas qu'on dût autant souffrir pour mourir.

"Dix heures soixante-deux minutes." Here are some illegible characters traced by Deal, and it is probable that with the last gleam of his lamp the life of the wretched man was extinguished.

The genuineness of this paper is beyond all doubt, as the Commissaire de Police, who broke into the room, made out his *procès verbal* on the spot ; and what a picture does it present of cold-blooded infatuation ! Intent on dying, and not one single reflection on the awful scene to which he was so rashly hurrying ! The symptoms are so detailed to the last, that it almost appears like a narrative from the tomb ; but it is evident that this species of suicide, so often adopted in this country, is one of a most painful description.

*Sunday, May 1st.*—The *fête* of King Louis-Philippe cannot boast the smiles of heaven. The Champs Elysées swarm with theatres, shows, concerts, *mats de cocagne*, and distribution of prizes ; but eager as the populace may be to enjoy the festival, a cold northeasterly wind and heavy showers of hail and rain damp their ardour and thin the ranks of spectators. At four o'clock the rain began to pour, and went on incessantly during the whole night. A grand display of fireworks, which was prepared on the Place de la Concorde, was half extinguished by the wet long before it was burnt out.

The party at Greffulhe's to-day at dinner consisted of Madame de Girardin, the two old De l'Aigle, young M. and Madame de l'Aigle, who was Miss Sartoris, Walewski, and Arthur Upton.

*Monday, 2nd.*—I have read lately a poem by Victor Hugo, called "Les Chants du Crépuscule," which evinces considerable genius ; the ideas are chiefly political, and always reverting, like the poetry of Béranger, to the recollection of Napoleon and the Revolution. The verses form a continuation to "Les Feuilles d'Automne," published by the same author in 1832, in which I have always remembered the following beautiful lines :—

"Oh rois, veillez, veillez, tâchez d'avoir régné ;  
Ne nous reprenez pas ce qu'on avait gagné,

Ne faites pas du poids d'une bride rebelle  
 Cabrer la liberté qui vous porte avec elle.  
 Soyez de votre temps, écoutez ce qu'on dit,  
 Et tâchez d'être grand, car le peuple *grandit*."

In those two last lines is comprised *l'histoire de notre siècle* — the system of reaction. The tide of monarchs has reached its point, and the ebb of the people is established, — not a gradual receding proportioned to the advance, but a mighty rushing backward of the waters to the deep, which, if not arrested in their course, may leave only a barren sand exposed to view.

It is said that the new Prince of Portugal, who has been refused by the Cortes the appointment of commander-in-chief of the army, has insisted on having this dignity, saying, "I am not come to Portugal to play a ridiculous part; I will be commander of the army, or I will take my departure." It is supposed that a change of ministry will take place, accordant with the wishes of the Prince.

*Wednesday, 4th.* — The exhibition of the Louvre closed on Saturday; there were few pictures of any celebrity or value. The four battle pieces which we saw in the studio of Horace Vernet, in the summer, at Versailles, and a picture of Neapolitan fishermen by Robert, all in the first room, were the most remarkable in the whole exhibition. There were numerous portraits of all the *notorieties*, who, as in England, are delighted to appear on canvas: but much more pains seemed to have been bestowed on the muslins, silks, and shawls, which composed the dress, than on the individuals themselves. There were two or three large pictures of the Revolution of July, in which Lafayette and the heroes of that day are so prominent, that Louis-Philippe will probably soon consign them to the lumber room, while the victories of Vendôme and Louis XV. will be sent as conspicuous ornaments to the Musée at Versailles. Everything now tends to old recollections; revolution is a bugbear and *mauvais ton*. Old names, old furniture, old châteaux, old forms and ceremonies, old tapestry, old china, old plate, are now the rage even with the *nouveaux riches*, and, singular to say, it is English society that has brought about this wonderful change here. Sixteen years ago, when we were buying up with eagerness the buhl, the Sèvres, the bronzes, and other objects of taste, the French would ridicule our fancy for *vieilleries* and *rococo*, now they are collecting them with the greatest eagerness, and the prices are more than doubled.

*Thursday, 5th.* — This morning, soon after the post came in, I received a note from Belfast, to announce the death of his mother-in-law, Lady Glengall, who died on Monday, in London, of an

affection of the heart, very suddenly. She was seventy years old, but active and looking young to the last. She had a masculine mind, and was an excellent woman of business; constantly at work to benefit the Irish property of the family, which, notwithstanding all her exertions, was perhaps the worst managed in the whole country. When young she was a celebrated beauty, who with her cousin Lady Clare and Lady Deny, were cited as the reigning toasts in Dublin, before the Union had broken up all the fashionable associations in the Irish capital. She was then Lady Cahir, an adept in all exercises, a great dancer, horsewoman, and skater, for which her slim graceful figure was admirably adapted. From my long and lasting intimacy with her son, I have lived a great deal in her society and long enjoyed her friendship, the loss of which I must always regret.

*Saturday, 7th.* — It was said at Mr. Lyons's, where I dined with Wiltshire and Scrope Davies, that the letters from England mention the rise and inundations of the Thames at London, while the Seine here has been committing the same ravages.

*Sunday, 8th.* — I received a letter from Lord Hertford this morning, in which he says: —

“I believe Lord M—— is going out — *love* the ostensible, O'Connell's demands the real cause. Lord M—— might take every man's wife and make every atheist a bishop, and still be minister; but if, as they say, O'Connell insists on some secret clauses and is supported by part of the Cabinet, it breaks up. The King is said to have refused the proposal of Lord J. Russell for Premier. All this gathers probability from the extension of the Whitsun adjournment to ten instead of three days.”

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*Monday, 9th.* — The picture at the exhibition representing the Adriatic fishermen was the production of a very promising artist, named Leopold Robert, who was passing some time in Italy, engaged in the study of the arts. He met with great success at Venice, where he was received in a very flattering manner, and much noticed in society. Some disappointment in love suddenly gave him a disgust for life, and he terminated his own existence last year, at the age of thirty-eight, in the midst of a fortunate career, and regretted by his friends.

“Qu'est-ce donc que ce monde où nul ne peut plus vivre,  
 Quel vertige est dans l'air? Quel poison nous enivre?  
 Où courons-nous? mon Dieu, vous le savez là-haut,  
 Votre soleil à vous est toujours jeune et chaud,

Votre ciel toujours pur, vos forêts toujours vertes,  
 Mais nos âmes à nous sont froides et désertes,  
 Car nous ne croyons plus, et s'il nous reste encore  
 Un Dieu que nous puissions aimer, — ce Dieu, c'est l'Or."

*Wednesday, 11th.* — A new piece has just been produced at the Gymnase Theatre, called "Moiroud et Compagnie." It is not otherwise worthy of notice than for the concise critique upon it, which appears in the "Chronique:" —

"Prenez la *Femme à deux Maris*, jetez-y *l'Homme gris*, assaisonnez ce mélange avec une dose eventée du Chrysale des *Femmes savantes*, et servez froid: vous aurez 'Moiroud et Cie.'"

At the Palais Royal, "La Marquise de Prétintaille," taken from Béranger, is inimitably acted by Mademoiselle Dejazel.

The Prince of Orange and his two sons arrived in London on the 6th instant.

*Thursday, 12th.* — Whatever may be the opinion of Louis-Philippe's character, he certainly has played his cards well, and for the present completely cowed this turbulent nation: never was the country so quiet from one end to the other. The Carlists still keep aloof, but the Republicans are extinguished. Having thus made his fortune, like every other parvenu, he wishes to get into good society; having gained all he could from England, he is now fast veering round towards the legitimate powers of Europe, and ready to make any sacrifice for admission into the family of kings: his energy has been generally appreciated abroad. The other day the Duke of Wellington wrote to Lady Charlotte Greville, "I wish that Louis-Philippe would come over and govern this country for six months, it would be better for all of us."

*Friday, 13th.* — During the reign of the Directory Monsieur de Talleyrand, who was lately arrived from America, and was almost indebted to Madame de Staël for his subsistence at the time, was walking one morning in the Garden of the Luxembourg, when he met an old friend, the Count de Jaucourt, who had lost all his property by the Revolution, but cautiously avoided any connection with it. Judging by himself that Monsieur de Jaucourt was anxious to better his fortunes under the new régime, Talleyrand accosted him by saying "Qu'est-ce que vous comptez de faire pour le moment." "Moi!" said the other, "je vais comme toujours, où me conduit la Providence." Talleyrand shrugged up his shoulders, and said with a sarcastic smile, "Je vous en fais mon compliment sincère, suivez la toujours; c'est une bonne femme, qui ne va pas vite, mais qui vous menera loin. Bonjour,

bonjour!" and without giving time for a reply he hurried into the court of the Luxembourg.

Two days afterwards the citizen Talleyrand was proclaimed Minister for Foreign Affairs, which was the first step to his future grandeur. He employed the short time he remained in office diligently in recruiting his shattered finances, but his wary prudence soon foresaw the brewing storm, and he took speedy care to make himself disposable by resigning his situation shortly before the 18th Brumaire brought on the Consular system.

In this interval of his apparent retirement from politics, he was again met by the same individual, who then retorted upon him his own question, "Qu'est-ce que vous comptez de faire?" He replied with his usual *sang-froid*, "Moi! je ne fais rien, j'attends!" That sentence comprises his whole conduct; he is *l'homme de la politique expectante*.

In this case, as in many others which followed, he had not long to wait, for Bonaparte Consul soon replaced him in his appointment, and Bonaparte Emperor in others and better.

*Sunday, 15th.*—An eclipse of the sun, visible to the naked eye, which lasted nearly two hours, and reduced the sun to the shape of a crescent: during this time, the daylight was dim, and the air became perceptibly colder than in the morning.

The old church of the Augustins, called Les petits Augustins, which was falling into ruins, has been transformed into a large gallery for plaster models of the finest works of antiquity, in statues, bas-reliefs, and fragments of architecture, which have been brought from Italy. Moulds of the Elgin Marbles from the British Museum are also preparing in England for the same purpose.

Monsieur Alexandre Dumas, the dramatist, the rival of Victor Hugo on the French stage, who could be little suspected of bigotry, has lately paid a visit to Rome, where he had an audience of the Pope: nothing could be more natural than such a presentation, but the sequel is rather more curious. His Holiness took this opportunity of conferring on the distinguished dramatist, it is supposed in admiration of his works, a Bull for his private use. "Cette bulle permet à Monsieur Dumas l'usage de la viande les mercredis des quatre temps."

*Tuesday, 17th.*—The following story was told this evening at Madame de Flahault's:—

The director of a horticultural journal in Paris, anxious to increase the list of his subscribers, announced to them a prize of 5000 francs for the finest tulip which might be produced at the



end of six months. The inducement of gaining such a sum, filled the list of his *abonnés* immediately, but when the period arrived for adjudging the prize, great was the dilemma of the editor, on seeing his hall filled with tulips and candidates. He lost no time in running to a friend, obtained from him a receipt for the offered reward, and showed it to the assembled amateurs, who repaired to the successful candidate, in order to compare their productions with his. The friend, finding himself in a scrape, sends his servant to the *Quai aux fleurs* to purchase a tulip, which cost three francs, and exhibits it to the crowd, with such encomiums on its pretended beauties that they become confounded, and, wishing to conceal their ignorance, join in admiration of it. It is fortunate for the plot that they were not *Dutchmen*.

The French Princes have been received with great distinction at the Court of Berlin.

M. T——s has been engaged in some unpleasant discussions with the Chamber of Deputies, on the expenses of the Public Works, which have subjected him to some severe remarks, although he carried a majority with him. M. de T——d, his patron, is said to have consoled him with the following words:

“*Savez-vous bien, mon cher, que j'ai été l'homme le plus moralement discrédité qui existe en Europe, depuis quarante ans, et j'ai été toujours tout puissant dans le pouvoir, où à la veille d'y entrer.*”

It is a dreadful satire on the times, but it may be urged, to the honour of the Restoration, that there was an interval of fifteen years in the power of M. de T——d, when the elder branch of the Bourbons dispensed with his services.

*Thursday, 19th.*—The Prince of Capua and Miss Pen. Smith were married last week at Gretna Green.

The telegraph announces a change of ministers at Madrid, and the Jew Mendizabel is replaced by M. Isturitz. Another shock for the Spanish funds.

*Friday, 20th.*—General Alava, who was at dinner at the embassy, talked in bad spirits of the fall of the ministry at Madrid; there was also of the party, General Allard, the son-in-law of Runjeet-Singh, and prime minister of Lahore: he wore the European costume, with a long white beard like a goat; but he has an intelligent countenance.

*Saturday, 21st.*—The Irish Municipal Reform Bill has been wholesomely pruned by the Lords, and sent back to the Commons;

and Mr. O'Connell has published a scurrilous manifesto in Ireland, calling for a reorganisation of the Peerage.

The young King of Portugal has had an *attack* similar to that which carried off his predecessor, a swelling of the throat, but notwithstanding the Court insisted on his employing a Portuguese physician, he firmly insisted on following the advice of a German, whom he had brought with him, who prescribed compounds from his own medicine chest, which he administered with his own hand. The consequence of this was that he has since recovered.

*Sunday, 22nd.*—Lord Jersey's "Middleton" has won the Derby. This race has caused a melancholy catastrophe—my old friend B——y C——n having lost a sum so much above his means of acquitting, that, in a fit of desperation, he shot himself through the head on the following morning. Poor B——! Thus has an intimacy of forty-five years been dissolved. It began at Eton in 1719, where we lived under the roof of the same tutor, Dr. Roberts, and has lasted since during our career in the gay world, where he was a general favourite. He had had many reverses at play, and at one time retired for a season to this country, till his affairs got round; here he made acquaintance with a French woman, and, finding that he had still a power to make a settlement on his estate, notwithstanding his embarrassments, he from a worthy motive afterwards married her, in order to ensure to her a comfortable subsistence of 600*l.* a year after his death.

Edward Ellice was to sail on Friday last for New York, giving up his friends (he says) as very *untractable*.

*Monday, 23rd.*—The Duchess of Buckingham died last week at Stowe, much regretted.

*Wednesday, 25th.*—A letter from Frankfort, dated the 16th, mentions that a discovery has been made to the Society of Sciences of an impelling power more forcible than gunpowder or steam. It is said to consist in a galvanic machine which will more than replace the steam-engine, without the danger or the expense attendant on the latter. Two sons of Lucien Bonaparte at Rome have been engaged in a fray; a body of the Pope's Carabiniers interfered, and the lieutenant commanding the party was shot; one of the brothers is imprisoned.

The coroner's inquest on the body of poor B—— brought in a verdict of mental derangement. All London seems horrified at the event. He had a very nice sense of honour himself, but was rather severe on those who from misfortunes were unable to meet their engagements. He was a great friend of the late Duke of

York, and I remember the only time that I ever saw H. R. H. displeased with him was at a dinner at York House, when he used some very cutting expressions against Brummell and Alvanley, who were then abroad on account of pecuniary difficulties. The Duke then said, "I tell you what, Berkeley, all this may be true or not, but I cannot bear to hear them abused by one of their oldest friends." The poor Duke was one who never lost or deserted a friend.

Many years ago, Berkeley Craven and myself were sitting late after dinner at Brookes's, when the waiter came in and said that St. James's Palace was on fire. We all of course rushed down the street to the spot, where the flames soon got to an ungovernable height. It was then one in the morning; the crowd was very great. The Dukes of Cumberland, Cambridge, and Gloucester were running about in every direction encouraging the firemen, and were very conspicuous. I then remarked to Berkeley what a pity it was that the Duke of York, who lived in the Stable Yard, should not have been apprised of it, and thus be the only one of the Royal Family absent. He said, "I have no doubt he is at Fulham and knows nothing of it; let us go and tell him." We got into a hackney coach, and drove to — immediately. It was some time before we could get admittance; but on giving in our names the message was carried up, and in five minutes the Duke, evidently much alarmed, received us, asking what the devil could have brought us there? On stating the case, he entered immediately into our feelings; said he should never forget the obligation, and, no other conveyance being at hand, got into the coach, and in half an hour afterwards was seen more prominent than any one else in extinguishing the flames.

I have just received a letter from my friend Lord Willoughby, in which he says, "The old aristocracy is exactly in the same predicament as the tribes of North American Indians; the tide of *pseudo-improvement* is hemming them in and narrowing the circle of their influence, and will before long sweep them away, *mais en attendant ils s'amuse!*"

The simile is ominous, but I cannot help feeling that the aristocracy of England has too fast a hold on the real feelings of the country to be swept away by the clamour of the Radical party.

*Thursday, 26th.* — This morning I went with Greffulhe to see the gallery of Count Portales, among which were the two historical paintings, by De la Roche, of Richelieu and Mazarin. We also saw the identical drawings which adorned the boudoir of the

Count d'Artois, at Bagatelle, before the great Revolution. They were of the grossest description.

*Friday, 27th.*—Isturitz, the new Spanish minister, has dissolved the Cortes, and Madrid is in a ferment.

*Saturday, 28th.*—William IV.'s birthday. A grand *déjeûner dansant* at the embassy, which lasted from two till twelve o'clock at night. There was a great profusion of comestibles, and the service, for the number of guests, at least 1000, conducted with wonderful regularity. Sir F. Lamb was there, and set out for Vienna immediately.

*Monday, 30th.*—On Saturday, died at his house in Belgrave Square, the Duke of Gordon, aged 66. The title becomes extinct; but the Earl of Aboyne succeeds to the Marquisate of Huntley: the Duke of Richmond gets 30,000*l.* a year according to the will of the old Duke of Gordon, his maternal grandfather. The late Duke was a high-minded, honourable man, a staunch Conservative, and his death may be considered a great public as well as private loss. In early life he had lived hard, as was the fashion in that day, and his constitution suffered by it. He was a friend of George IV. in his youth, at a time when the Duchess his mother was the leader of the *ton* in London, and, by her broad jokes and her Scotch accent, a great promoter of conviviality. She was a matchmaker of the first order, and succeeded in marrying a string of daughters to the highest names in the peerage: witness the Dukes of Richmond, Manchester, Bedford, Marquis Cornwallis, &c. Her daughter, Lady Georgina, was engaged to be married to the late Duke of Bedford, when an over exertion at tennis produced a rupture and mortification, of which he died in two days at Woburn. As soon as her daughter's mourning for her betrothed had expired (she mourned as a widow), the duchess married her to his brother and successor.

An old acquaintance, Mr. Tomline, is dead, after a few day's illness. He had an immense fortune left him by his father, Bishop Prettyman, of which he took great care.

I have lost an old and intimate friend this week in poor Charles H. Bouverie, who died of a paralytic affection. He was the son of Mr. and Lady Bridget Bouverie, by whom he was left a large fortune and the property of Betchworth, in Surrey. It all melted like snow before the sun at the gaming-table, and for the last ten years he has had little more than a pittance of 300*l.* a year to live on. With the exception of this one fatal propensity, for which he so dearly paid in his lifetime, never was there a more sterling, honourable, and high-minded character: of him it might be said

that his word was better than his bond. In the course of his pecuniary distresses at one time, he wished to sell some property in Kent, which, though he was unmarried, was still entailed on any lawful issue he might have. He found a purchaser for it in Mr. Thornhill, who took no other security than his verbal promise that he would never marry. He was also a man of strong religious feeling, though weak in practice like many others; and well do I know the subsequent pain which this bond entailed upon him when serious scruples urged him to legalise his long-standing connection with the mother of his children. To me he has often confessed with bitter anguish, how, more severely than any other, he lamented this last consequence of past imprudences.

In the hour of prosperity he was surrounded by friends; but I fear there are now few but William Howard and myself who will even give a sigh to his memory.

Travelling seems to be the rage with kings and princes. The King of Naples has set out on a foreign tour to various courts, it is said, in search of a wife. In England there are already arrived the Prince of Orange and his two sons, the Duke of Brunswick, and two Princes of Saxe Coburg: they all attended a grand ball on Monday evening, given by the Duchess of Kent at Kensington Palace, perhaps with the hope of interesting our future Queen, the Princess Victoria. Indeed, as the Prince of Orange himself was formerly a candidate for the hand of the Princess Charlotte, it is not improbable that he has brought over his sons to England with that view; but here again he meets with the two nephews of the hated Leopold, of whom he is used to say, "Voilà un homme qui a pris ma femme et mon royaume."

*Tuesday, 31st.*—Lady E. Butler is to marry Mr. Pennefather, a son of the Irish judge. Two circumstances occurred at Lady Granville's *déjeûner* which may be cited as traits in the Parisian manners of the present day. The tables were laid for the company on the ground floor; but a dinner of twelve or fourteen covers was prepared in a drawing-room upstairs, away from the crowd, to which were invited Madame Appony, Madame de Lieven, and a few other intimate friends. Some gentlemen, it appears, took possession of the room as soon as the service was laid, and in a short time made such havoc with the dishes, that when the guests made their appearance, not only did they find their places occupied, but even the dessert, which consisted of some very fine hothouse fruit sent by the Duke of Devonshire from Chiswick for the occasion, nearly consumed, as well as the dinner.

At the close of the evening, when my daughter was waiting for the carriage in the ante-room, on a sofa with Miss Kinnaird, talking to Lord Yarmouth and the Duc de Riechelieu, a Frenchman came up and requested her to move, as she was sitting on the corner of a lady's shawl of which he was in search; she immediately complied, and taking up the shawl herself to give it to him, a quantity of fine peaches, probably those from Chiswick, which had been secured as plunder, fell upon the sofa, to the great amusement of all the party.

Notwithstanding the apparent firmness of this throne, there are daily discoveries of plots and arrests, which prove that the leaven of discord is still at work. Yesterday a commissary of the police, with a strong brigade of gendarmes, seized a store of materials in balls and cartouches, to the amount of 200,000, in the Rue Dauphine; and, though the proprietor had absconded from the premises, they have traced out four or five who were implicated in the affair, and who prove to be all *étudiants*.

The services of the National Guard in cases of tumult are incontestable; but the duties are irksome, and, when enforced with unnecessary rigour, create frequently much discontent. There are many tradesmen who take pleasure in playing at *soldiers*, who become corporals and serjeants in order to command their superiors, who do not covet this distinction, and often take this opportunity to persecute by their discipline those who hold a higher rank in society than themselves. This equalising system has bad results; it creates difficult positions, and makes the National Guard a source of private tyranny, whereas, particularly in peaceful times, it ought to be a service purely voluntary.

A letter from Constantinople mentions that an English gentleman, Mr. Churchill, who was out shooting birds, by chance wounded a Turkish boy very slightly in the leg. The boy immediately gave the alarm; the Englishman was arrested, carried before a *cadi*, and received a *bastinado* on the soles of his feet, without any public trial. This summary mode of justice had been made the subject of a remonstrance from the English Ambassador to the Sultan.

*Sunday, June 5th.*— We went down to Versailles, to pass the day with the Duke and Duchess de Guiche, where we found Lord Ossulston. Talking of the late Duc de Berri, Guiche told me that he had a complete presentiment that he should be assassinated. Attached as he was to the household of the Dauphin, he had ample opportunities of seeing the Duke, and had often heard him express that opinion, which was so fixed that he would never take

any precautions to avoid the danger, though he had repeated warnings given to him. One day M. de Guiche was travelling in a carriage with the two princes, when the Duc de Berri said to his brother, "The object of the revolutionary party is to cut off our race; one solitary murder of yourself would not answer the purpose; but I have a daughter, and may have other children, therefore I shall be marked out for destruction: I feel that the blow is inevitable, and am resigned to my fate."

I was in Paris myself at the time when this horrid assassination took place, and remember perfectly well the story which was then current in society, of a remarkable dream that happened to the Duke a few weeks before his death, which Guiche confirmed, and which may now be accounted for in some measure by the forebodings which then preyed upon his mind, and the warnings which he had received.

The Duc de Berri dreamed one night that he was standing at the window of his apartment in the Tuileries, which overlooked the gardens, accompanied by two individuals, and while he was admiring the beauties of the prospect, his attention was suddenly attracted to the iron railing by what seemed to be passing in the Rue de Rivoli. A dense mass of people was assembled in the street, and presently there appeared a grand funeral procession, followed by a train of carriages, evidently indicating the last tribute paid to some deceased man of fortune and consequence. He turned round to one of the bystanders, and enquired whose funeral was passing; the answer was made, that it was that of Mr. Greffulhe. In a short time after this procession had filed off down the street, another and more splendid cavalcade made its appearance, as coming from the château: this far surpassed in magnificence its predecessor; it had every attribute of royalty,—the carriages, the guards, the servants, were such as could only be marshalled in honour of one of his own family. On putting the same question, he was told that it was his own funeral. In a few nights after this vision the Duc de Berri went to a grand ball given by Mr. Greffulhe, at his hotel in the Rue d'Artois; it was a very cold night, and Mr. Greffulhe, who was not in a good state of health, attended his Royal Highness to the carriage bareheaded, and was struck with a sudden chill, which brought on a violent fever and terminated his life in a few days. Before a week had elapsed, the knife of the assassin Louvel had consummated the remaining incident in the dream.

The vision may be easily accounted for by the previous fore-

bodings of the Duke, and the apprehension that the approaching ball might be selected as the scene of the impending danger.

Like Damiens, Louvel would make no confession. The one was instigated by religious fanaticism, the other to the last moment expected a rescue by the populace, even on the scaffold.

One curious analogy in both cases is, that they were both examined by a Baron Pasquier, as was also latterly Fieschi.

*Monday, 6th.*—The letters from England bring an alarming report that the plague has broken out in London; that on opening a bale of cotton, arrived at the Docks from Turkey, six out of seven labourers employed in the operation have died in a few hours.

The Duc de Fitzjames has made a flaming speech in the Chamber of Deputies against the alliance with England, which he pronounces very pernicious to the interests of France, as it has been in all past times. There is one anomaly in the politics of all the Carlists; while they profess hatred to all liberalism, they advocate the cause of O'Connell, as a protector of the Catholic faith.

*Wednesday, 8th.*—Last week died Lord George Germaine, brother to the Duke of Dorset: they were both in their youth great friends to the late King when Prince of Wales, fond of the turf, and, with the late Delme Radcliffe, the three best gentlemen riders at the once famed Bibury races, which are now replaced by those at Heaton Park. They were all three little men, light weights, and, when dressed in their jackets and caps, would rival Buckle and Chiffney. In those days, the Prince made Brighton and Lewes Races the gayest scene of the year in England. The Pavilion was full of guests; the Steyne was crowded with all the rank and fashion from London during that week; the best horses were brought from Newmarket and the North, to run at these races, on which immense sums were depending; and the course was graced by the handsomest equipages. The "legs" and betters, who had arrived in shoals, used all to assemble on the Steyne at an early hour to commence their operations on the first day, and the buzz was tremendous, till Lord Foley and Mellish, the two great confederates of that day, would approach the ring; and then a sudden silence ensued, to await the opening of their betting books. They would come on perhaps smiling, but mysterious, without making any demonstration; at last Mr. Jerry Cloves would say, "Come, Mr. Mellish, will you light the candle, and set us a-going?" Then, if the Master of Buckle would say, "I'll take three to one about 'Sir Solomon,'" the whole pack opened,



and the air resounded with every shade of odds and betting. About half an hour before the signal of departure for the hill, the Prince himself would his appearance in the crowd—I think I see him now, in a green jacket, a white hat, and tight nankeen pantaloons and shoes, distinguished by his high-bred manner and handsome person: he was generally accompanied by the late Duke of Bedford, Lord Jersey, Charles Wyndham, Shelley, Brummell, M. Day, Churchill, and, oh, extraordinary anomaly! the little old Jew, Travis, who, like the dwarf of old, followed in the train of royalty.

The Downs were soon covered with every species of conveyance, and the Prince's German waggon and six bay horses (so were barouches called when first introduced at that time)—the coachman on the box being replaced by Sir John Lade—issued out of the gates of the Pavilion, and, gliding up the green ascent, was stationed close to the great stand, where it remained the centre of attraction for the day. At dinner-time, the Pavilion was resplendent with lights, and a sumptuous banquet was served to a large party; while those who were not included in that invitation found a dinner with every luxury at the club-house on the Steyne, kept by Raggett, during the season, for the different members of White's and Brookes's who chose to frequent it, and where the cards and dice from St. James's Street were not forgotten. Where are the actors in all those gay scenes now?

*Thursday, 9th.*—Arnal the actor, as usual, a fund of amusement at the Vaudeville, where I went with Belfast and Warrender. The debate in the Chamber to-day on the question of Algiers was highly interesting, but proves how little progress has been made in consolidating this occupation, which the national pride is still interested in preserving, though beset with many difficulties. The expense is immense, and the real advantages up to the present time of little value. The natives have been secretly assisted by the Emperor of Morocco, in harassing the French; and an expedition is fitting out to demand satisfaction of that power for the insult. It is reported that M. de Sercy is to be attached to this mission; he made his appearance on Tuesday night in Madame de Flahault's drawing-room, and when some allusion was made to the subject, he replied with admirable fatuity, "Il parait que M. Thiers désire beaucoup m'éloigner de Paris."

The report of the plague in London has happily subsided; it appears to have been quite unfounded. The German letters renew the rumours of a Congress, to be held shortly at M. de Metternich's seat of Johannisberg, in order to revise the Treaty

of Vienna in 1830, as, from recent events in France, Belgium, and Poland, it has become a dead letter. Thus it is said that Austria will be represented by MM. Metternich and De Munch Bellinghausen, France by MM. Thiers and Bresson, Prussia by MM. Ancillon and Humboldt, Russia by MM. Tattischief and d'Oubril, and England by Sir Robert Adair and Mr. Cartwright.

The accounts of M. de Talleyrand from Valencaye are contradictory; some state that he is preparing for a journey to Vienna, others that he is hastening gradually to the other world.

*Friday, 10th.*—Mr. Churchill has been liberated, but not till Lord Ponsonby had threatened to quit Constantinople. He has since demanded the dismissal of the minister who had thus infringed the law of nations, and it is supposed the Porte will give way.

*Sunday, 12th.*—My old friend, General Fagel, who is come to resume his post at Paris as Dutch minister, and who called on me this morning, seemed to confirm my speculations on the object of the Prince of Orange's visit to London. He said that the sons were fine young men, but rather stiff and formal in their manner, and that the intimacy of the young Saxe Coburgs, through their aunt, the Duchess of Kent, would give them great advantages at Kensington; but he thought the son of the Duke of Cambridge would be the most popular match for the Princess Victoria in the eyes of the English people.

*Monday, 13th.*—The Commons have refused the alterations made by the Peers in the Irish Municipal Reform Bill by a majority of 86. The long talked-of collision has, then, taken place. *Parturiunt montes.*

*Tuesday, 14th.*—At dinner at Lord Canterbury's. The trial of Petrus and Lozerot, for the murder of the Maes family, which took place nine months ago, and has been going on for the last three or four days, was talked over. To the surprise of every one, they have been acquitted—Petrus of the murder and arson, Lozerot on all the points. The former was condemned for the robbery to ten years' imprisonment and the pillory; the latter was dismissed: but a conviction of their guilt seems generally felt.

*Wednesday, 15th.*—The Dukes of Orleans and Nemours have been equally well received at Vienna as at Berlin; but their tour is drawing to a close, and they will shortly return home. Rumour speaks of *fêtes* to be given in August at Fontainebleau and Compiègne, to which foreign princes are invited, and a return to be made for the late civilities received abroad.

The King of Saxony died on the 6th instant, at Pilnitz; he was eighty-one years old. He succeeded his brother Frederic

Augustus in 1827, who has been the faithful ally of Napoleon, and eventually suffered so much by that connection.

Señor Munoz is privately married to Queen Christine, by whom he has a family of three children, educated at Grenada under the care of the Bishop. Munoz is a man of good family, about thirty-five years old, and entered young in the body-guard of King Ferdinand. His handsome person soon attracted the notice of the Queen, who, fatigued by the bigotry and jealousy of her consort, singled him out as her lover. He has since maintained his influence, not without rivals; but as he never attempted to check a passing inclination, he always remained master of the field. Time has now consolidated his power, and he is become a very influential person in the Cabinet, courted by the ministers and ambassadors, but always refusing either honours or titles\* for himself. The Queen Christine is fond of ease and retirement; she lives with a circle of intimate friends, where gaiety (to say the least) is the order of the day; and a French milliner, Mademoiselle Lemercier, who had established a shop of *nouveautés* at Madrid, has been made first *camerista*, and the superintendent of her *menus plaisirs*. Independent of the jewels which Christine received as presents from Ferdinand, and which are valued at four millions, she has placed five millions in the English funds, and two millions in the hands of Ardouin and Co.: with this property Munoz is anxious that she should retire from the cares of state, and quit Spain for Naples or Florence, where they may live together in affluence and ease.

Queen Isabella, from some physical defect, is of a very weak understanding; she has not yet learnt her letters: spoiled by her mother, she is headstrong and turbulent, but only kept in awe by Munoz, and will obey no one but him.

*Friday, 17th.*—Sir George Talbot, who is just come from England, says that London never was so crowded as during the present season, or so teeming with luxury of every description. The clubs, the balls, the theatres (of which two are French), are overflowing with company, and Paris to him appears like a quiet country town, compared to its opulent neighbour on the other side of the Channel.

Lord Granville gave a grand dinner to the Princes of Saxe-Coburg, who are just arrived from England, which would rather encourage the idea of the future marriage.

The other day, was married in Paris, Lord Stafford to Miss Caton. It was about 1814 that this American family came to Europe, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Paterson and her two sisters.

\* Now Duke de Rianzares.

They were introduced to the Duke of Wellington, who showed great partiality for Mrs. Paterson, which led to the marriage of the elder Miss Caton with his aide-de-camp, Colonel Hervey: on his death she married the Marquis of Carmarthen, eldest son of the Duke of Leeds. Mr. Paterson shortly afterwards returned to America, where he died, and his widow then married the Marquis of Wellesley: the third sister is now become Lady Stafford. It is a singular instance of three sisters, foreigners, and of a nation hitherto little known in our aristocratical circles, allying themselves to such distinguished families in England. The sister of Mr. Paterson is also celebrated by her marriage with Jerome Bonaparte, in America, which was dissolved by the will of his brother Napoleon.

*Saturday, 18th.*—I hear to-day that the young Prince of Saxe-Coburg is the destined husband of our Princess Victoria.

What inconsistency, to say the least, do we daily behold in the political characters here; but if inconsistent in their principles, they are openly consistent in the pursuit of their own private interests: this is the *primum mobile* of all. Patriotism is a farce, a mask, a stepping-stone for preferment; but a *dur égoïsme* is the only rule by which, from the King to the lowest *commis* in the bureau, all are really governed. M. Thiers declared the other day in the Chambers that the present ministry would hear of no allusions to the Revolution of 1789; and M. Laffitte in the same place asked pardon of God and his country for the part he had acted in the Revolution of July: the one abjures his principles of equality because he has risen to splendour and affluence, while the other bemoans his exertions in a cause which he once gloried in supporting, because they have ended in ruin and disappointment to himself.

The Princes are shortly expected; but if they have been treated with marked courtesy by their hosts, there the matter rests: no hopes are entertained of a wife for the Duke of Orleans; it is even asserted that the daughter of the Archduke Charles, on whom some hopes were placed, had positively declined even meeting the guests in public. Independent of existing prejudices, there must be old recollections at Vienna of the fate which has attended their alliances with this mercurial country: Marie Antoinette was murdered, Marie Louise was *chassée*, and the position of the Duchess de Berri is not enviable.

These hot-headed revolutionists want first to reduce every one to their own level; they proclaim equality, they degrade title, they scratch out coats of arms, they grind crowns and coronets to

dust, they mock at power, and when they have done everything to bring princes into contempt, they turn round to old prejudiced Europe, and say, "Donnez-nous vos filles."

*Monday, 20th.*—I went with Belfast to see a curious anatomical wax-work in the Rue Montesquieu, which was of a frightful accuracy, particularly the head of an assassin who had been guillotined at Versailles.

*Tuesday, 21st.*—Yesterday, died at his residence, 112, Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, the celebrated Abbé Sièyes, aged eighty-eight, by turns a Member of the Constituent Assembly and the National Convention, a Director and Consul of the Republic, a Count and Peer of the Empire, and a Member of the Institute. Being proscribed under the Restoration as a regicide, which could not overlook the memorable reply of "La mort sans phrase," he took refuge in Belgium, whence he returned to France after the Revolution of July. He is buried to-day at the Père-la-Chaise. His death must be a warning to old Talleyrand, who has been his fellow-labourer in the same path for so many years, but with more worldly success.

*Wednesday, 22nd.*—The King and Queen of the Belgians are arrived on a visit to the Tuileries, to meet the Princes of Saxe-Coburg, and a *fête* was given last night at Trianon. The visits between the two families are very frequent.

*Thursday, 23rd.*—The triumphal Arc de l'Etoile is at length completed, and will be opened to the public on the anniversary of July. On four columns under the grand arch are inscribed the names of ninety-six victories gained by the French arms, and on the outward columns the names of officers who have distinguished themselves in those combats.

The total exportation of genuine Champagne from the department of the Marne last year was 2,700,000 bottles: between the period of bottling and sending the wines away, the loss by bursting of bottles was one-third of the whole produce. Silly produces, from 30 acres, 10,000 bottles, and Ai, from 200 acres, 50,000 bottles. The prices at the vineyards have, upon an average of the last eight years, been, for the first quality, from 3 fr. to 4 fr. per bottle, second quality from 2 fr. 50 c. to 3 fr., and third quality from 2 fr. to 2 fr. 50 c. per bottle. The annual consumption of genuine Champagne in France has been 626,000 bottles, but is diminishing; in England and the East Indies 467,000 bottles, in Germany 479,000, in the United States 400,000, in Russia 280,000, in Sweden and Denmark 30,000 bottles. How small a proportion this quantity must bear to the

wine which is drunk all over the world under this name, particularly in England and in its colonies! How many houses do I know at home, where the yearly consumption cannot be less than 600 or 700 bottles in each!

*Saturday, 25th.*—The trial of Norton versus Melbourne came on in the Court of Common Pleas on Wednesday; the Jury brought in a verdict for the defendant. The contemptible description of the witnesses, who were chiefly discarded servants, caused the verdict to be generally approved; it was received in the House of Commons that night with great acclamation.

This evening at six o'clock an assassin, armed with a cane-gun, and stationed near the gate of the Tuileries which leads to the Pont Neuf, fired at the King as he drove out in his carriage with the Queen and Madame Adélaïde on their return to Neuilly. No injury was done, and the King immediately put his head out of the window, to inquire of the crowd whether any one was hurt. The assassin was instantly arrested; he tried to stab himself with a poniard, but was disarmed by the National Guard on duty. The ball has been found in the body of the coach.

*Sunday, 26th.*—A most extraordinary and awful circumstance occurred last month at the village of Saint Chamand. On the 16th of June the wife of a Doctor L—— died, and the relations were assembled to attend the funeral. At the moment when the undertakers were placing the body in the coffin, they perceived some slight signs of life; the shroud was removed, and the lady began to revive.

Soon after, the surrounding friends, finding that their presence had become unnecessary, were preparing to depart, when a violent storm ensued, which detained them in the room. Suddenly they saw a tremendous flash of lightning, and several of the women assembled fell senseless on the floor. The house was struck by a thunderbolt; the sister and the servant-maid of the doctor were killed, and others were seriously injured. The upper part of the building was in flames; fortunately they were soon extinguished, but all attempts to assist the recovery of Madame L—— were fruitless. Her funeral was adjourned to the following day; but instead of one corpse, three were then conveyed to their last home.

The name of the assassin of Louis-Philippe is Alibaud; he is no more than twenty-five years old: born at Nismes, he served some time as *fourrier* in a regiment of the line, is very poor, and of dissipated habits; he shows no contrition, and makes no discoveries of any plot. The only wonder is, that he missed his

aim, since he placed his piece on the window of the carriage as it passed slowly under the *guichet* of the Tuileries, and the wadding remained on the King's whisker. He will be brought forthwith to trial before the Court of Peers.

*Monday, 27th.*—The number of suicides in Paris during 1836 was 229, of which 73 were committed by females; and of the whole number 118 were suffocated by the fumes of charcoal.

Alibaud asserts that he has no accomplices, that he dared not impart his project to any one, on account of the selfishness of the age, but that there are 20,000 persons in France as determined as himself; he expresses no regret except at the failure of his design.

*Tuesday, 28th.*—Talking of the late attempt in the evening at Madame de Flahault's, M—— told me that neither Louis-Philippe nor Madame Adélaïde had any belief in Divine Providence, or any feeling of religion, while the Queen on the contrary was an angel of piety and devotion. I see they all attended high mass at Neuilly yesterday, to return thanks for the escape, and were visibly affected. Madame de Fontenelle, Capel's\* sister, paid a visit on Monday to Madame Adélaïde, who was in tears all the time, and could hardly speak. I cannot comprehend such a state of mind: where every thing is attributed to *chance*, there can be no gratitude for present mercies, and no confidence in protection from future ills. The prospect is a mere blank.

*Wednesday, 29th.*—The concession required by Lord Ponsonby from the Porte as an atonement for the injury done to Mr. Churchill, viz. the removal from their offices of the Reis Effendi and Achmet Pacha, as indispensable to the honour of England, has been formally refused, and the Ambassador has written home for instructions.

*Friday, 1st July.*—The other day an officer with mustachios, who had just alighted from the diligence, was walking through a public street in Brussels, following the commissionaire who had taken charge of his baggage to the inn, when he passed by a broker's shop where an old picture was exposed to view on a chair. It was the object of remark to several bystanders, amongst whom was a painter of some celebrity in the city. "It is a bad copy," said the painter; "It is a mere daub," said another connoisseur; and every one found some additional defect in the painting, which seemed to be despised by all. The officer gave a cursory glance at the picture, walked into the shop, and demanded the price. "Not less than ten francs," said the broker. — "Here

\* Now Lord Essex.

they are." The picture was bought, placed with the other baggage on the truck of the commissionaire, and the traveller moved on. The amateurs who had found such fault with the performance, surprised at seeing a traveller burden himself with an object of such large dimensions and of so little value, inquired of him, ironically, how much he expected to gain by his bargain. "A mere trifle, gentlemen," replied the officer; "perhaps 15,000 francs." "How do you mean?" "Yes, I mean 15,000 francs, my connoisseurs; for this picture which you think so lightly of is a real Jordaens, and one of his very finest performances." The painter and his companions, struck by the confidence of his manner, retired with evident signs of vexation at having missed such an opportunity. The traveller was Capt. G—, of the Cuirassiers, not only a distinguished officer, but an excellent judge of paintings. On the following day the merit of the picture was formally acknowledged by the best amateurs of the capital as a *chef d'œuvre* of Jordaens. It contains eight figures, grouped as it were by magic; and the heads are so beautiful that they defy all competition. 10,000 francs have already been offered to Capt. G—, and refused.

I received the other day a letter from D'Orsay, in which he gives the following description of London society: — "Vous nous avez décidément abandonné, et pour peu que vous continuiez de la sorte, vous retrouverez la Vieille Angleterre cruellement métamorphosée. L'ancienne roche s'éteint à vue d'œil; il y a une invasion de gringollets affublés de titres, et de fortunes qu'ils ne savent pas dépenser, et qui occupent maintenant les fenêtres des clubs, et les corridors des spectacles. L'on voit encore par çà et par là, quelques fantômes de vieille renommée qui promènent leurs infirmités.

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"Le vieil — se dépêche lentement de faire quatorze lieues dans quinze jours. — pleure une femme qu'il n'a jamais aimée. — grogne parcequ'il a la goutte et des souliers trop serrés. — s' imagine qu'il va se divorcer et pense après qu'il sera un morceau friand.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Ce qui nous manque sont des gens gais, spirituels, bien instruits, et à la hauteur de la littérature du jour, et de chaque pays; des gens, enfin, qui jugent pour eux-mêmes, sans attendre que la tête de colonne des moutons de Panurge ait pris la direction qu'ils doivent aveuglement suivre. N'est-il pas désolant de vivre dans un pays, où si par hasard vous disiez une grosse bêtise, vous



trouveriez des gens comme — et autres, prêts à jurer que c'est extrêmement spirituel? Enfin, cher Raikes, je vous regrette, car j'ai toujours su vous rendre justice," &c.

An old officer of rank died lately in the canton D'Harcourt dép. du Calvados, bequeathing a large fortune to his nephew, on condition that he married within twelve months, but not a young lady to whom he was known by the testator to be attached. The year was drawing near to a close, when the nephew took the expedient of marrying an old woman of eighty-five, with whom he does not live, but whose poverty he has converted into comparative affluence. The two lovers are waiting anxiously for the death of the good old woman.

Among the light trifles at the Théâtre du Palais Royal, is a new piece called "Voltaire en Vacances," in which Madlle. Déjazet enacts the part of the young poet. It is written with taste and talent, and refers to the period when he was in love with Ninon; his wit, though in its infancy, was beginning to obtain applause, and one of his first efforts appears in a petition which he wrote for a deserving old soldier to the king, who rewarded it by a pension.

"Sire, vous possédez d'assez bons revenus,  
Car vous avez dit-on cent millions de rente,  
Exempts d'impôts et de patente,  
Ce qui fait à peu près par jour cent mille écus,  
Ou bien quatre mille par heure.  
Moi, qui vous ai servi vingt ans,  
Ne pourrois-je obtenir, Sire, avant que je meure,  
Un quart d'heure de votre temps!"

Messrs. Villeneuve and Livry are named as the authors of the piece.

The English papers bring the debates in the House of Lords on Monday: the Irish Municipal Reform Bill, as sent back by the House of Commons, has been again rejected by a majority of ninety-seven.

The Académie de Médecine has been called upon to decide the important question of Phrenology. The discussion occupied four sittings. Dr. Broussais, who is at the head of the phrenological school, maintained the principles which he had laid down in his lectures. M. Gueneau de Massy had to sum up the arguments on both sides, and in conclusion gave an opinion that the system ought not at present to be adopted. The Academy concurred.

The evening was very sultry and hot. Lady Granville received a few people in the garden of the Embassy, which was lighted

up for the occasion, and furnished with chairs and sofa: the effect was very agreeable.

*Saturday, 2nd.* — The Porte seems to be acting under the influence of M. Boutenieff, the Russian Ambassador, and determined to resist the demands of Lord Ponsonby for satisfaction in the affair of Churchill.\* Russian antipathy to the Whig Ministry, as expressed in Pozzo's declaration to me in 1833, is here fully developed.

Messrs. Peyre and Bremont, of Havre, have lately made some chemical experiments of distilling fresh water from that of the sea, which have met with complete success.

Matuscevitx, writing me from St. Petersburg his opinions as to the publication of my letters on Russia, makes these remarks upon his own country:—

“It is impossible, indeed, that Russia should in the space of one century have grown out of an inhospitable, obscure, and almost unknown region, into a first-rate European Empire, without possessing considerable native vigour, vast domestic resources, and strong national spirit in the hours of danger,—added to these, the impulse of some superior minds, the frequent interposition of that mysterious power called fortune, and great errors committed by those who tried to check her progress or attack her very existence. But it is equally impossible that her present condition should not blend many of the vices of a hasty and yet incomplete civilisation with those of decayed barbarity.

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“You are not one to join in the hue and cry with which the English Press has attempted to hunt down a sovereign, who comes in, of course, for his share of human frailties, but also of the highest and best gifts than can adorn a mighty ruler of a mighty empire.”

*Sunday, 3rd.* — The heat continues to be intolerable. A duel was fought at Ghent, on the 29th ultimo, between a Captain Thevenot, formerly a cavalry officer under Napoleon, and an Englishman named Tyrwhit: at the first shot Mr. Tyrwhit was wounded in the neck, but he returned the fire and killed his adversary. The cause of the quarrel was an Italian lady, who was insulted by the Captain, and claimed the protection of the Englishman.

*Monday, 4th.* — Pozzo di Borgo is returned to Paris on his way

\* Mr. Churchill, an English merchant, had received the *hastinado*, and been put into prison in irons, for accidentally wounding a Turkish boy while shooting in the neighbourhood of Scutari. Lord Ponsonby insisted on the dismissal of the Reis Effendi who had authorised this insult to the British Government: he was afterwards removed.

to Aix in Savoye; he says the prosperity of England is unexampled, but her political situation embroiled beyond conception.

*Thursday, 7th.* — — called upon me. We talked much of Lord Lauderdale, who is now seventy-seven and retired from public life. His opinion has always been that Lord Grey was ruled by others, in which opinion Charles Fox also coincided. In the year 1827 Lord Grey had nearly joined the Tory ranks; he used to meet the Duke of Wellington frequently at Lord Lauderdale's, and after the death of Lord Liverpool, was absolutely proposed to the King as Premier, the Duke remaining Secretary for Foreign Affairs; but George IV. would not forget his personal antipathy to him, and sent for Canning. *Inde iræ!* In 1830, when the Duke's government resigned on the Civil List Question, Lord Grey became Prime Minister; he was then only an advocate for moderate reform, or, as Talleyrand said of him, only anxious to act consistently with what he had said in Parliament forty years ago; but here again he was overruled by — and —, who worked him up to that sweeping bill, which prevented him, and will prevent any other Government from ruling the country again. The Whigs had been so long excluded from Office, and their constant defeats in the House of Commons upon every party question had so exasperated them against the Tories, that when once they got into place they determined to bring on a new order of things, which, if it did not maintain them in power, should at least for ever exclude their adversaries. Night after night I can remember the runners of the party coming up to Brookes's Club from the House after a division, and exulting in a few votes gained to their never-ceasing minority, while their idol, Thanet\*, who was playing his rubber at whist, would give them a sarcastic smile, and quietly say, "I have been with them forty years, and have never seen them get a peg higher."

Had George IV. lived, or had the Duke of York succeeded him, we never should have seen the present changes in our Constitution. I am not discussing the merits of Reform; I am only tracing the source from whence these measures came. I have lived much in the world, seen much of public men, and I shall go to the grave with a sincere conviction that a virulent party-spirit, and not one iota of patriotism or public feeling, has produced this extensive revolution. External circumstances have doubtless contributed to aid their machinations. That obstinate resistance of the Tories, even in the case of East Retford, which

\* The Earl of Thanet died in 1849. The title is extinct.

exasperated — and the concession of Emancipation, which gave fresh courage to the popular party, followed by the Revolution of July, and the insurrection in Belgium, which set men's minds in a ferment, opened a field of action, which was eagerly taken advantage of by this party to pull the other down. But the Whigs at Brookes's (I speak of former times) have always been reckoned the highest and proudest gentlemen in society; they styled themselves the pure aristocracy of the land; and they have no real intention to raise those who are below them. Your democrat is the same in every country.

“Ote-toi de là pour que je m'y mette.”

*Friday, 8th.* — This morning the trial of Alibaud commenced with the usual formalities in the Court of Peers: there is every disposition to hurry over the ceremony, and give it as little public *éclat* as possible. Warned by the notoriety which Fieschi obtained, the Government has forbidden the exhibition of Alibaud's picture; the examination tends merely to the main points of the accusation; and it is thus hoped, by shortening the process, and giving little scope for public discussion, to disappoint that hope of celebrity which is one of the chief excitements to the vanity of these republican conspirators. Alibaud criminales no one, has no accomplices, he owns himself a disciple of St. Just, and a sworn enemy to Louis-Philippe; his poverty disgusted him with life, and hesitating between suicide and crime, he preferred the latter, for which he felt no remorse. The Court broke up at five o'clock, and was adjourned till to-morrow.

It has just been discovered that the mineral water of a celebrated spring, near Recoara, a few leagues from Vicenza, possesses the property of destroying the stone in the bladder without any operation. Dr. Brua has published a memoir on the subject.

The rich Anatole Demidoff has lately been attacked by a paralytic seizure, and lies in a dangerous state.

*Saturday, 9th.* — The trial of Alibaud was resumed this morning. In his defence he attempted to read a written paper, in which the opinions avowed by the prisoner were so violent, that the President would not allow him to proceed, and ordered it to be delivered up to the Registrar. At another time, when his counsel pleaded for mercy, Alibaud exclaimed that he would not receive it. The Court broke up at half-past two having condemned the prisoner to the death of parricides.

M. de Caux said this afternoon to the Duc de Saulx, when he

entered the club, after attending the trial as a Peer of France, "Eh bien, avez-vous condamné *cet intrigant*?"

Lord and Lady Granville left Paris for London on leave of absence for a few months.

*Sunday, 10th.* — Even the counsel of Alibaud are not permitted to visit him since his condemnation. A soldier who had seen him, on being asked how he had appeared to be since his sentence was made known to him, replied, "Just the same: he is made of iron."

*Monday, 11th.* — Yesterday morning Police officers repaired early to the offices of the different journals, prohibiting the publication of Alibaud's defence.

Alibaud was executed this morning at five o'clock. The whole ceremony on the scaffold did not occupy more than nine minutes; his demeanour was cool and resolute; he merely said, "Adieu, my brave fellows," and he was a corpse. There was an armed force of 30,000 men assembled round the Place St. Jacques, and but few spectators could get admittance within their ranks.

\* \* \* \* \*

One of Henry Fox's\* jokes was that played off on the late Mrs. —, who had a great fondness for making the acquaintance of foreigners. He first forged a letter of recommendation to her in favour of a German nobleman, the Baron von *Seidlitz Poudertz*, whose card was left at her door, and for whom a dinner was immediately planned by Mrs. —, and an invitation sent in form. After waiting a considerable time no Baron appearing, the dinner was served; but during the second course a note was brought to the lady of the house, with excuses from the Baron, who was unexpectedly prevented from coming by the sudden death of his aunt, the Duchess von *Epzom Saltz*, which she read out to the company without any suspicion of the joke, and to the entertainment of her guests, among whom was the facetious author.

*Friday, 15th.* — There is much discontent in the legion of mercenaries commanded by Evans: officers and men are anxious to resign, and severe measures are adopted to prevent desertion. No great action has taken place between the Carlists and Christinos, but in the late skirmishes the former have evidently been successful.

\* Henry Fox was the son of General Fox, uncle of the late Lord Holland, and brother of the Right Hon. Charles Fox. He was remarkable for his social and colloquial powers. He was Minister to the United States, and died at Washington, in October, 1846.

*Monday, 18th.*—The horrid ceremony of the *ferrage des forçats*, or riveting the convicts to the chain, who are departing to the Bagne at Toulon, took place this morning at the Bicêtre; they are brought out into the court of the prison, and manacled two and two, while a long chain connects them all together, each cordon being composed of twenty-eight convicts; they are then placed in waggons, and guarded by troops and gendarmes, proceed to their destination. A M. Champion, more generally known by the name of the Man with a Blue Cloak, always assists at this ceremony from motives of charity, and distributes a quantity of snuff and tobacco amongst the sufferers. To-day the chain was composed of 171 culprits convicted of different crimes, who are sentenced to various terms of labour at the Galleys. They are chiefly of the lower orders, and of the most infamous characters, but on the present occasion a clergyman, the Abbé Delacollange, who was convicted of the murder of a milliner whom he had seduced, formed part of the wretched gang. There were above 100,000 people assembled on the road to see this procession pass, among whom were several well-dressed ladies in carriages. The conduct of the prisoners generally was hardened, noisy, and abandoned; they sang in chorus different couplets composed for the occasion, in which they blended revolutionary feelings with complaints on their fate. One of the least exceptionable was the following:—

“ Regardez nous, et contemplez nos rangs,  
 En est-il un qui repande des larmes ?  
 Nous, de Paris nous sommes tous enfans  
 Notre douleur pour vous auroit des charmes.  
 Adieu ! car nous bravons et vos fers et vos lois,  
 Nous saurons endurer le sort qu'on nous prépare,  
 Et moins que vous, barbares !  
 Le temps saura nous rendre et nos noms, et nos droits,  
 Et la renommée ! ”

*Wednesday, 20th.*—Sir M. W. Ridley died on Friday last, at Richmond, of apoplexy.

Motteux who has been making a short stay at Valencay, is in Paris, and says that M. de Talleyrand is in very good health, notwithstanding the reports here to the contrary.

During the heat of the Great Revolution, when the populace rushed into the château of the Tuileries on the 20th of June, two individuals were observed walking arm in arm on the *terrasse* near the river, engaged in conversation. One was dressed in the uniform of the Royal Artillery rather the worse for wear, and the

other was in plain clothes. The artilleryman was heard to say to his companion, "Viens du côté des bassins, et suivons les mouvemens de cette canaille."

When they arrived in the middle of the garden, the officer appeared to be fired with indignation on seeing the disorders committed in the palace, and particularly when Louis XVI. was forced to appear at the window, with a bonnet rouge on his head; he then exclaimed to his friend, "Che Coglione, comment a-t-on pu laisser entrer cette canaille? Il falloit en balayer quatre ou cinq cens avec du canon, le reste courrait bien vite."

This indignant speaker was Napoleon Bonaparte; had he then been overheard by the mob, the future destinies of Europe would have been altered, and France would have been deprived of a great name in her history.

*Thursday, 21st.*—I went with B—— to look at the works going on at Bagatelle. He could not conceal his apprehensions that the Ministry would resign; they have declared that they would stand or fall by the Appropriation Clause in the Irish Church Bill, which will never be carried in the Lords; and as many of their own party think it not of sufficient importance to be so rashly adhered to, they will be left in the lurch.

Charles X. and his family have removed to the Château of Erla, a quarter of a league from Schonbrunn, lately purchased by the Duke de Blacas, it is supposed, for the Duchesse d'Angoulême. The King of Naples went to visit him, as well as the Archdukes.

*Friday, 22nd.*—Last week died Sir Francis Freeling, for many years Secretary to the General Post Office in London, in the regulation of which he effected great improvements.

*Saturday, 23rd.*—A trait is cited of the famous counsel, M. Berryer, which reflects the greatest credit on his liberality and goodness of heart. During the circuit, which he has attended this month in the provinces, he was retained as counsel, and defended the cause of a M. Dehors, who had already been condemned in another court (from which judgment he appealed) on a charge of arson, the witnesses of which were of a suspicious character. M. Berryer, on investigation, having convinced himself of the innocence of his client, exerted himself with so much zeal and so much eloquence on his behalf, that he not only obtained a complete acquittal of the charge, but also the reversal of the preceding judgment.

On the following day M. Dehors, accompanied by his family, paid a visit of gratitude to his eloquent defender; and acknow-

ledging himself unequal ever to repay a service which had preserved to him his fortune, his honour, and his life, begged, although contrary to the general usage, to present in person a slight tribute of gratitude and respect to his benefactor; saying which, he laid upon the table a purse containing a large sum of money. M. Berryer immediately took up this purse, and, dividing its contents in two equal parts, said first to Madlle. Dehors, "I beg that I may add this sum to your marriage portion." Then turning to the young Dehors, he addressed him thus: "Young man, the misfortunes of your father have forced you to suspend during two long years your usual occupations; allow me in some degree to make you a reparation for the time which you have lost." And when M. Dehors, in a voice interrupted with sobs, wished to prevent this generous intention, M. Berryer concluded by saying: "Let us drop this subject: nothing can alter my determined resolution. Your children have shown the most admirable devotion and filial affection. I have a clear right to give them this proof of my esteem, and this compensation for the sacrifices which they have undergone."

*Sunday, 24th.*—Preparatory to the anniversary of the three days in July, workmen have been for a long time occupied in erecting a spacious scaffolding around the triumphal arch at the Barrière de l'Etoile for the accommodation of the public during the pageant which was destined to celebrate the opening of this monument. The "Moniteur" of last night announces that a Cabinet Council was held in the morning at Neuilly before the King, at which all the Ministers attended, and in consequence of their decision the intended review of the National Guard and the troops on the 29th is countermanded.

The workmen are now employed in demolishing the scaffolding, which they had just erected.

Yesterday and the day before domiciliary visits have been made in various parts of Paris, and the police have arrested above one hundred and fifty individuals, some of whom were in possession of arms, cartouches, and seditious papers, which have been conveyed to the Hôtel de la Préfecture.

Some information of a very serious nature has, it is said, produced this sudden resolution of the Government.

It is now six years since Louis-Philippe ascended the throne of this country; and though his power may be more consolidated, his crown and his life seem to be held by a more precarious tenure than ever.

The Carlist malcontents, though numerous, are completely



absolved from all suspicion of plotting. The Republicans, though few, are alone the reckless instigators.

Louis-Philippe has thrown down the gauntlet manfully, if not wisely. He will hear of no conciliation, and he meets resistance with severity: but whole armies may be foiled by one cowardly assassin.

A duel took place on Thursday morning between M. Armand Carrel, editor of the "National," and M. Emile Girardin, likewise *homme de lettres*. The latter was wounded in the thigh, but the former received a ball in the abdomen, which in a few hours brought on violent inflammation, and terminated his existence yesterday morning.

*Monday, 25th.*—The arrests still continue, and the passports of all travellers are rigidly examined.

The weather is become cold and rainy, like the month of November.

Talleyrand is unexpectedly arrived in Paris, and went immediately to the King. The events of this world interest him as deeply as if he had still several years to live.

The funeral of M. Carrel took place this day. It was attended by numerous friends; but the anxiety of the Government was clearly demonstrated by the peculiar precautions taken to preserve order on the occasion. The posts of the *gendarmerie* and national guard were doubled at all the barriers, and parties of troops and *sergens de ville* were seen patrolling in all directions near the spot. There was not the least attempt at disturbance.

It appears that M. Carrel had a strong presentiment of his fate. He was so deeply impressed with a dream he had on Tuesday night, that although he never before thought of making his will even when he was going to fight a duel, he passed the greater part of Wednesday night in making his will, and settling all his worldly affairs.

Thiers, the Minister, and Mignet, the historian, were both editors of the "National" with Carrel.

*Tuesday, 26th.*—The dilemma of the Whig Ministry seems to increase; their Radical supporters are incensed at the *lenity* of the English Church Bill; and at a meeting of members at the Foreign Office on Friday morning, O'Connell stood up as a mediator between Lord John Russell and the Hume party, fearing that this schism on an English question might prejudice his selfish views of revolution in Ireland. The meeting broke up amidst such general dissatisfaction, that though this weighty question was to come on that night, the Ministers were unable or unwilling to

make a house. Threats of resignation were held out and met with derision.

*Wednesday, 27th.*—Having alluded to the chain of convicts which departed lately from the Bicêtre to the *bagne* at Toulon, it may be well to notice a peculiarity in the jurisdiction of those prisons, which allows them a private court, with power of life and death, for the trial of all convicts within their own walls who, by fresh crimes, may have rendered themselves liable to further punishment. In the *bagne* at Rochfort, a criminal named Jaquemard was accused of an attempt to murder a fellow-prisoner with a bar of iron. This Jaquemard was only twenty-three years old when he was condemned, in 1820, to *travaux forcés à perpétuité* for the crime of murdering his father-in-law.

What is called a maritime tribunal was assembled to judge this fresh delinquency; and the prisoner, being found guilty, was sentenced to lose his head.

In consequence the interior of the *bagne* was occupied by detachments of artillery and marines, by detachments of the *gardes chiourmes*, and the maritime gendarmes. The prisoners were ranged in a row opposite the soldiers, whose pieces were loaded, and the artillerymen with lighted matches and loaded cannon.

An awful silence pervaded the prison, when the sound of a whistle announced the commencement of the fearful ceremony. An adjutant ordered the assembled convicts who were alone present on the occasion, to take off their caps and place themselves on their knees. All obeyed but one, who exclaimed, "*Je suis au bagne depuis vingt ans; tout le monde sait que je suis ici le plus grand criminel; je demande qu'on me mette à la place de Jaquemard.*"

The guards enjoined him to be silent, and compelled him to kneel with the others, at the same time taking his number, with a view to future correction.

Jaquemard at length appeared, supported by two priests. He was firm and composed: two other convicts followed in his train, destined to act as his executioners, as the *bourreau* of the department had declined the office, not being compelled to execute any sentence which was not awarded by the regular Assize Courts.

Jaquemard addressed his comrades in a penitent mood, and received absolution from his confessor, who fainted as soon as the head dropped into the basket.

The convicts, whom it was intended to awe by this example, then returned to their accustomed labours.

The celebration of the fêtes began to-day, and created no interest. The slight to the National Guard, in countermanding their review, will not be forgotten, while a smile is created by the inconsistent attempt of courting popularity for the present reign by connecting it with that of Napoleon. A medal is struck to commemorate the opening of the *Arc de Triomphe*, on which the profiles of Napoleon and Louis-Philippe appear together. The farce of celebrating yearly the last revolution must soon be abandoned, as while the authors of it who died are honoured with funeral rites, those who have survived are either languishing in prison, or the objects of constant suspicion and persecution.

*Thursday, 28th.*—The Appropriation Clause in the Irish Church Bill was rejected in the House of Lords on the 25th instant, by a majority of 138 against 47. Lord Melbourne said, that he should wash his hands of the Bill, but that he would not resign as long as he had a majority in the other house. The 1st of August will be an important day in that house.

The fêtes consist merely of the usual junkettings in the Champs Elysées.

*Friday, 29th.*—The last of the three days, and a bitter day it must have been to Louis-Philippe. While all the town has been celebrating the principles which placed him on the throne, neither he nor any of his family have dared to show their faces in public. What a satire on revolutions! The illuminations at the Arc de Triomphe, which was opened to the public, those in the Champs Elysées, and the fireworks on the Pont de Louis XVI., would have been very fine, if an almost unceasing heavy rain had not destroyed all the effect. It seems to be the general feeling, that whatever danger might have been apprehended by the Government, — and the public know nothing, — the King ought to have braved it, as independent of the obloquy which it occasions at home, this conduct must impress the foreign Powers with a full conviction of the instability of everything in this country.

*Saturday, 30th.*—It is said that the Queen, full of apprehension and anxiety, was still an advocate for the King appearing at the review, but M. Thiers, who knew that as Minister he must accompany him, who is moreover a very bad horseman, and was afraid of the double danger, carried his point. Three different newspapers, “Le National,” “La France,” and “Le Bon Sens,” were tried yesterday before the Cour d’Assises, for publishing articles considered too favourable to Alibaud; the editors

have all been condemned to fines and imprisonment. King Leopold and his consort are returned to Brussels.

*Sunday, 31st.*—Walked to the Hôtel des Invalides to see the chapel which had been hung with mourning attributes, in commemoration of those who were killed last year by the infernal machine. The catafalque with the names of the deceased was placed in the centre aisle, the coffins are deposited in the vaults below. One thing struck me in the great quadrangle of the hospital:—which was a large statue of Napoleon, while no trace of the real founder, Louis XIV., was to be seen.

Young Augustus Craven, who was married three years ago to Miss Smith, died the other day, after a very short illness, at the age of twenty-seven.

The Lords have again amended the Irish Church Bill, and returned it to the Commons, who are to take it into consideration on Tuesday the 2nd of next month, and their majority on the Appropriation Clause is to decide the duration of the present Ministry. Belfast bets me that they have more than 30.

The operations under Captain Chesney to effect a steam passage to India on the river Euphrates, have met with a serious impediment in the loss of one of the two steam boats, which foundered during a storm in navigating that river, and above fifteen lives were lost.

*Monday, August 1st.*—On the 28th ultimo died at Frankfort our great *millionnaire* in London, Nathan Meyer Rothschild: he had visited that place to witness the marriage of his son with one of his nieces, and was attacked with a painful complaint, which in a few days carried him away from his treasures: he was not an old man, certainly under sixty; but he has laboured all his life to one point, which has been crowned with great success, though short has been the time allowed for its enjoyment. The letters from Frankfort state that he died worth above four millions sterling.

*Thursday, 4th.*—The cholera is still raging in Italy. At Milan the cases are 50 to 60 per day. Cruveli the famous singer is dead of it.

The King of England on hearing that the Duke of Bedford had subscribed to assist O'Connell, ordered his bust in the gallery of Windsor Castle to be taken down and sent to the limekilns. If Louis XIV. had done the same to a Noailles or a Tremouille, they would have died of grief, John of Bedford will probably laugh.

We drove this evening to view the triumphal arch at the Barrière de l'Etoile: it is a magnificent pile, but the colossal

sculptures are mostly ill-executed as works of art. In the long list of victories obtained by the French armies, the King has taken care to introduce the two little scenes in which he himself was present at Valmy and Jemappes. Passing the gates of the château, at Neuilly and about the grounds, we observed a most unusual number of guards, police, gendarmes, and mouchards of every description.

*Friday, 5th.*—The Amended Irish Church Bill was rejected by the Commons with a small majority of 29, and laid on the shelf for the present: thus Ireland is deprived of the proposed relief for another twelvemonth, to keep the Whigs in place.

Madame Visconti, the mother of Princess Belgiojoso, who came here six months ago to avoid the cholera, died the other day of a casual fever. She had for many years been the *chère amie* of Cannizzaro at Florence. The old Marchioness of Downshire died last week; her second son, Lord Arthur Hill, becomes Baron Sandys, with a good estate.

The King of Naples arrived yesterday in Paris, and is lodged at the Elysée Bourbon.

The Carlists have made an irruption into Castille, and on a report that a corps had pushed within five leagues of San Ildefonso, where the queen's fête had attracted a great concourse of people, all were seized with a panic, and retreated in confusion back to Madrid.

*Saturday, 6th.*—Accounts from Constantinople state that Lord Ponsonby's tenacity for the removal of the Reis Effendi has very much cooled the Sultan's feelings towards England; he has, indeed, been dismissed under the plea of ill-health, but Russian influence will gain by the misunderstanding.

General Bugeaud\*, who was sent lately from the Tuileries to Algiers, has gained a victory over Abd el Kader, and taken several prisoners, who are on their way to Paris, to be exhibited as a trophy to the idlers and grisettes in the Champs Elysées.

*Sunday, 7th.*—On the 17th of March a young man named Virges, in the neighbourhood of Agen, watched his opportunity, while the Curé of the parish was absent, to make his way into the vestry, and dressing himself in the robes of the priest, took his place in one of the confessionals of the church to hear penitents. A young girl soon made her appearance, and deceived by the dress of the impostor, made to him a full and entire confession of her sins. As soon as the ceremony was finished, he went into

\* Afterwards Marshal, and Duke of Isly, died in 1849.

the public square and openly boasted that he had confessed the prettiest girl in the place. The officers of justice soon apprehended him, and he will be tried before the Court of Assizes for a misdemeanour; but what would have been his fate seventy years ago? In the year 1766 the Chevalier De la Barre, a youth only seventeen years of age, was accused before the Tribunal of Abbeville, "*d'être véhémentement soupçonné d'avoir brisé le Crucifix*," and was condemned to lose his head, having first undergone the torture and the amputation of his right hand, which sentence was confirmed by the Parliament, and duly executed.

*Monday, 8th.*—Forrester, the Russian broker in London, who arrived in France with a large sum, has been sent to prison for six months, as the penalty of using a passport with a false name.

*Wednesday, 9th.*—Several robberies and murders have been committed in Paris lately. On Monday night, between eleven and twelve, Mr. Nagle, of Cork, son of Sir Richard Nagle, was attacked in the Rue de Varennes by two men, who wounded him so dreadfully with a knife that he died the next morning. The inefficacy of the police is a subject of general complaint; and as if to excuse their negligence in preventing mischief, they arrest every one who comes in their way when the alarm is given. It is not very safe in such cases to offer assistance: a friend of mine, some time back, was induced to assist a dying man on the boulevard, the police arrived, and arrested him as the murderer. While life is thus threatened, in the open street, all means of defence are prohibited by the new laws, which subject the bearer even of a loaded stick, or a sword cane, to an immediate fine.

At Malaga and other towns of Spain the constitution of 1812 has been declared, and several murders committed. Orders have been given here to increase the French Legion in that country to a considerable extent.

*Thursday, 11th.*—The news, from Spain is more alarming: Cadiz, Seville, Cordova and other cities, have simultaneously proclaimed the Constitution, and great uproar has ensued in Madrid.

There is a particular colour in France named Isabelle—a yellow dun horse is called a *cheval Isabelle*. The origin of the term is said to be derived from the following incident:—"Dans les guerres d'Espagne la Reine Isabelle s'engagea par un vœu à la Sainte Vierge à ne pas changer de linge jusqu'au jour où la ville de Grenade assiégée seroit prise; les chroniques assurent que la longueur du siège ayant dépassée de beaucoup les calculs de la Reine, sa chemise, quand elle put la quitter, sans enfreindre son

vœu, avoit contracté par un trop long usage cette teinte, qu'on a nommé depuis la couleur Isabelle."

*Friday, 12th.*—I had a letter from Wiltshire this morning at Leghorn; he says the cholera is all over the north of Italy, and the quarantine regulations most vexatious to all travellers.

*Saturday, 13th.*—C. Greville writes to me from London: "Parliament will be up in a fortnight: things always go on well in the recess; and as everything flourishes to the greatest degree, our prosperity will probably only march with an accelerated pace. While the revenue presents an excess of two millions, and there is ample employment for everybody, and no distress in any quarter, there is no possibility of stirring up people to any thing like excitement, scarcely to any interest about abstract political questions. Ireland is a subject by itself. It is dreadful to think of the disease which appears to pervade society in France, and of the danger to which the valuable life of your King is exposed, while our monarch lives in perfect security."

*Sunday, 14th.*—Both Sir Brook Taylor and I, who dined with Stopford at the Hôtel des Princes to-day, are much struck with the alteration in his looks. He is seriously broken by his late illness. His shrunk figure and his glassy eye give great cause for apprehension.

A free conference has taken place between the Lords and the Commons on the subjects in dispute, without effecting any conciliation.

*Tuesday, 16th.*—M. Thiers has got into a scrape; he insists on a further increase of the auxiliary Legion in Spain, and the King, who had consented to 10,000, will not permit the number to be exceeded, and this difference of opinion may possibly lead to a change in the Ministry. Thiers shows about a letter from General Harispe, the commander at Bayonne, in which he says, that if the French Legion, Evans's band, and the Portuguese troops were all placed under one distinct command, he would answer for their complete success in defeating and expelling Don Carlos from Spain. Another source of disagreement is, that M. Thiers wishes to give the command of the Legion to General Bugeaud, who is just returned from Algiers, and the King is violently opposed to it.

*Wednesday, 17th.*—The following telegraphic despatches have been received this morning:—

"S. Ildefonso, 13th August.—A military insurrection compelled the Queen Regent to accept the Constitution of 1812 this morning. Everything is tranquil.

“Madrid, 13th August. — The news of S. Ildefonso begins to be spread at Madrid. The Council of Ministers is assembled. Thus affairs become daily more intricate; and the Spanish funds, which a month ago were at forty-two, have fallen to thirty-one.”

*Thursday, 18th.* — As soon as the above despatches were known, an end was put to the discussions in the Cabinet, an order was sent to Bayonne by telegraph to defer the entrance into Spain of the reinforcements destined for the Foreign Legion. Another circumstance may have had some weight in this decision: Lord Palmerston has declared in the House of Commons that the English forces should not fight against the Constitutionalists, whom, of all the three parties, Louis-Philippe in his heart would be most anxious to put down.

*Saturday, 20th.* — The news from Madrid is confirmed; the Isturitz Cabinet is dissolved, Rodil is commander-in-chief of the army; but all is doubt and anxiety for the future.

*Monday, 22nd.* — The King's speech arrived. Parliament was prorogued on Saturday.

*Tuesday, 23rd.* — The populace at Madrid have murdered General Quesada, who had escaped from the palace in disguise.

*Thursday, 25th.* — In consequence of the late dissensions in the Cabinet, M. Thiers and his colleagues gave in their resignations to the King this day.

General Alava, the Spanish ambassador, has refused to swear to the Constitution of 1812, and has resigned his post. He was a great friend of the Duke of Wellington; attended him through his Spanish Campaigns till 1814; then lived as his guest in Apsley House for many years in London. On the death of Ferdinand, by whom he was banished, he returned to Spain, was sent by the Government of Isabella as ambassador to London, then to Paris, and will now probably return to Tours, where his family still resides.

Lord Lyndhurst's speech at the close of Parliament contained the most sarcastic reflections on the system of the present Whig Government, conveyed in the most eloquent language; the reply of Lord Melbourne, and the testy manner of Lord Holland, proved how severely it was felt.

*Friday, 26th.* — The election for Warwick is another blow to the Radical party. Mr. Canning\*, a young man, the son of the late Premier, and a strong Conservative, has signally defeated

\* Now Lord Canning, Governor-General of India, married to the eldest daughter of the late Lord Stuart de Rothesay.



Mr. Hobhouse, brother of Sir J. C. Hobhouse the Minister. The Whigs had formed great hopes of success in this borough.

*Saturday, 27th.*—The open manner in which the Carlists at the Club express their opinion of Louis-Philippe is very remarkable. No Ministry is as yet appointed, but Count Molé is talked of as President. The King of Naples has taken his departure without making any proposal of marriage to a French princess; he is a fat young man, neither intelligent in countenance nor graceful in his manners.

*Sunday, 28th.*—The Duc de Gramont, formerly captain of the body guards to Louis XVI., and afterwards to Charles X., died this day at the age of eighty-one years. He was one of the few remnants of the old school, and abounded in anecdotes of that period. He has not left much property, though formerly his appointments under the Bourbons were very splendid. It will be divided between his children,—the Duc de Guiche, Lady Tankerville, and Madame Sebastiani.

A very curious trial has just taken place before the Court of Assize in Paris on the occasion of a duel which took place between a M. Sirey, a lawyer, and a M. Daupain, in which the latter was killed. The counsel for the prosecution insisted that the two parties had not an equal chance as to the weapons, and that the duel was provoked by the survivor for the underhand purpose of avoiding a lawsuit for money transactions, by killing his antagonist. The suit was maintained with great talent on both sides by the counsel, M. Chaix d'Estange for the widow, and M. Cremieux for Sirey, assisted by all the stage effect of introducing relations and children to work upon the feelings of the jury and the spectators. The proofs were very strong against the accused, but ultimately the testimony of the seconds seemed to allow that the combat was legally conducted, and the jury brought in a verdict of acquittal; but on the demand of the widow of the deceased for damages on behalf of her daughter, the Court sentenced Sirey to pay to her 10,000 francs, and the costs of the proceedings.

This is looked upon as the precedent for some new law to restrain the frequency of duels, by imposing heavy damages on the survivor.

*Monday, 29th.*—I met Prince Paul of Wirtemberg to-day, who is lately returned from a tour to the Rhine, &c.: he told me that a serious dispute had occurred at dinner at Neuilly between the King of Naples and the Duke of Orleans on the subject of the Duchess of Berry; words ran so high that the King was going to rise from table and retire, when Louis-Philippe ordered his son to

leave the room, and go to his own apartment; the next day he was sent to the camp at Compiègne.

Lord Kerry, the eldest son of the Marquis of Lansdowne, died last week of atrophy, aged only twenty-three.

*Tuesday, 30th.* — There is no Ministry appointed. The King of Naples met his brother, the Prince of Capua, at Lyons, but refused to see him.

Talleyrand is sent for to Paris, but has excused himself from ill-health.

*Monday, Sept. 5th.* — Last night the troops were under arms at the barracks, and the guards at the different posts doubled. It is asserted that a plot had been laid for surrounding the prefecture of police, and making an attack on the palace at Neuilly, — one thing is certain, that several arrests have taken place this morning, and some arms have been found and confiscated.

*Tuesday 6th.* — After thirteen days' interval a new Ministry has been declared. Count Molé is President and Minister for Foreign Affairs, Guizot of Public Instruction, Persil Keeper of the Seals, Admiral Roussel Marine, and War Department also, *ad interim*, till Marshal Soult's answer is received.

It is a medley of *doctrinaire* and restoration system, which, it is said, will take a more decided foreign policy, and be less agreeable to Lord Palmerston.

*Thursday, 8th.* — The Duke of Orleans is returned from the camp at Compiègne: it is rumoured that some instances of disaffection have been shown by the troops. Affairs in Spain are at a stand; the new government seems undecided how to act, till the Cortes are assembled; but the best proof of the ascendancy of the Radical party is the constant emigration of families of fortune, which is going on from Spain to France.

*Friday, 9th.* — An event has occurred in London that causes the utmost dismay in society. \* \* \*

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The first intimation which I had of it was in a letter shown to me by Lord Lowther from Croker, in which he says, — has levanted and gone abroad.

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After winning considerable sums of money at whist from Mr. — and others, he has been detected in playing with marked cards at Graham's Club, and is disgraced for ever.

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Baron Fain, Chief Secretary of the Cabinet to Louis-Philippe,

died this morning at eight o'clock; he held the same office for many years under Napoleon, who esteemed him highly.

*Thursday, 15th.*—The Duc de C——, whom I saw this morning, expressed great anxiety about the affairs in Spain, which he considered as fearfully implicating the peace of Europe. I could not imagine why he should dwell on this subject with so much interest, till in a few hours afterwards I learnt that the Embassy to Madrid had been offered to him, and he could not make up his mind as yet whether he should refuse or accept it.

Marshal Soult has positively declined the Ministry at War: there seems much difficulty in filling up this appointment. Evans's troops have made an attack upon the Carlists at Laserta, and have been driven back with loss.

*Saturday, 17th.*—We went to the Jardin des Plantes, which is now much inferior to our Zoological Gardens, though the grounds are more extensive. The principal objects of curiosity were two elephants, a giraffe, and an ourang-outang. The latter remained invisible all the day, and declined coming out of his den, though a crowd of people were attending his *levée* with great impatience.

*Sunday, 18th.*—Lord Graham is to marry Miss Beresford.

*Monday, 19th.*—A revolution has taken place in Portugal, and the same scene which has been acted in Spain revived in Lisbon. The Queen has been forced to swear to the constitution of 1820, and while the patriots were parading before the palace with white hats, she and the young Prince, her husband, appeared in the balcony pale and motionless as marble.

The Ministry has been dismissed by the leaders of the people; Carvalho has been denounced, and both he and his colleagues are gone into concealment, expecting the fate of Quesada at Madrid, as the Clubs were undecided whether they should be assassinated or not. Here is another perplexity for the famed Quadrupartite Treaty, and a fresh instance of the benefit accruing from English interference in the affairs of the Peninsula. Our Whig Government imagines that they can obtain all the popularity of advocating revolutionary principles, and yet establish a *medium point*, beyond which they shall not pass. They have now failed in Spain and Portugal,—will they succeed in England?

*Tuesday, 20th.*—I went to the Variétés to see a new piece by Alex. Dumas, called "Kean." Our late actor is represented as the most intimate friend of George Prince of Wales, and his rival in the affections of the ladies of the Court. There are interesting scenes produced by the circumstances of the piece; but it is a

strange fault in a clever author to have evinced such profound ignorance of the usages of the country he delineates.

*Wednesday, 21st.* — General Bernard is named Minister at War. “*La Fille du Danube*,” the new ballet which we saw to-night, would be dull without Taglioni’s dancing. The Queen and the two Princesses sat in a conspicuous centre box, without any state, attended by three ladies and one gentleman only. To say that they were received with indifference is not the term; the house was crowded in all parts, but not an eye was turned towards the Royal box, not one token of respect or even attention was paid to the party. The Queen of the French attracted no more notice on entering and retiring from the house than the commonest *bourgeoise* of the Rue St. Denis. She was looking very ill and emaciated.

*Thursday, 22nd.* — The Coronation of the Emperor of Austria took place on the 7th inst., at Prague, with great pomp. Very few English were present: the Jerseys, the Wicklows, and Lord Alvanley. Lady Jersey was received with much attention by the Imperial family.

The affairs of Spain become daily more complicated; the Republic has been declared in Valencia and Tortosa. Mendizabal is again made Minister of Finance, and it is suspected that his agency has contributed to produce the two sudden revolutions proclaimed in the Peninsula.

*Friday, 23rd.* — A good deal of political conversation this evening at the Comtesse de Girardin’s, but nothing new. She is one of the very clever and agreeable women of the old *régime* in France, belonging to the society called *Le Petit Château*. She was a Vintimille, and is sister to Madame Greffulhe, since married to the Comte de Ségur. General Girardin served under Napoleon, but adhered to the Bourbons at the Restoration, and was made *Grand Veneur* to Louis XVIII.

*Saturday, 24th.* — The Spanish and Portuguese funds have had another serious fall. The 5 per cents of the former have been as low as 17. The whole fabric of Spanish finance suggested by Mendizabal has crumbled to the dust.

*Monday, 26th.* — Lord Lichfield has won the St. Leger. His horse Elis was brought to Doncaster in a caravan drawn by post-horses.

*Tuesday, 27th.* — Sir R. and Lady Peel are gone on a visit to Prince Talleyrand at Valençay.

There is nothing, perhaps, which strikes a foreigner in England more forcibly than the beauty of the horses, and the skilfulness of our coachmen, when compared with those of other coun-

tries; but a French author, M. Loëve Veimar, has expressed his admiration in terms which might flatter the vanity of every English coachman.

“C'étoit un plaisir que de voir les bondissemens et l'ardeur presque sauvage des chevaux, contenus sans efforts par la main calme et prudente du cocher flegmatiquement assis sur son siège, le manche de son fouet appuyé sur sa cuisse droite, et soulevant de sa main gauche les longues rênes, dont la blancheur éclatoit sous un brillant et rare éclair du soleil Britannique. Napoléon commandant son portrait équestre à son peintre David, lui disoit de le représenter calme sur un cheval fougueux: il vouloit ainsi caractériser la puissance et la force. A ce compte il n'est pas de cocher Anglais, assis sur sa housse galonnée, qui n'ait l'attitude d'un conquérant.”

*Wednesday, 28th.* — The musical world has lost one of its most distinguished vocalists. Mme. Malibran, who was engaged at the Manchester Music Meeting, was suddenly taken ill, and died in that town, after an illness of a few days, on Friday last. She was the daughter of Garcia, well known formerly on the Italian stage in London, and brought up in England, but her talents have since obtained celebrity not only in Europe, but in America, where she contracted her first marriage with a French merchant, M. Malibran. At the time of her death she was married to M. de Bériot.

*Friday, 30th.* — General Lagrange told me that he had just paid a visit to Napoleon's sister, the Countess de Lipano, who has obtained leave to come to Paris for a month, and is now residing at the corner of the Rue Royale. He described her as very much affected at visiting the Column in the Place Vendôme, and the remembrance of past times. She is very little altered, and still retains the traces of her past beauty when Madame Murat. The recollection of former intimacies and former benefits has rendered many of the individuals of that family objects of strong attachment to those who flourished in the time of the Empire.

*Monday, October 3rd.* — My birthday; formerly a day of congratulation with my family and friends, but now only remembered in private by myself, as a point in the year which marks a continuation of misfortune and an advance to the grave. I have likewise remarked that of late years some bad news is received, or some disappointment or cross event occurs, upon that day, as a sort of prelude to the coming year.

*Tuesday, 4th.* — Count Sablenski mentioned to-day that he had received news of Demidoff, who is at Florence, in a shattered state of mind and body from his late paralytic attack, which pre-

cludes all the enjoyment of his immense fortune. As no one is doomed to be completely happy in this world, such dispensations make me ashamed of repining at my pecuniary losses, while I have still health and other blessings demanding unfeigned gratitude.

*Wednesday, 5th.* — Sir R. Peel has been received with great attention by the King and by all the Ministers, who seem very anxious to show civility to every English *notability*, whether Whig or Tory. The King is anxious to conciliate the former as partisans of the British Ministry, and the latter from secret sympathy with their political feelings. The long-brewing dissensions with the Swiss cantons, in which the French Minister, the Duc de Montebello, has shown little prudence, have at length broken out into an open rupture, and the relations between the two countries have been broken off. The French Government, which truckles to the strong and bullies the weak, has taken the matter up with a high hand, and the respective ministers have been recalled. It will cause much inconvenience to travellers, prove a hindrance to commerce for the moment, but no ways implicate the peace of Europe.

*Thursday, 6th.* — This morning I heard, from what might appear to be good authority, that the prisoners at Ham will be immediately released by order of the Government. Prince Esterhazy and his son came in the evening, from Neuilly, to Lord Canterbury's, where I had dined, and he seemed to confirm the above.

He told me that he was going to resume his post at St. James's for a few months, and should then return to Austria to superintend his own private property, which in itself is a concern of great magnitude. I called upon Lord Lyndhurst, who is just arrived in Paris, and who, I think, does not anticipate the return of the Tories to power so soon as some others in London. This morning came my old friend Rokeby from Baden.

The spirit of emigration is not confined to England. Independent of the families which have flocked from hence to Algiers, there lately set out from Nancy for Egypt a little agricultural colony, destined to establish in the environs of Cairo an experimental farm upon the plan of that at Roville, under the protection of the Pacha.

*Sunday, 9th.* — This morning's "Moniteur" contains the proclamation of an amnesty for about sixty prisoners confined for political offences, whose sentence would have lasted for five or eight years longer: it is hoped to be a prelude to that of the ministers at Ham. It is the commencement of a wise measure, which, if earlier adopted, would have prevented much of the disorder which we have lately witnessed.

*Monday, 10th.*—The wet weather has been very prejudicial to the vineyards in France; it is supposed that the wines of this year, if not deficient in quantity, will be of a very inferior quality. The Place de Louis XV. has been encumbered for the last six months with scaffoldings, masonry work, and steam-engines to convey the Egyptian pillar, called Cleopatra's Needle, from the quay to the pedestal on which it is to be placed. This stupendous work is at length achieved, and the pillar will be raised on its base in a few days; the result will be to place a very unsightly object, at a most enormous expense, in the most prominent part of Paris.

*Tuesday, 11th.*—Lord Lyndhurst called upon me this morning; he said there was no public news nor any change likely to take place at present. Nobody takes a more just and sagacious view of affairs. M. Gabriel Delessert is named Préfet de Paris in the room of M. Guisquet. Some idea may be formed of the emoluments of this place by the fact that the latter, who was appointed only four years ago to this situation by Casimir Perier, was then not only a ruined man, but overwhelmed with debt, whereas he is now clear of the world, and has made a fortune of two millions of francs. Some time back, when it was in agitation to rescind the charter of the butchers of Paris, which gives them great immunities, the prefect, every morning when he went to his office, found upon his desk a bank note for 1000 francs, which offering was continued during several weeks, till they gained their point.

Torreno, the Spanish liberal and minister of Christina, is now in Paris, where he will probably remain, as his return to power at Madrid is next to impossible. The short interval of his prosperity has been scrupulously employed in amassing a considerable fortune by every means, direct and indirect, which his official situation could offer to him. After a long stay in this city, during the latter part of which he lived entirely with the celebrated Madelle. Bourgouin, the actress, when the liberal ideas last broke out in Spain, he returned to his native country, but his finances were then in so exhausted a state, that he was indebted to his liberal mistress for the means of appearing with respectability in the world; it is said that she gave him a considerable sum of money. She is now dead; but he has returned with a fortune of six millions, most rapidly accumulated, which he has settled upon a son whom she had before he knew her.

Louis-Philippe has received Sir R. Peel with great apparent confidence, and has professed Tory principles to him with as much sincerity as he professed Radical principles to Edward Ellice.

His maxim is to sympathise with all. He listens with approbation to every sentiment and opinion, while his actions are suited only to his own immediate interest.

*Wednesday, 12th.*—I walked this morning with Prince Esterhazy, who was very anxious to know the particulars of the late news from England, which, he told me, had made its way all over Germany, as the Princess of Homburg had received the account in her letters from England.

A great feeling of pity is entertained for Mrs. —, whose husband, not content with having dragged her before the public for his own purposes without success, now wreaks his petty vengeance on a defenceless woman, by denying her the very necessaries of life, while he himself remains in the enjoyment of a lucrative post, which he obtained from the very person whose name he has made use of to compromise her. The accounts from Spain are unfavourable; the new commander-in-chief, Rodil, has taken the field without any success.

*Friday, 14th.*—Met at Mr. Lyon's, where I dined, Lowther, Lord Reay, and Sir W. Keir Grant. Lord Reay is an old Scotchman, who inherited an immense and trackless estate in Scotland, which he sold to the Duke of Sutherland for 300,000*l.* Sir W. K. Grant is a general officer, who, in the year 1794, when serving with Sir Robert Wilson in the 15th Light Dragoons in Germany, obtained the cross of Maria Theresa from the Emperor, for a fortunate charge which prevented his Imperial Majesty from being taken prisoner. He lost his arm in a duel on some occasion early in life, and was himself second to poor Bob Montgomery above thirty years ago, who was killed in a duel with Capt. Macnamara at Chalk Farm.

*Sunday, 16th.*—There is a curious letter in the "Gazette des Tribunaux" this morning, written by Lord Abinger to the General la Roncière, father of the young man whose trial created so much sensation last year, in which his lordship does not hesitate to condemn the verdict of the jury, and to acknowledge his conviction, from the proofs before the public, of the young culprit's innocence. He rests his opinion on the specimens of the handwriting in the anonymous letters.\*

\* The case of La Roncière was omitted in the former part of the "Diary," where, from the reports flying about at the moment, it appeared to be erroneously stated.

Lord Abinger's opinion has been so far verified that, at the request of the Morell family, as well as of the President, M. Ferey, who held the Tribunal by which Monsieur de la Roncière had been condemned, he was liberated from his imprisonment long before the term expired.



*Tuesday, 18th.*—The “*Moniteur*” contains the announcement that Messrs. Peyronet and Chantelcauze are released from the castle of Ham and allowed to reside, the former in the department of the Gironde, the latter in that of the Loire. No mention is made of Prince Polignac or M. Guernon de Ranville, who, it appears, have not chosen to solicit a government which they do not recognise.

After great manœuvres on the part of certain individuals connected with the Spanish funds, it is officially announced that the dividends will not be paid, and the confiding stockholders have been duped in a most shameless manner with a proffer of security in the island of Cuba.

*Wednesday, 19th.*—Lord Fitzgerald made us laugh at dinner to-day with a story about Croker, whose pertinacity of opinion is well known: he was laying down the law after dinner to the Duke of Wellington, and according to custom asserting the superiority of his own information on all subjects, having even flatly contradicted the Duke, who had mentioned some incident that took place at the battle of Waterloo. At last the conversation turned upon the use of percussion caps for the muskets of the army, when Croker again maintained a directly opposite opinion to that which was urged by the Duke, who at last good-humouredly said to him, “My dear Croker, I can yield to your superior information on most points, and you may perhaps know a great deal more of what passed at Waterloo than myself, but as a sportsman, I will maintain my point about the percussion caps.” Croker’s view of politics has now for some years been of the most gloomy cast, and so far does his wish for infallibility supersede his patriotism, that he absolutely seems to rejoice at any partial fulfilment of his prophecies, though it may thwart his own views and those of his party. Fitzgerald once said to Lord Wellesley at the castle, “I have had a very melancholy letter from Croker this morning.” “Ay!” said Lord Wellesley, “written, I suppose, in a strain of the most sanguine despondency.”

*Thursday, 20th.*—The news from Spain is favourable to the Carlist cause: Gomez has defeated Escalante near Malaga and has taken and plundered Cordova; all diplomatic relations between the Court of Austria and the Cabinet of Madrid have ceased, and the respective agents have quitted their posts.

*Saturday, 22nd.*—Saw at the Français “*Marie ou les Trois Epoques*,” in which Madelle. Mars, though now at least sixty-five years old, affected the whole audience. The English papers state that the members of the Stock Exchange in London are so in-

dignant at the early information obtained in certain quarters by pigeon-expresses from Paris, that they have collected a certain number of hawks, falcons, and other birds of prey on the Kentish coast to waylay these carriers. It has not, however, wholly put a stop to the practice.

Lord Lyndhurst and Yarmouth at dinner at Lord Hertford's in high force and very jocular. Sir R. W—— was also of the party.

Sir R. W—— is a character who has made some noise in the world. He must now be near his grand climacteric. He entered early into the army, and was made a knight by the Emperor of Austria, as I have lately mentioned, in 1794, when serving in the 15th Light Dragoons. He is a man of unquestionable courage, but his name is not prominent in any of our great national victories, as he rather sought the camp of the partisan, or the staff of the foreign princes. In his political life he has been alternately Whig, Radical, Bonapartist, and ultra-Tory, not in shades, but in extremes.

He began by paying great court to George, Prince of Wales, who never gave him much encouragement; he then set up as one of his Whig opposers at Brookes's, and when he came to the throne he continued his animosity by espousing the part of Queen Caroline, till his conduct in exciting the mob to violence at her funeral became a matter of public investigation, and ended in his losing his rank in the service. He outdid his friends the Whigs in violent opposition to the Tory Government, he became the Radical member for Southwark, and when, from a misplaced generosity, a subscription was raised at that club to indemnify him for his losses in the cause, he pocketed the 10,000*l.* and is now gone over to his adversaries.

In 1814 he came over to Paris, and was a warm advocate of Napoleon, although he was then just arrived from the headquarters of the Austrian army in Italy, and during the preceding campaigns in 1812 and 1813 had been attached to the staff of the Emperor of Russia, with whom he was present at the battle of Dresden, and was actually engaged in conversation with General Moreau at the moment when that ill-fated officer received his death-wound.

In 1815, and particularly during the 100 days, he was the bird of ill-omen at Brookes's, the constant harbinger of bad news, which he propagated as coming from the most undeniable authority of his private correspondents abroad. How unfounded they were, and sometimes prejudicial to his own interest, may be in-

ferred from the following anecdote, of which I was myself an eye-witness:—On the day of that evening, when we received the news of the great victory of Waterloo, I dined with the present Lord and Lady Willoughby de Eresby in Piccadilly: there was a large party, among whom I remember Miss Mercer (now Madame de Flahault), Sir H. Cooke, and Sir R. W——, who entered the room with a grave portentous countenance, as if he knew more than he was willing to communicate. Every one at that time was in breathless impatience for the result, and as we proceeded to the dining-room Miss Mercer inquired of me in a whisper if I had heard any news, adding that she feared from Sir R. W——'s manner that some misfortune had occurred. I felt little alarm at his prognostics, as I had heard that Rothschild was purchasing stock largely, and that the funds had risen two per cent.

When the ladies had retired and the wine had opened Sir R. W——'s heart, he condescended to inform the company, that he had received a private despatch from Brussels, announcing the total defeat of the Anglo-Prussian army by the French, with the additional circumstance that Napoleon, after his decided victory, had supped with the Prince d'Areberg at his palace in that city. On doubts being expressed as to the correctness of his information, he offered readily to bet any sum on the strength of his despatches. We took him at his word: I betted with him 400*l.* or 500*l.*, and others did the same to the amount of above 1000*l.*

There was a ball that night at Sir George Talbot's; and when I arrived there about eleven o'clock, I found the whole house in confusion and dismay; ladies calling for their carriages, and others fainting in the anteroom, particularly the Ladies Paget, who seemed in the utmost distress. The mystery, however, was soon cleared up: Lady Castlereagh had just made her appearance in the ball room, with the official account of the battle, and a partial list of the killed and wounded, which had caused so much distress among the various relatives of the sufferers. She had been at a grand dinner given by Mrs. Boehm in St. James's Square, to the Prince Regent, during which Colonel Percy, having first driven to Carlton House, had arrived in a chaise and four at the house and presented to his royal highness at table, the official despatches from the Duke of Wellington (recounting his victory), as well as the French eagles, which he had brought as trophies with him in the carriage.

Always meddling in some *tripotage*, we find Sir R. W—— afterwards in Paris, combining with Captain Hutchinson to effect

the escape of General Lavallette from prison, which, however chivalrous he might deem the act, was still an improper interference in a foreigner, against the laws of a country which granted him protection. In the same wrong-headed manner he afterwards courted notoriety by agitation on behalf of Queen Caroline, still becoming more Radical in his political creed; but ruined in fortune, deprived of his military rank, and little respected by his old Whig associates. At length he turned short round, worshipped the Duke of Wellington and became an ultra-Tory, and, strange as it may appear, the tide of his fortune has turned with his politics, though a deserter from the party which then came into power.

Whether from old recollections on the part of the Whigs, or from the new support of the Duke, whose interest at the Horse Guards is always powerful, he has not only been restored to his rank in the army, which was in fact an act of justice, but he has also been presented with a regiment of Light Dragoons, which he had very little right to expect.

He is prosy in conversation, dogmatic in his manner, constantly in search of news, and the most regular *gobe mouche* that was ever seen.

*Tuesday, 25th.* — This morning the Egyptian obelisk was successfully placed on its pedestal, the Royal Family presiding over a crowd so numerous, that a stranger would have conceived that it was some great national festival. It was also rather amusing to hear the exclamations against the English, on the supposition of the envy which we must feel at this surprising national effort. "*Comme ces sacrés Anglais vont tirer la langue; comme ils vont serrer les dents.*" They even went so far as to assert that we had attempted to cut the ropes of the machinery in the night, to mar the success of the undertaking!

Don Pio Elisaldi, whom Don Carlos had appointed his Commissioner to resume the loan opened by Ouvrard, died on Tuesday, in a fortnight after his arrival in Paris. The police have seized all his papers, as we are in a *country of liberty*.

*Friday, 28th.* — Rogers the poet is here, and a regular attendant at all the theatres.

*Saturday, 29th.* — The news from Spain is alarming. The Republican party is becoming more violent. They exclaim against the listlessness of the Government in putting down the Carlist cause. They talk of an appeal to the energies of the nation, and the establishment of a Reign of Terror similar to that in France in 1793.

I am come to a late but profound conviction that Horace was right,—

“Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.”

*Sunday, 30th.*—On Wednesday, the 26th, died Countess Howe at Penn House, in her thirty-seventh year, leaving a large family of children. She was the daughter of Earl Cardigan, and one of the Ladies of the Bedchamber to the Queen. She was an example of virtue and piety, and her death is an irreparable loss to society.

Dined, for the last time, with Lord Hertford, who leaves Paris to-morrow morning for Milan; Yarmouth, Lord Lyndhurst, and Lowther were of the party.

Edward Ellice is returned from Canada to England.

*Monday, 31st.*—It is now about a year or more that a young man, son of the Duc de la R——, on quitting the Ecole Polytechnique, got into some pecuniary difficulties which brought on a quarrel with his family. Being of a high spirit, and unable to overcome his annoyance at what had passed on this untoward occasion, the young man quitted Paris and his family, determined to seek his fortune abroad. He went to Spain, joined the army of Don Carlos, and in this short period, when only twenty years of age, he is become Commander-in-chief of the Artillery under that Prince.

*Tuesday, Nov. 1st.*—An attempt at insurrection has been made at Strasbourg, by the son of Louis Bonaparte, ex-King of Holland, assisted by some officers of the 4th regiment of Artillery. This outbreak, the leaders of which were made prisoners, will give Louis-Philippe a pretext for a continued exclusion of that family from France, and will render the stay of Madame Murat in Paris, who had obtained permission for six months, unpleasant and precarious.

*Wednesday, 2nd.*—Another attempt at a military insurrection has been made at Vendôme, by a few privates of the 1st regiment of hussars, in garrison at that place, headed by a brigadier named Bruyant, who shot a quarter-master through the head, and then surrendered. It is only remarkable as occurring simultaneously with the other, and proving that disaffection exists in the army.

The late Countess Howe has left a large family of children, of which the youngest is only five weeks old. Her religious principles were very strict: she never accepted any invitation on a Sunday, but always devoted that day to her serious duties. On one occasion at Windsor, when she was in attendance on the

Queen, some party was proposed by the King on a Sunday, at which he was very anxious that she should be present, but was unable to induce her to deviate from her fixed plans of seclusion on that day. The Queen, who was a witness of the discussion, and was surprised at her firmness, could not help saying afterwards to her, "I wonder at your resolution. I am sure if the King had been so urgent with me, I could not have refused." Lady Howe replied, "Madame, his Majesty is *your* husband."

She was very handsome, and remarkably tall. Before her marriage she was one of the beauties at the balls which the late Earl of Winchilsea used to give at Burleigh on the Hill every Christmas, where for several years I was in the habit of joining a large party at that hospitable mansion; consisting of the Fieldings, Cardigans, Aboynes, Lord George Seymour, Sir Jos. Copley, General Bligh, Ambassador Hale, &c. I am referring to the period when Lord Winchilsea kept open house, and as in those good old times the horses and even the stable servants of the guests were hospitably received, I have seen three or four families staying in the house, each bringing six or eight horses in their suite, and none, as in the present day, sent to the neighbouring public house. Lord Winchilsea was a nobleman of the old school, and a high-bred gentleman in his manners to all; in his early youth he was an expert cricketer, and always retained a great partiality for that game, as well as all manly exercises. He never married, but had two natural children, a son and a daughter, to whom he was much attached; and as the chief part of his property was unentailed and at his own disposal, while the title at his decease reverted to Mr. Finch Hatton, he bequeathed his noble seat of Burleigh on the Hill, with a large fortune, to his son Mr. Finch. He was a favourite of George III., by whom he was made a Knight of the Garter, but having consented to be second to General Lennox (afterwards Duke of Richmond) in his duel with the Duke of York, he incurred the displeasure of the Prince of Wales, who never forgave him; and after the old king's death he seldom or never made his appearance at Court. In justice to the Duke of York, I should add, that the prejudices of his brother only rendered him the more courteous to Lord Winchilsea; and when, soon after the duel, at a ball at Court, the Prince of Wales indignantly left the room on seeing Lord Winchilsea dancing in the same set, the Duke did everything in his power to palliate the insult.

The Duke had always a great esteem for his character, and though from their different modes of life they did not often meet,

he never failed to express it. In those days, when H. R. H. was in the habit of dining frequently with me in Town, I once asked Lord Winchilsea to meet him, and I was struck by the cordiality with which he greeted him. The duel itself, though it originated in the most trivial circumstances, had well nigh proved fatal, as the ball of General Lennox carried away one of the curls of the Duke. Few men, indeed, possessed greater courage or a kinder heart than the late Duke of York, or was a more feeling and amiable friend. I remember calling upon him when we had heard of the death of his Aide-de-camp, Col. Berkeley: he was not at home, but as I was going away he drove up to the door in his curricule, and beckoned me to come back. I think I see him now,—so agitated that in getting out of the curricule he entangled the braiding of his pelisse in the hook of the dashing leather, and if I not been in time to help him, would have fallen to the ground. When he got into the library and tried to ask me about it, he burst into tears. If he had lived to come to the throne, I should never have been where I am.

*Friday, 4th.*—Sir W. Knighton died lately in London. He was originally placed by his parents, who were of humble origin, as apprentice to an apothecary at Tavistock, and afterwards practised obscurely in London. In 1810 he accompanied Lord Wellesley to Spain, who on his return from that mission requested his Majesty, the late King, then Prince of Wales, to appoint Knighton one of his physicians. In this capacity he became very intimate with Col. Macmahon, and was finally named his executor. Among the papers which thus came into his possession were some of a very delicate nature, relating to the private affairs of George IV., particularly about Queen Caroline and the late Lady Jersey. He instantly carried these documents to Carlton House, and placed them at once, without comment or condition, in the hands of the rightful owner. The Prince Regent, struck with the importance of the benefit, appointed Knighton to an important office in the Duchy of Cornwall, afterwards made him a Baronet, and then Grand Cross of the Guelph.

The full tide of prosperity now opened upon him, and after Sir B. Bloomfield had been raised to the Peerage, and sent as Minister to Sweden, he succeeded him as private secretary and privy purse, appointments which he retained till the death of George IV. He was a constant inmate of Carlton House and of Windsor Castle, possessing the entire confidence of his Sovereign, who latterly lived in great privacy, surrounded by his household, and only a few occasional visitors. He was, as might be expected,

the devoted friend of Lady —, and though never suspected of having used his interest at Court for any great objects of personal aggrandisement, he was believed privy to that extraordinary appropriation of above 300,000*l.*, which was sold out of the Stocks a very few days before the death of his Royal Master. It was always supposed that this sum had been given at once to that lady, but the fact of the sale was currently known at the time, and no trace of the money afterwards appeared. I have myself heard the Duke of Wellington say, that when sent for by express on the demise of the King, he, in quality of executor, inspected all the papers, &c. at Windsor, and did not find sufficient money in the Royal *escrutoire* even to pay the post-horses of the different expresses. Sir W. Knighton died possessed of a very large fortune, partly acquired by his original profession, and partly perhaps by that political information, which had been used for the same purpose by his predecessor Macmahon.

George IV. never had any private friends: he selected his confidants from his minions. Macmahon was an Irishman of low birth and obsequious manners; he was a little man, his face red, covered with pimples, always dressed in the blue and buff uniform, with his hat on one side, copying the air of his master, to whom he was a prodigious foil, and ready to execute any commissions, which in those days were somewhat complicated.

Bloomfield was a handsome man, and owed his introduction at Court to his musical talents; he was a Lieutenant in the Artillery, and by chance quartered with his regiment at Brighton. The Prince, who was always fond of music, then gave frequent concerts at the Pavilion: some one happened to mention that a young officer of Artillery was a proficient on the violoncello; an invitation was sent, the Royal amateur was pleased, the visits became more frequent, a predilection ensued, and the fortune of the young Lieutenant was assured.

George Lee had also a long run of favouritism in those days, but his confidences were limited to the turf, and his influence never extended beyond the stable.

The Prince was at one time a great supporter of Newmarket; an untoward event, which made great noise at the time, abated his ardour for that pursuit. His debts of all sorts were very great. Vulliamy's bill (a French jeweller in Pall Mall, who served the Court, and was employed by H. R. H.) amounted to a large sum, for which he could never obtain payment. In vain did he apply at Carlton House; he met with nothing but vague promises, which were never realised. At length the jeweller's



affairs got so embarrassed, that he determined to make a personal application to the Prince, and went down to Brighton. The doors of the Pavilion, however, being locked against all intruders of that sort, he watched his opportunity when the Prince's carriage drove into the court, and, gliding in unobserved, hid himself behind one of the pillars of the colonnade. As the Prince came out, and had got one foot on the step, Vulliamy rushed forward, and, falling on his knees, cried out, "Sare, Your Royal Highness, pray stop one minute." The Prince looked round, and said, rather impatiently, "Vulliamy, what do you want?" "Oh Sare, by God, if your Royal Highness not pay my bill, I shall be in your *father's* bench to-morrow." The Prince laughed and got into his carriage, but the debt was left unpaid till Parliament furnished the means.

He once fancied that he was very fond of hunting, and took a place in Hampshire for that purpose, called the Grange\*; but he soon wearied of it, and relapsed into his usual mode of indolent existence. For years even before he came to the throne, he very seldom appeared in public, or went anywhere, but to Manchester House, where his visits were as regular as clockwork. At four o'clock the gates of Carlton House were opened daily, and the plain *vis-à-vis* with the grey liveries, and the purple blinds down, was to be seen wending its way through the crowd to its usual destination, unremarked by any but the experienced eye, which knew the royal incognito, and the superb bay horses unequalled in London.

In the latter days of his reign, and before his health had rendered it necessary, he very seldom went out, even in his favourite low phaeton and ponies, at Windsor; his more general habit was to remain in his *robe de chambre* all the morning, and never dress till the hour of dinner. In this *déshabille* he received his ministers, inspected the arrangement of all the curiosities which now adorn the gallery in the Castle, and are standing monuments of his good taste, amused himself with mimicking Jack Radford, the stud groom, who came to receive orders, or lectured Davison, the tailor, on the cut of the last new coat. His dress was an object of the greatest attention to the last; and, incredible as it may appear, I have been told by those about him, and by Bachelor, who, on the death of the Duke of York, entered his service as *valet de chambre*, that a plain coat, from its repeated alterations, would often cost 300*l.* before it met his approbation. This, of course, included the several journeys of the master and his

\* Now belonging to Lord Ashburton.

men backwards and forwards to Windsor, as they almost lived on the road. George IV. was not only a man of refined manners and classical taste, but he was endowed by nature with a very good understanding; still there is no doubt that for several years before his death, whether from early indulgence in luxury, or from a malady inherent in his family, his mind would occasionally wander, and many anecdotes have been current of the unfortunate impressions under which he laboured. After the glorious termination of the long Continental War in 1815 by the battle of Waterloo, it would not perhaps be unpardonable vanity in him to have thought that the English nation had mainly contributed to this great event; but he certainly at times in conversation arrogated to himself, personally, the glory of subduing Napoleon's power, and giving peace to the world. It was upon one of these assumptions being reported to the sarcastic Sheridan, that he archly remarked, "That is all well enough, but what he particularly piques himself upon is the last productive harvest."

When a clergyman was once preaching upon death before Louis XIV. and his Court at Versailles, at a particular part of his sermon he addressed his audience in the following words, "Nous mourons tous," and then turning to the King, added, "*presque* tous." That monarch afterwards reprov'd him for his senseless sycophancy. It might have been more palatable at Windsor. No man clung to life with greater eagerness than George IV., or was more unwilling to hear from those about him any hint or suspicion of his apparent decay. When confined to his room, and his case had become evidently hopeless, he still felt the vital stamina so strong in him, that he would not believe his own danger; he talked of preparations for the approaching Ascot Races, which he would attend in person, and showed a confidence in his recovery, which all around him knew to be impossible.

On the 27th of May, 1830, prayers were ordered to be read in the churches for the restoration of the King's health; and though the work of death was gradually approaching, the most contradictory accounts were constantly circulated of his real state. At length the awful moment arrived. He went to bed, without any particular symptom, on the night of the 25th of June, but at three o'clock in the morning he seemed to awake in great agitation, and called for assistance. Sir Wathen Waller, who was in attendance, came to his bedside, and at his request helped to raise him from his bed. He then exclaimed, "Watty, what is this? It is death! They have deceived me!" and in that situation, without a struggle expired.

The temptations in his exalted situation to a life of indulgence were numerous; but he was not without a proper sense of religious feeling, as may be inferred from the following anecdote. Some years previously to his own death an old housekeeper at Windsor Castle, who had held that situation for nearly half a century, died very much regretted by the Royal Family and the whole establishment. On that occasion he sent for his chaplain, Sumner, now Bishop of Winchester, and urged him to improve the feeling excited in the household by the occurrence into a religious admonition: he concluded by saying that he wished him to preach an appropriate sermon in the chapel on the following Sunday, and requested that he would take the following text, "Be ye also ready." The sermon was preached accordingly.

*Saturday, 5th.*—The reception of Lord and Lady Londonderry by the Emperor of Russia at St. Petersburg and at Moscow has been of a very marked character, and studiously made independent of the usual introduction through the English Ambassador. Nicholas has wished to show that the nomination of Lord Londonderry by the Duke's Government would have been highly agreeable to him, though countermanded by the Whigs; and without doing anything that could give offence to Lord Durham, he has openly shown as much firmness and decision in the reception of the Marquis as he did in the rejection of Sir S. Canning.

*Sunday, 6th.*—The mutineers at Strasbourg are to be tried by the Cour d'Assises. It will be thought politic to allow the young Prince Bonaparte to escape any serious punishment. It is amusing to remark the different ways in which the different parties in France pretend to interpret this affair according to their own feelings. The Carlists look upon it as arising from the confusion of ideas produced by the revolution of 1830, and will not allow of any comparison between the position of the Duchess de Berry and that of Louis Napoleon. The Republicans see in it an evident demonstration that, sooner or later, their hopes will be realised; and the *doctrinaires*, with some plausibility on their side, hail the result as a proof of the solidity of their government.

Parties, however, can learn nothing: the march of events finds them motionless and insensible to the changes which pass around them. Mankind is always the same; and history, though useful as a record, has been written in vain as a lesson.

*Monday, 7th.*—The Court of Cassation was opened to-day after the recess, and a very interesting speech was made by the Procureur-Général, Dupin, in which he alludes to the honourable life of their predecessor the Chancelier de l'Hôpital, who was born

under the reign of Louis XII., and finished his mortal career under that of Charles IX., the year after the St. Bartholomew, 1573, having left an example of piety, simplicity, and honourable conduct as magistrate, which has never been surpassed and seldom imitated. The description of the Chancellor's pursuits in his modest retirement at Vigny, his classical studies, and his literary correspondence, were touched with great effect, and the purity of his mind was proved by quotations from his Latin epistles to the Cardinal Jurone.

“Sed mihi nulla sacris conferri scripta videntur  
 Posse libris, non est ubi mens humana quiescat  
 Suavius, et portum inveniatur secura malorum.”

Then, again, the simplicity of his country establishment, —

“Cultus erit mensæ non rusticus; urbe salinum  
 Argento factum veniens huc extulit uxor,  
 Et secum referet.”

And when he looks back to his early days of study in the law, before the more weighty cares of state oppressed his mind,

“Scilicet ex quo  
 Publica jam pridem tractare negotia cœpi  
 His mihi sum visus solis vixisse diebus.”

This Court of Cassation is an institution which we do not possess in England. It receives appeals from judgments in the other Courts, and either confirms or annuls the sentence, as it appears conformable to the spirit of the Code, without any reference to the facts of the evidence.

*Tuesday, 8th.* — The troops of Don Carlos have laid siege to Bilbao; but it is reported that young La Rochefoucauld has been killed.

It might well be asked by a stranger, why, when murder is punished with death by the law in France, and when so many murders are really committed in the country, there are so few executions? The jury are continually bringing in their verdict of guilty with extenuating circumstances, which saves the life of the culprit, though on reading over the evidence, it is often impossible to find the least circumstance which could tend to extenuate the crime. In the “*Gazette des Tribunaux*” I find the following instance this morning of a trial before the Cour d’Assises de la Greuze.

Louis Beauchamp is a married man with two children. He was himself a bad character, suspected of many robberies, com-

mitted in houses where he had been employed as carpenter, but living peaceably with his wife — at least, apparently so to the world. This man, about a year and a half ago, formed an improper intimacy with a girl in the village, named Marie Guillard, about nineteen years of age, whom he seduced; and from that time his absences from home were frequent, and his return marked by violence and ill humour, which his wife always endured with the greatest patience and resignation.

It was after this period that he conceived the idea of destroying his wife, who was about to become a mother for the third time. Preparatory to his crime, and with a view of diverting the attention of his neighbours from any suspicions injurious to himself, he announced publicly that he had consulted a fortune-teller, who had foretold the death of his wife during her approaching confinement. To some other friends he was more communicative, and vaguely hinted at his own dark intentions, as well as his project of afterwards marrying Marie Guillard. When his wife was brought to bed, he bought some arsenic, and after two attempts to poison her, which were frustrated by the care of the monthly nurse, he at last found an opportunity of infusing the poison in some soup which was prepared for her use. The poor woman died and was buried; but suspicions arose in the neighbourhood; the corpse was disinterred by order of the police, and ample proof afforded of his crime in the autopsy. The only way to account for the sentence of the Jury, after an hour's deliberation,—“*Coupable, avec des circonstances atténuantes,*” — is, that a certain number of Judges in France are sworn not to condemn to death.

He was sentenced to the galleys for life.

*Wednesday, 9th.*— Baron Vincent, an officer of the Empire, with whom I dined at Mr. Lyon's, talked much of the Bonaparte family, and denied the truth of many of the anecdotes in the Memoirs of Madame d'Abrantes.

*Thursday, 10th.*— Mr. C. d'Aragon is a young man of twenty-six or twenty-seven, son of a peer of France, with little fortune, but of good talents and accomplished. Two months ago he was married to Madlle. Visconti Trivulzi, the sister of the Princess Belgiojoso, who is rich, but not handsome. He always appeared to enjoy good health; but a few weeks previous to his marriage he suffered from a violent headache, and in a thoughtless moment he prescribed for himself the extraordinary remedy of placing his head under the pump in the courtyard, and ordering his servant to affuse it with the cold water.

The shock was so great, that it brought on a feverish attack, which was hardly cured when his marriage took place.

Since that event, the disorder has returned with double force. He is now seized with raving delirium every twenty-four hours. He is reduced to a skeleton in this short period; and little hopes are entertained of his recovery.

As soon as the news of the affair at Strasbourg arrived in Paris, a guard was placed at the residence of the Countess Lipano (Madame Murat) in the Rue Royale, and her departure was ordered in six days; but when her total ignorance of the plot was completely acknowledged, all restrictions were taken off, and she is now left at liberty to prolong her stay, and prosecute the object of her journey, which relates to some legal proceedings here, resulting from the will of her late mother, Madame Mère.

She has not preserved much fortune from the wreck of her transitory throne, nor does she find much support in the gratitude of those "whom her former bounty fed."

I yesterday heard the General M——, whose wife was one of her dames d'honneur at Naples, when asked if he had been to pay his respects to his former queen, replied thus: "Nous attendons sa visite, c'est alors que nous y penserons."

Notwithstanding the distracted state of the Peninsula, the English and French Governments are going on in that enviable state of repose during the recess, which the absence of all Parliamentary wrangling renders so dear to Ministers; but the hour of anxiety approaches. The Belgian Deputies met this week; and in two little months the French Chambers and the English Parliament will again let loose the dogs of political warfare. The grand struggle at home will begin again; war to the knife between Whigs and Tories, while the Radical power bides its time, anxious to aggravate the dissensions, in the hope to destroy both.

*Friday, 11th.*—All the hopes of a marriage between the King of Naples and a Princess of the house of Orleans are extinguished by a letter of the 1st instant from Vienna, which announces that on the preceding day the Prince de Salerno had demanded, in the name of the King of the Two Sicilies, the hand of the Archduchess Theresa, daughter of the Archduke Charles. The Emperor has given his consent to this union.

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— is a good-natured, was a very good-looking, man, not overflowing with intellect, but still far from deserving the sarcastic comment of the late Lord Dudley. It was at a time when poor Dudley's mind was on the wane, when his caustic humour would

still find vent through the cloud which was gradually overshadowing his masterly intellect; he was sitting in his room, unheeding those around him, and soliloquizing aloud, as was so often his custom. His favourite Newfoundland dog was at his side, who seemed to engross the whole of his attention. At length, patting his head, he exclaimed, "Fido mio, they say dogs have no souls. Humph. And *still* they say — has a soul!" Upon one occasion Dudley found Allen at White's about seven o'clock, and asked him to dinner. On his arrival in Park Lane, he found it was a *tête-à-tête* with the host. When in the evening he was asked how the dinner went off, Allen said, "Lord Dudley spoke a little to his servant, and a great deal to his dog, but said nothing to me."

There has been great mystery attached to an accident which befell the Emperor of Russia lately, on his journey through the southern provinces of his dominions; and a report has been prevalent that an attempt was made to assassinate him on the road, by a conspirator, who wounded him in the shoulder with a pistol shot. Thus far is certain, that the Grand Duke Michael, who was then at Frankfort, received an express, with the news that the Emperor had been overturned in his carriage, by which accident his shoulder was dislocated, but his health was unimpaired. Coupled with this account was the strict order to send without delay expresses to every Court in Europe, with this precise version of the affair. The anxiety to give the news this publicity, and the eagerness with which all the Russian *attachés* contradict the other report, only tend to increase the suspicions. In any other country the truth would soon be manifest, but in that dark abode of ignorance and despotism the tale is more difficult to unravel.

*Saturday, 12th.* — The successes of Gomez continue in Spain, and the ability with which he avoids a general engagement with Rodil, must tend to prove that either he is a consummate tactician, or the other a consummate traitor.

The Duchess of St. Leu (La Reine Hortense) is arrived in France. She quitted Arenenberg on receiving the first intelligence of the arrest of her son. Accompanied by Madame de Salvage, she travelled in a carriage and with a passport procured by that lady, but stopped at the Château de Viry, belonging to Madame de Raguse. Madame de Salvage continued her journey to Paris, and proceeded forthwith to the President of the Council. Great was the surprise of Count Molé on learning that the Queen Hortense was in France, but he had no hesitation in charging Madame de Salvage to assure the queen that the prince her son should not be brought to trial. With regard to Madame de Sal-

vage herself, the minister enjoined her to lose no time in leaving the capital. In vain she alleged that she was commissioned to settle various affairs of interest for the queen. The minister remained inflexible. Orders were given for fresh passports, and she is now probably on her way to join the queen, who, before three days are expired, will again have left the French territory.

*Sunday, 13th.*—Mr. Green's monster balloon ascended on Monday last from Vauxhall Gardens with himself and two friends, passed over Dover at five in the evening, crossed the Channel about two miles to the westward of Calais, and continuing its voyage during the whole of that night, descended at seven in the morning near the village of Weilburg in Nassau, about forty miles from Frankfort S. W. In the short space of seventeen hours the balloon traversed a space of 480 miles.

*Monday, 14th.*—Prince Louis-Bonaparte was on Thursday escorted from his prison at Strasbourg to the port of L'Orient, where a ship of war will, immediately on his arrival, sail with him for America.

He passed through Paris on Saturday evening.

An event, which seven years ago would have created a great sensation in France, has just taken place without attracting any attention. The telegraph this morning has announced that Charles X. died on the 6th instant, at Goritz, in Styria, of an inflammation of the bowels, in the eightieth year of his age. The Duc d'Angoulême is sixty-one, the Duc de Bordeaux sixteen. Few lives have been chequered with such vicissitudes. Born and educated in the luxurious court of his grandfather Louis XV., the Comte d'Artois was the gayest votary of dissipation during the short reign of his brother Louis XVI., then for twenty-two years a houseless wanderer on the face of the earth. Fortune smiled again, his shorn honours were revived, and in 1814 as Monsieur, he became the first subject in France; in 1824 he succeeded to the throne, from which, after a reign of six years, a perhaps well-meaning but ill-judged policy drove him again into exile, where his last days have been as devoted to the duties of religion, as his early days were dedicated to folly and dissipation.

When the account of the death of the Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena was made known at the Court of the Bourbons, the Countess de Noailles\*, then *dame d'atours* to the Duchess de Berry, was at an evening party given by Louis XVIII. General Rapp, who was also present, overcome by the intelligence, was

\* Now Duchesse De Poix.



unable to restrain his feelings, and in an instant saw himself deserted by all the courtiers near him, who were terrified at the idea of being supposed to share the grief of the old follower of Napoleon. The Countess de Noailles, who had known General Rapp at the Court of the Empire, immediately crossed the room alone in front of the Court, and pressing the General's hand, accompanied him to the door, with such a frank and dignified sympathy that the Dauphine herself came forward to meet Madame De Noailles, and taking that lady's hand, in her turn, observed, with the abrupt sincerity that characterised her, that she would have done the same in her place.

*Tuesday, 15th.*—The question whether the Court should go into mourning for Charles X. was debated yesterday in the Council; but as the members could not agree, it was deferred.

Professor Zalm has recently discovered at Pompeii a table-service in silver, comprising forty-four plates, one large dish, three small vessels, two spoons, and four forks of admirable workmanship. They are all in very good preservation, and were sent to the royal family at Portici.

The following phenomenon was observed lately at Gluckstadt on the Elbe. During the continuance of twelve hours the tide of that river neither rose nor fell, the waters remained constantly at the same level, and the ships at anchor, instead of turning as usual at the flux and reflux, remained immovable. Some persons attribute this to an earthquake in some distant country, as the same thing happened on the 1st of November 1755, the day of the great earthquake at Lisbon.

*Wednesday, 16th.*—I had a letter from the Duc de Grammont in which he says, "Charles X. died of an inflammation in the bowels brought on by a fit of gout, to which he was subject; he suffered little and was still perfectly well on the 5th instant. A letter from the doctor who attended him has brought this information; and the Government was not aware of it till twenty-four hours after it was known to the *Comité Royaliste* in the faubourg."

Thus Louis-Philippe has a committee of Royalists sitting under his very nose.

A remarkable circumstance in the career of Charles X. was, that he was the only sovereign of the Capet race who entered his 80th year. From the time of Hugh Capet in 937 to that of Charles X., both reigns included, 36 sovereigns (Napoleon amongst the number) occupied the throne of France during a period of 843 years; consequently the duration on an average of each reign amounts to 23 years 5 months. The number of years comprised in the lives

of these 36 sovereigns being about 864, the average duration of each life amounts to 51 years 9 months and 10 days. The average duration of individual life amounts only to 33 years. One of the above-mentioned sovereigns, however, John I., lived only a few days. Another, Francis II., lived less than 20 years. Three lived less than 30 years, Louis X., Charles VIII., and Charles IX. Four lived less than 40 years, Philip V., Charles VI., Henry III., and Louis XVI. Seven lived upwards of 40 years, Louis VIII., Philip III., Philip IV., John II., Charles V., Henry II., and Louis XIII. Ten lived upwards of 50 years, Hugh Capet, Henry I., Philip Augustus, Louis IX., Philip VI., Charles IV., Charles VII., Louis XII., Francis I., and Napoleon. Seven died at the age of 60, Robert, Philip I., Louis le Gros, Louis VII., Louis XI., Henry IV., and Louis XV. Two lived beyond 70 years, Louis XIV., who was upwards of 77 when he died, and Louis XVIII., who had passed his 70th year. Charles X. exceeded the average duration of life by nearly 47 years.

*Thursday, 17th.* — The following florid oration was made yesterday before the Tribunal Correctionnel, by a poor woman, who had been deluded with a promise of marriage from a married man. Let her tell her own tale —

“J'étois portière Rue Gaillon No. 3., fort heureuse dans ma petite loge, ne songeant pas certainement que mon petit mobilier pût faire envie à personne. Vous frémirez, Messieurs, en apprenant à combien d'odieuses manœuvres je fus en butte de la part du scélérat, que je dévoue ici à la justice divine et humaine.

“ M. Herigoyen, que son uniforme devoit recommander à ma confiance, s'insinua dans ma loge par d'agréables propos, et des romans, qu'il me prêtoit, pour charmer mes loisirs, et me troubler l'imagination. Bref; je quittai ma loge, mon paisible cordon, mes petites habitudes, la paix de ma demeure, pour aller Rue Mauconseil, avec le garde municipal, qui m'avoit amenée là en me promettant le mariage. Le jour même de l'installation, il se jetta à mes genoux, me disant, ‘Je suis un misérable, je ne puis t'épouser légitimement, par la raison que je suis dans le joug de l'hyménée, avec une femme légitime que je déteste; au reste, comme il n'est pas possible.’ . . . Naturellement moi, je fonds en larmes, voyant le précipice où l'erreur m'avoit conduite. Lui me console, me mène chez un huissier de ses amis, où l'homme de loi rédige une promesse de mariage conditionnelle qu'il s'engageoit à réaliser, aussitôt après la mort de la créature exécrée, à laquelle étoit unie sa destinée. Je m'y fie, infortunée que je suis. Il s'impatronise dans mon local, et quelques jours après, rentrant

chez moi, je trouve tout déménagé. J'ai appris que sa légitime l'a assisté dans ce pillage, d'où il résulte que je les enveloppe tous les deux dans la même plainte."

The husband and wife are condemned to three months' imprisonment, and 300 fr. damages to the plaintiff.

*Friday, 18th.* — The siege of Bilbao is carried on by the Carlists with vigour, notwithstanding a large force under Espartero is arrived in the neighbourhood, and reinforcements have been thrown into the town. Evans's legion remains within their works at St. Sebastian, which they cannot leave; their General has written to his constituents at Westminster, that he shall come to resume his seat in Parliament soon after the meeting, adding, with most ineffable assurance, that the cause of Don Carlos was utterly hopeless.

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The French expression, "Il n'y a rien de nouveau que ce qui a été oublié," was exemplified yesterday in a *bon mot* cited on M. de —, a great coxcomb, of whom it was said that he was "le plus heureux des hommes: il est fort amoureux de lui-même et n'a point de rivaux." In the time of the Romans, Cicero classes Pompey among those who are *sui amantes sine rivali*.

Whatever may be the decision of the Court, the old families in the faubourg St. Germain will go into six month's mourning for Charles X.

Last week, died at Kensington, Viscount Forbes, eldest son of Earl Granard, aged fifty-two. He had been long in a declining state, which had lately terminated in lunacy. In former years I lived in much intimacy with him, meeting him constantly at Lady Sarah Bayly's house. He was a great friend of the late Tom Sheridan and Moore the poet, a very amiable, unaffected character, and much liked in the world. In 1812 he was made one of the king's aides-de-camp, and at the period of his death was a general in the army, and M. P. for Longford in Ireland, where the family estates are situated.

*Saturday, 19th.* — There has been sad confusion at Lisbon. The Queen, in conjunction with Palmella and the late Ministry, has attempted a *coup d'état*, and proclaimed afresh Don Pedro's charter of 1826, hoping that the large English naval force assembled in the Tagus would intimidate the liberal party. But a few days sufficed to prove the inefficacy of a project which had neither been planned with prudence nor supported by force. The national guards and the populace declared afresh for the constitution of 1820. Several assassinations were committed, the late minister

José Freiri was murdered in his carriage, on his way to court; and though a considerable body of marines were landed from the English fleet, ostensibly to protect the Queen's person, the royalist party was obliged to treat for terms with the people. The first conditions were that the English marines should be re-embarked, which being complied with, the new fabric was soon demolished, and the liberal ministers reinstated at the head of the government. Two English 74 gun ships had been anchored opposite to the palace, and under one pretext or another the force had been increased to ten ships of the line. The Marquis of Palmella, the Duke of Terceira, and a crowd of others, took refuge on board the fleet, which by its appearance only aggravated the populace, and, though quite sufficient to have supported the royalist cause, was not allowed to act by Lord Howard de Walden, who was fearful of compromising his government.

The case of — has taken a most decided turn against him in London, even amongst his most intimate friends, who first strained every nerve to support him. When I talk of friends, I talk perhaps of a society in which the word friendship may be supposed to be little understood and seldom practised. Fitzpatrick, the companion of Fox and Sheridan, and of all the wits of that day, described the London world in one sarcastic stanza, —

“Whate'er they promised or professed  
In disappointment ends —  
In short there's nothing I detest  
So much as all my friends.”

But in leagues of pleasure, and intimacies proceeding from similarity of disposition and pursuits, habits and associations are hard to break, and when these are supported by wealth and rank, it is a strong case indeed that can dissolve them.

*Monday, 21st.*—A funeral service, in honour of Charles X., was celebrated on the 12th instant at Vienna, in the church of the palace; and the Emperor and Empress, with the *whole Court in mourning, were present.* Another funeral service will also be celebrated with great pomp at the Cathedral. The two Court theatres remained closed. Here, not a single tribute of respect has been shown to his memory.

The young Prince Bonaparte has been shipped from L'Orient for the United States on board the *Andromède*. His mother, Hortense, left Viry on the 12th, by order of the Government, and is arrived at Arenenberg in the Thurgau. An attempt was made to seize her papers by M. de Belleval, but the Government of Thurg au opposed it.

The Earl of Winchilsea is to marry Miss Bagot, the maid of honour, and daughter of Sir Charles Bagot. His first wife was Lady Georgiana Graham, daughter of the Duke of Montrose. He must be thirty years older than his bride.

There is great commercial distress in the United States arising from speculation in lands, overtrading in commerce, and the transfer of the surplus funds under the recent Act of Congress, preparatory to a distribution among the several States. Interest has risen to 3 per cent. per month. This has acted seriously on the London money market, and produced great embarrassment in the finances, which Spring Rice\* seems totally unable to cope with.

On Sunday the order was signed for the liberation of Prince Polignac and M. Guernon de Ranville from their prison at Ham. Count Appony told me this evening that the Prince had set out immediately for Munich, where he has some relations, and from thence would proceed to Goritz.

Count † and Countess Appony were in deep mourning for Charles X.

Marshal Lobau publicly said yesterday, "On ne peut pas commander un deuil général, parceque cela déplairoit à la Garde Nationale." I mentioned this to Count A., who replied, "C'est une raison comme une autre."

*Wednesday, 23rd.* — There is at this moment living in Paris a Mr. Spurrier, who came to London some years back, was not much known in the world, but became a member of Graham's Club.

Now, this Graham's Club is a sort of second-rate establishment, notorious for the incessant play which is going on by day and by night, frequented generally by men who have no other pursuit in life than gambling, and here and there by a few gentlemen in society, who are more anxious, like —, to gratify that passion than to be over nice in their associates.

Mr. Spurrier fell at once into the hands of the spoiler. He lost everything to the last shilling, and gave up his landed estate ‡ to the winners to be sold for their benefit. This man is now living here in the greatest poverty.

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*Thursday, 24th.* — Met Heneage and Caradoc § at Aston's, where I dined. Sate with the latter after they were gone, till three o'clock in the morning, talking over anecdotes of the late reign in

\* Then Chancellor of the Exchequer, now Lord Monteagle.

† Father of the present Ambassador at St. James's.

‡ It sold for 28,000*l.*

§ Now Lord Howden.

England. An individual was mentioned whom we all knew formerly as *attaché* to this Embassy, and who had fallen under the suspicion of influencing Fortune at play. One day he was sitting in ——'s room at Rio, playing at *écarté* with some French naval officers who had dined there. It was at a time when frequent riots were taking place in that city. Suddenly a volley of musketry was heard under the window. Every one jumped up to inquire what was the matter, except our friend, who, perfectly regardless of the disturbance, continued to deal out the cards; and when all the backs were turned to him, coolly exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I beg you all to remark that I have turned up the king." His adversary returned to his game, and found our friend with five trumps in his hand.

*Friday, 25th.* — It is likely that Parliament will meet this year earlier than usual. The financial wheel is out of order, stocks are declining, and provisions rising. The boasted tide of prosperity seems inclined to ebb; and if these symptoms should increase, our Whig Cabinet may not find their task so smooth and easy as it has hitherto been. When the mass is happy and contented, few people wish to quarrel with their rulers, be they who they may; but when the shoe begins to pinch, they are always the first, whether right or wrong, to bear the blame. Our foreign policy with Turkey, Spain, and Portugal will also give ample scope for Lord Palmerston's ingenuity.

*Saturday, 26th.* — In the "*Gazette des Tribunaux*" of this morning are recorded two verdicts, which simultaneously prove the partiality of justice here.

M. Verteuil de Feuillas, editor of the paper called "*La France*," is prosecuted by the Government for inserting a letter from Goritz in which the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême are styled King and Queen. He is sentenced to three months imprisonment and a fine of 300 fr.

A drunken soldier named Gaspard seeks a quarrel with some inoffensive passengers in the street, and without any provocation gives to one a cut across the face with his sabre; and when arrested by another in order to bring him to justice, bites his finger to the bone, with the malice of a demon. His only plea before the military court is intoxication, and he is instantly acquitted by a majority of voices and sent back to his corps. One of the witnesses even was rather reprimanded for giving evidence against the soldier, as in a previous interview with the colonel of the 41st regiment that officer had said to him, "*Eh bien, mon ami, est-ce que vous voulez faire arriver de la peine à ce militaire?*"

The inference to be drawn from these two verdicts is this, that the slightest whisper against the power of Louis-Philippe is punished severely, while the military, who support that power, are flattered and cajoled by an undue laxity. I have frequently observed in any *rixe* which may occur between the *bourgeois* and the soldier, the marked partiality which is shown to the latter.

*Tuesday, 29th.*—We have the most extraordinary weather for this time of year. It is mild as in spring, with frequent rain, and violent gales on the coast.

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*Wednesday, 30th.*—Amongst the expiring wits and beaux of high life, I can just recollect, when I was a boy, the famous George Selwyn, whose name is now nearly forgotten, but whose *bons mots* then were in every one's mouth. He had a peculiarity so grafted in his nature, that it might be called a passion; this was an irrepressible desire to see public executions. On one occasion of some particular culprit being executed at Tyburn, a friend, who knew his foible, bet him 100 guineas that he would be present at the ceremony; he accepted the bet, and was discovered in the crowd, in the dress of an old apple-woman, and paid the money. During the period which followed the rebellion in 1746, he had attended the execution of Lord Balmerino at the Tower, and when reproached with cruelty, in witnessing the death of one whom he had personally known, he exculpated himself by pleading his foible, and adding, that, if he had erred in going to see Lord Balmerino's head cut off, he had afterwards made every reparation in his power, by going the next day to see the head sewed on again previous to the interment. When in Paris, his anxiety was so great to see a famous malefactor broke upon the wheel, that he hit upon a curious expedient. Upon a great occasion of this sort (I think it was that of Damiens), the head executioner of Paris being wont to invite his comrades from the provinces to assist at this specimen of their art, Selwyn contrived early to be near the scaffold, and when the provincial artists made their appearance, he joined their party at the bar through which they were admitted; the first was announced as Monsieur de Lyons, then Monsieur de Bordeaux, &c., but when it came to Selwyn's turn, the attendant, seeing he was an Englishman, said in an inquiring tone, "Monsieur de Londres?" to which Selwyn bowed assent, and mounted the scaffold in the character of the English Jack Ketch.

After Prince Boothby's death, who shot himself in his room because he was tired of dressing and undressing, but more, I

believe, from ruined circumstances, the only remnant of that school, who to a much later period was seen in the streets of London, was old Blue Hanger, Lord Coleraine, a beau of the first water, always beautifully powdered, in a light green coat, with a rose in his button-hole. He had not much wit or talent, but affected the *vieille cour*, and the manners of the French Court: he had lived a good deal in Paris before the Revolution, and used always to say "that the English were a very good nation, but they positively knew not how to make anything but a kitchen poker." I remember many years ago the Duchess of York made a party to go by water to Richmond, in which Coleraine was included. We all met at a given hour at Whitehall Stairs, and found the Admiralty barge, with the Royal Standard, ready to receive us; but by some miscalculation of the tide, it was not possible to embark for near half an hour, and one of the watermen said to the Duchess, "Your Royal Highness must wait for the tide." Upon which Coleraine, with a very profound bow, remarked, "If I had been the tide, I should have waited for your Royal Highness." Nothing could have been more stupid, but there was something in the manner in which it was said that made every one burst out a-laughing.

Much of Brummell's affectation of *vieille cour* was gleaned from these old remnants of French manners, as he had never been out of England till he left it for ever; but he imitated well, did it with good taste, and it certainly gave a tone to the manners of the young men of that age, which has since declined among their successors.

Of the same school was also the late Lord Cholmondeley, always a great friend of George IV., who raised him to the Marquisate: he was a great frequenter of French society before the Revolution. He was one of the four who set up that celebrated Faro bank at Brooke's which ruined half the town. They would not trust the waiters to be croupiers, but themselves dealt the cards alternately, being paid three guineas an hour out of the joint fund, and at this rate Lord C——, and other noblemen of the highest rank, were seen slaving like menials till a late hour in the morning. Their gains were enormous, as Mr. Thompson of Grosvenor Square, and Lord Cholmondeley, realised each between 300,000*l.* and 400,000*l.* Tom Stepney had a share, but would always punt against his own partners, and lost on one side what he gained on the other. A Mr. Paul, who brought home a large fortune from India, lost 90,000*l.* in one night, was ruined, and went back to the East to make another.



Lord Cholmondeley was a very agreeable man, full of anecdote: he married a Bertie, sister of the late Lady Willoughby de Eresby; and the two sisters being co-heiresses to the office of Lord Great Chamberlain of England, every succeeding reign it is served alternately by a representative of one of the two families. He had always an excellent French cook, but was very sparing of his wine, though no other expense was grudged. I have often seen him keep a bottle of Sillery champagne in the ice-pail close to him, and dole it out by thimblefuls to the company, as if it gave him pain to part with it. He kept up to the last the old custom at large dinners of having the upper servants in full dress; his, I remember, were in dark-brown coats with broad gold lace: the Reform Bill has now done away with these old feudal displays, and poor Lord Cholmondeley's high-bred politeness seems to have vanished with them. Lady Cholmondeley was good nature personified; besides their three children, there were at that time two beautiful girls in the house, who found a father's care and affection in Lord Cholmondeley.

Miss Cholmondeley was probably his daughter\*; she married Lord Durham, and died in little more than a twelvemonth afterwards. To Miss Seymour his claims of paternity were more disputed; George Selwyn was on the list, but George Prince of Wales always privately seemed to take the honour to himself, and showed great interest in her welfare; she married Lord Charles Bentinck; but when, in consequence of this royal protection, an attempt was made on the marriage to quarter the royal arms with the bar of bastardy, a royal veto was immediately issued to prevent it.

Her life was also short; she died in a few years after her marriage.

Lord Cholmondeley had in his life been peculiarly fortunate in discovering old claims to property which had been either dormant or unknown to his family. An instance of this sort gave rise to a law suit, which at one time was very much talked of. The late Lord Clinton, then quite a young man, became a member of Watier's Club, and unfortunately lost a considerable sum at whist: wishing to raise some money for this purpose on mortgage, he sent the title-deeds of his family estate to be investigated by a lawyer; this man, on looking over the deeds, found that an old claim existed on the whole property in favour of the Cholmondeley

\* Others say General Keppell's, but Miss Seymour was the daughter of Charles Windham; her mother was the celebrated Mrs. Elliott.

family, and forthwith informed his Lordship of the circumstance, who lost no time in commencing his action for the recovery. It made a great noise at the time; and as appearances at first were very much in favour of the suit, it was considered not only a very hard case upon Lord Clinton, who would thus be totally ruined, but an act of rapacity on the part of the other, who was in such very affluent circumstances. The claim, however, was never clearly made out, and a compromise took place. It was in this interval that old Mr. Coke\*, of Holkham, satirically wrote a letter to Lord Cholmondeley to the following purport, viz., "that wishing to feel easy as to his own property, which he had inherited from a long train of ancestors, but knowing the various claims which his Lordship possessed upon that of others, he begged leave to inquire what sum he would be contented to receive, as an indemnity for any claim he might hereafter think fit to make upon the Holkham Estate." Lord Cholmondeley replied in the same facetious style, "that with every wish to tranquillise the mind of an old and much-loved friend, he did not think that, in justice to his own family, he could consistently enter into any arrangement which might hereafter be so detrimental to their future interests."

Watier's Club had a very short duration in London; but it was a feature in the society of that day, which will long be remembered as a scene of dissipation and high play, attended with the most fatal and ruinous consequences. It was originally instituted, in 1807, by the Maddockses, Calverts, and Lord Headford, as a harmonic meeting; a house was taken in Piccadilly at the corner of Bolton Street, and Watier, a superlative cook, was hired as master of the revels. This destination of the club was soon changed; the dinners were so *recherchés*, and were so much talked of in town, that all the young men of fashion and fortune became members of it. The catches and glees were then superseded by cards and dice; the most luxurious dinners were furnished at any price, as the deep play at night rendered all charges a matter of indifference. Macao was the constant game, and thousands passed from one to another with as much facility as marbles.

Brummell was the supreme dictator, "their club's perpetual president," laying down the law in dress, in manners, and in those magnificent snuff-boxes for which there was a rage; he fomented the excesses, ridiculed the scruples, patronised the novices, and exercised paramount dominion over all. He had, as I have before said, great success at Macao, winning in two or three years a large sum, which went no one knew how, for he

\* Afterwards raised to the Peerage with the title of Earl of Leicester.

never lost back more than a fourth of it before he levanted to Calais. During the height of his prosperity, I remember him coming in one night after the opera to Watier's, and finding the Macao table full, one place at which was occupied by Tom Sheridan, who was never in the habits of play, but having dined freely had dropped into the Club, and was trying to catch the smiles of Fortune by risking a few pounds which he could ill afford to lose. Brummell proposed to him to give up his place and go shares in his deal; and adding to the 10*l.* in counters which Tom had before him 200*l.* for himself, took the cards. He dealt with his usual success, and in less than ten minutes won 1500*l.* He then stopped, made a fair division, and giving 750*l.* to Sheridan, said to him, "There, Tom, go home and give your wife and brats a supper, and never play again." I mention the anecdote as characteristic of the times, the set, and of a spirit of liberality in Brummell, which with all his faults he possessed, and which was shown towards an old friend in a way that left no pretext for refusal.

Among the singular characters that frequented Watier's Club, was a man named Bob Bligh, a heavy fat fellow, as mad as a March hare. He was first-cousin to Lord Darnley, but had conceived a violent enmity against him, and whenever they met in the street attempted to horsewhip him.

He was frequently taken up by the police, and bound over to keep the peace; but as soon as he saw his victim he forgot his recognizances and incurred fresh prosecution, which ended in a long confinement in the King's Bench.

One evening at the Macao table, when the play was very deep, Brummell having lost a considerable stake, affected, in his farcical way, a very tragic air, and cried, "Waiter, bring me a flat candlestick and a pistol." Upon which Bligh, who was sitting opposite to him, calmly produced two loaded pistols from his coat pocket, which he placed on the table, and said, "Mr. Brummell, if you are really desirous to put a period to your existence, I am extremely happy to offer you the means without troubling the waiter." The effect upon those present may easily be imagined, at finding themselves in the company of a known madman who had loaded weapons about him.

Still, I must render one justice to that ill-fated club:—the high sense of honourable feeling which prevailed amongst the members, where all were equally incautious, and none would have deigned to take an unfair advantage of another. I must also add that general system of good breeding and good humour which, under

very exciting circumstances, was never once interrupted by a personal quarrel. It remained for later times to produce a man of rank and fortune who would disgrace himself by acting the part of a sharper to his friends. The club commenced by a sinister event, which might be considered an omen of the desolation it was doomed to entail upon its votaries. The founder, Mr. John Maddocks, who married Lord Craven's sister, cut his throat with a razor at his house in Stratton Street, under the momentary influence of mental aberration. The club did not endure for twelve years altogether; the pace was too quick to last: it died a natural death in 1819, from the paralysed state of its members; the house was then taken by a set of blacklegs, who instituted a common bank for gambling. To form an idea of the ruin produced by this short-lived establishment among men whom I have so intimately known, a cursory glance to the past suggests the following melancholy list, which only forms a part of its deplorable results.

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None of the dead reached the average age of man, and those who have survived may always look back to the life at Watier's as the source of their embarrassments.

*Friday, December 3rd.* — The gales have been so violent in Holland and in England, that the papers are filled with accounts of the damage to buildings and the lives that have been lost. A singular accident occurred to Prince Alexander, son of the Prince of Orange, this week. He was travelling in his carriage to the Hague, when the violence of the tempest tore up a tree by the roots, which fell exactly at the moment when the Prince was passing, and crushed the carriage to atoms. He was taken up lifeless, and for some time was considered in imminent danger, but hopes are since entertained of his recovery.

*Saturday, 4th.* — Mr. Fergusson, a friend of Belfast's, is just returned from a tour to Russia: he went by sea, but in travelling from Petersburg he was stopped on the road by the police, who, on seeing his name on his passport, and supposing he was Mr. Cutlar Fergusson, the advocate of the Poles in the House of Commons, sent him back 120 versts; a proof that the Autocrat reads our newspapers with attention, and is anxious to give the Radicals a courteous reception.

I saw a letter to-day from the head-quarters of Don Carlos, written in high spirits, anticipating the speedy fall of Bilbao, and sanguine in the hopes of defeating the corps of Espartero, which was advancing to its relief.

Otho, King of Greece, was married on the 22nd ult. to the Princess Amelia of Oldenburg; he does not seem to hurry his return to his dutiful subjects.

A Court morning for Charles X. has been ordered at Berlin, and funeral masses have been said for him at Rome. The Bourbon family is assembled at Goritz, for the opening of the will.

*Monday, 5th.* — The following horrible instance of justice at Morocco is taken from the "Moniteur" of Algiers.

"A butcher in that town, or rather a dealer in meat fried in oil, which the Moors call Khelia, hit upon an expedient to supply the wants of his customers without putting himself to any expense in the purchase of the commodity. He allured, under different pretexts, into a retired part of his house, those women in low life whose evil destiny brought them to his shop; there they were murdered, cut in pieces, and their flesh, when dressed, exposed for sale on his shambles. Eight women had disappeared in this manner; at length his own wife conceived suspicions of this horrid traffic, and having ascertained the real fact, went and made a complete discovery to the Pasha. Retributive justice was soon awarded; the butcher was seized, and nailed alive to his own chopping block; four negroes were ordered to cut him in pieces, but slowly, and so gradually, that the miserable wretch could still live to see morsels of his own flesh fried before his face, and given to a pack of hungry dogs, who were assembled from all parts of the town for this disgusting purpose."

I was talking to Lord Granville, when we were joined by Lord Lyndhurst, who asked him if he meant to go over to England for the meeting of Parliament on the 31st of next month. "I do not know," said Lord Granville, "what object or amusement I could have in going to hear you make a violent speech against my friends;" and added, "Whatever it may be, I suppose you are prepared with a splendid amendment." "Oh," said Lord Lyndhurst, "amendments are of very little use." "There was one," replied Lord Granville, "which *we* carried in February last year, which was of rather serious importance."

The Court of Madrid has gone into mourning for three weeks for Charles X.; the Court of Sardinia for twenty days, and that of Lucca for six weeks.

An old friend, Major-General Sir Charles Greville, brother to the Earl of Warwick, died on the 2nd inst. at his house in town. He was a good officer, had served during all the campaigns in Spain and Portugal, and was a mild, amiable man.

*Friday, 10th.* — I had a long letter this morning from Lord

Wiltshire, dated Malta. He has been to the French colony at Algiers, which he describes as being in a tottering state. "They are in possession of very little territory beyond the town, and their furthest outposts are not more than seven or eight leagues from the Fort Empeur, which was built after Charles X.'s unsuccessful attack. The immediate neighbourhood of Algiers, though in possession of the French, cannot be traversed after sunset; and the Arabs, particularly the Hardjoute tribes, are very active in their annoyance. The Kabyles are to be found more in the immediate neighbourhood of Oran, as also Abdel Kader. At Bougie, another settlement about 150 miles to the eastward, where the tribes are more ferocious, they have never been able to go out of the fortress. The French tenure seems very precarious; and you would be surprised to see the little they have done since their six years' occupation; had they acted wisely, they would have given it up after having made the Dey disgorge his riches, — which, after all, only served to enrich Marshal Bourmont. The chief advantage of the French consisted in their artillery, of which the Arabs knew nothing. Now they have got four pieces well served and will soon have more. Clausel is looking only to the main chance, and trying to enrich himself while the harvest lasts. The expedition to Mascara was cunningly got up for the Duke of Orleans, where little or nothing was to be got; but as soon as that was over, he had Tremecen snugly cut and dry for himself. At that place there were considerable riches found in gold, silver, and jewels, as no European had ever penetrated there since the time of the Romans. The Marshal made a tool of that renegade Youssuff Bey, to bastinado men and women, and compelled the discovery of much hidden treasure, particularly belonging to the Jews. A considerable sale took place afterwards at Algiers, and the rest was shipped off for France; so you see there is still a thriving trade for French marshals.

"We found the Marquis of Waterford, and his brother Lord John in Africa. He sailed for Ireland in his yacht, the 'Gem,' with a cargo like Noah's Ark — two gazelles, two eagles, two Carthage cranes, two vultures of the Atlas, &c. &c."

*Tuesday, 13th.* — The attempt to form a new passage to India by the river Euphrates is given up, and Colonel Chesney has been ordered home.

Considerable apprehension is entertained for the army of Marshal Clausel, which has marched to attack the Bey of Constantine. A telegraph dispatch from Toulon announces that the cold and

snow had made great havoc among the troops, and they had met with more resistance than was anticipated from the Arabs. The Duc de Nemours is attached to the expedition.

Lord Lyndhurst, who dined with me, with Lord Harry Vane and Aston, is full of amusing anecdote. He told us, that the other day at Court, Lord Canterbury appeared in the dress uniform worn by the Speaker, which is very gorgeous, and attracted the notice of the Mexican Minister, who was very anxious to know who it was. When Lord Lyndhurst told him it was Lord Canterbury, having only a confused idea of our titles, he replied, "Oh yes, I understand; Archbishop of Canterbury;" and without waiting for further explanation he went about expressing his surprise that the English clergy should wear such splendid uniforms.

*Wednesday, 14th.* — Edward Ellice is in Paris again, and says that Thiers is organising a most violent opposition against the present Cabinet. For two successive days the Government has published disjointed bulletins from Marshal Clausel, supposed to arrive by the telegraph, and breaking off in the middle of a sentence, as if interrupted by the haziness of the weather. Each post seems more unsatisfactory than the preceding, and it has the air of a manœuvre to break gradually to the public, news which will cause some serious discontent.

*Thursday, 15th.* — Met at dinner at Mr. Francis Baring's, Count Medem, Secretary to the Russian Embassy, Aston and Montrond, who were all very pleasant. Baring married Mademoiselle Maret, daughter to the Duke of Bassano, who is one of the prettiest and most charming women in society.

The disaster has at length transpired. Clausel's army, after much suffering from cold and famine during its march to Constantine, has been attacked by the Arabs, and driven back with great slaughter, losing its baggage and artillery; many officers are killed and wounded. The Duc de Nemours is arrived at Toulon. Further particulars are expected from the private letters, as the Government withholds as much as it can of the disastrous intelligence.

Nothing talked of but the disastrous affair at Constantine, which, from the inclemency of the weather and the harassing pursuit of the enemy, is likened to a retreat from Moscow in miniature. The French vanity is deeply wounded. General De Rigny has disgraced himself by his cowardly conduct. He called out, "*Sauve qui peut,*" and fled from the field. Clausel was deceived by Youssuff Bey, who told him that the town was prepared

to receive him with open arms, whereas they only waited the favourable moment to attack him.

Paul Sannegon, who went out as a *curieux* to see the campaign, fell a victim to the hardships he endured in a very few days, and died raving mad. A council of Ministers was held this night to deliberate on the dispatches. Much recrimination passed on all sides, and the members parted much exasperated. This business will create some awful discussions at the opening of the Chambers.

Two boys under seventeen were tried yesterday as conspirators to take away the life of the King in July last. It came out, that one of them, named Oursell, a candidate for fame, had written an anonymous letter to the Préfet de la Police, denouncing himself and his comrade as two Republicans intent on poniarding the King at the review. The order of the fêtes was countermanded, and the whole turns out to be a trick of these young rascals to mystify the Government, and make themselves the subject of conversation. They were acquitted, of course, but deserved a sound flogging.

*Saturday, 17th.* — Clausel accuses the Government, and the Government accuses Clausel; but this much is certain, that during the whole year in Africa there are never more than six weeks of inclement weather, and it is precisely this season that the French have chosen for their operations. While the climate here has been so unusually mild that we hardly required fires, the cold and snow has decimated the French army in that southern latitude.

The conversation at the Club, where men of all parties and all nations meet, is very interesting. It makes a strong contrast to the trivial *comméragé* which forms the general topic of our meetings in St. James's Street. There, the same clique predominates; here, we have all the foreign Ministers and travellers, mixed with French Carlists, Philippistes, and Napoleonists, most of whom bear names that figure in the history of France.

One only inconvenience results from the medley, which is, that party-spirit runs very high, and influences the ballot to such an extent that few have any longer the chance of being admitted.

*Sunday, 18th.* — The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland drove into Paris yesterday with a train of five carriages and servants, which resembled the cavalcade of a sovereign. The people on the Boulevards said it must be "le Roi des Belges, ou — le Pape."

*Tuesday, 20th.* — The Damers arrived in Paris.

We have had five whole months in Paris without a plot or an attempt to assassinate the King, which gives us an unusual ap-



pearance of consistency. The Government papers are very sore at the Court mourning commanded in England for Charles X.

The accounts from St. Sebastian represent Colonel Evans's legion as in a state of mutiny from hunger and want of pay. Mendizabal's Government has failed in all his engagements towards them; and the poor deluded men are left in such distress that they threaten to pillage the inhabitants of the town. Colonel Evans is anxious to return to England to meet his constituents; but instead of the laurels which he promised to acquire in Spain, he will have a melancholy account to give of his rash and ill-advised expedition.

Villareal is returned to Paris. He has been absent for little more than two years, during which he has been Minister for Foreign Affairs in Lisbon, and has again been obliged to take refuge in a foreign land. Palmella, who quitted Portugal with him, remains in England.

*Wednesday, 21st.* — It appears that one of the causes which have induced Madame Lipano to come to Paris is, her claim to the domain of Neuilly, the residence of the King. This property was formerly purchased by her as Grand Duchess of Berg, before she was Queen of Naples, and had been irregularly united by Napoleon to the domains of the Crown. At the Restoration, Louis XVIII. ceded it in exchange to the House of Orleans. The rights of Madame Murat are positive, but it becomes a matter of discussion whether the Civil List or the Treasury will make them good.

Madame Murat demands a million of francs instead of Neuilly, if the King chooses to retain his residence.

The Duc de Nemours is arrived at Paris without his baggage, which was left in the mud near Constantine. He will cut a sorry figure at the family dinner on Christmas Day.

Everything here is got up as a clap-trap. Last year at this period the Mascara expedition was enacted for the Duke of Orleans, who mingled his laurels with the mistletoe. This year, the tables are turned; and his brother brings nothing but a bunch of cypress. The chief disappointment of all is, the blank which it must make in the King's speech.

*Friday, 23rd.* — General de Rigny has demanded a court-martial on his conduct; and his friends say that he had been wantonly traduced by the Marshal in his despatch. Prince Talleyrand is arrived in town. He has quite lost the use of his legs, but his general health is good, and he receives his friends as usual. Espartero has retired from before Bilbao, notwithstand-

ing his force was superior to the enemy, and the Carlists in consequence have resumed the siege. The Christino Generals seem, one and all, to be either cowards or traitors. Gomez, who was supposed to be completely defeated in Andalusia, has re-appeared with a considerable force, and seems marching towards Bilbao.

*Sunday, 25th.* — Christmas Day; the frost and snow began. A curious dinner took place yesterday at the Rocher de Cancale, when the political sentiments of the individuals are considered. Lords Lyndhurst and Lowther, Edward Ellice, and M. Thiers met together by appointment. The two first are ultra-Tories, the two latter Republicans.

*Tuesday, 27th.* — The opening of the Chambers took place today. The ceremony was marked by a fresh instance of the implacability of the Republican party against the King. As Louis-Philippe passed out of the gate of the Tuileries in his coach, accompanied by his three sons, a ruffian approached and fired a pistol at him, but missed his aim. The ball passed close to his head, and shattered the carriage window on the opposite side, some splinters of which slightly wounded the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours. The man was instantly arrested; but has refused to give any name, though he openly acknowledges his intention. Though tolerably well-dressed, he appears to be of the lower orders, and of very vulgar countenance and manner. When stripped, he was pronounced by the physicians to be infected with the itch. The King has had a most narrow escape; but surrounded as he was by troops, National Guards, and policemen, with Marshal Lobau riding at the door of the carriage, it is wonderful to think that the criminal could have approached so near to his person.

The speech from the Throne had nothing remarkable in it, except the assurance that no military intervention in Spain would be contemplated.

The name of the assassin is discovered, though he refused to tell it. It is Meunier; he is a journeyman saddler at La Chapelle, near Paris, and has no accomplices.

*Thursday, 29th.* — The weather has been so severe, and the sea so stormy, that we have been a whole week without any communication with England, which has not happened for fourteen years.

*Friday, 30th.* — Several individuals have been arrested; but it seems to be an isolated plot, although Meunier said to the police officer, "I am No. 2, you will soon hear of No. 3."

The Chambers are now opened, and the ballots for the presi-

dents, vice-presidents, and secretaries of the Deputies, carried by very small majorities, prove that the Ministerialist party and that of the Opposition is nearly balanced.

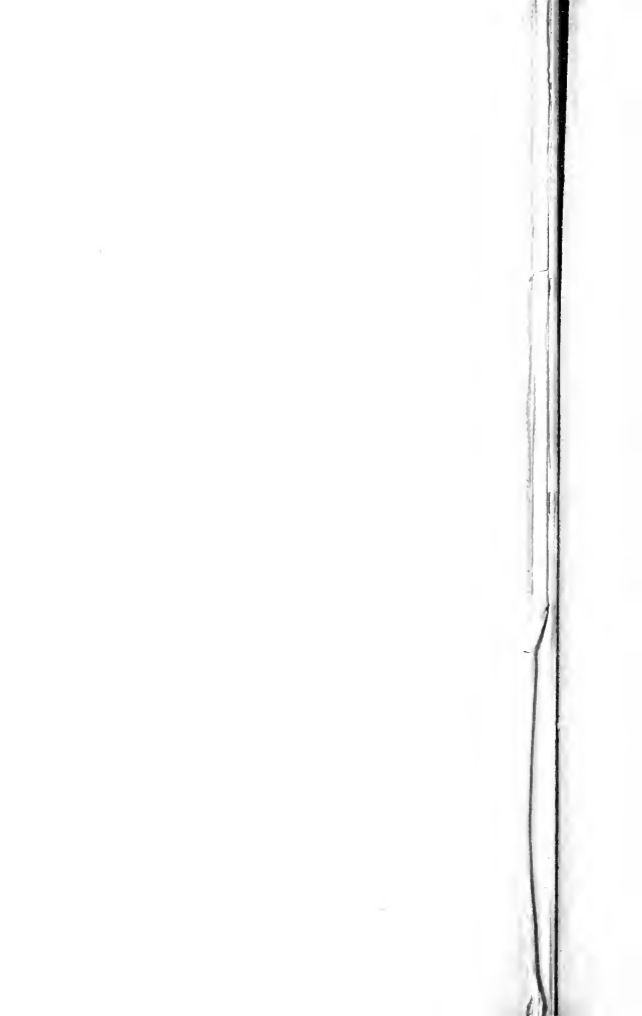
*Saturday, 31st.* — The papers are just arrived from England, where the weather has been so unusually severe, and the drifted snow so deep, that the communication between London and the coast has been completely suspended.

Accounts, arrived this evening from Bayonne, state that the siege of Bilbao has been raised, the Carlists have been beaten by the forces of Espartero, and have lost much of their artillery; the solution of this enigma is explained by the presence of an English force with English cannon under Colquhoun, sent thither by the *non-intervening* Lord Palmerston at the moment when Louis-Philippe, his ally in the Quadruple Treaty, was publicly announcing his determination not to interfere.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

LONDON:  
PRINTED BY SPOTTISWOODE AND CO.  
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